

NEW **NME** MUSICAL EXPRESS

One mo* time

THE NEW MODEL MOTOWN

On the chartbuster assembly line with
Mary Jane Girls, Michael Lovesmith
and the gang. By Richard Cook

BOB MARLEY

The private life of the Tuffest Gong

MICK TALBOT · TONY PARSONS
COSTELLO LP · JAH WOBBLE
FLOY JOY

BEAT SPLIT OFFICIAL ● BEKI'S SECOND VICE ● HACKNEY PEACE FEST BILL ●

THE BEAT, whose current state of uncertainty was revealed by *NME* last week, now appear to have disintegrated — following an official announcement that their two central characters, Dave Wakeling and Ranking Roger, have left to form a new group called General Public. The announcement came not from The Beat or their management, but from Virgin Records, who have signed General Public to a long term deal.

According to Virgin, their two new signings hadn't intended to make their plans known for a couple of weeks, because they are both currently unavailable — Wakeling is on holiday, and Roger has just become a father

for the first time. But they decided to bring forward the announcement because of media speculation (meaning *NME*, of course). Perhaps they should have avoided being seen talking to Virgin officials at David Bowie's Milton Keynes concert!

There's no word yet on the exact shape of the new group, though they're expected to have a single out before the end of the year, with an album to follow early in 1984. The reasons they give for their split from The Beat are "the usual, musical and personal" — although a Virgin spokesman was under the impression that The Beat had already broken up before the label acquired the two founder members.

Whether or not the remaining Beat members would want to

continue working together remains to be seen, although it seems unlikely, and no comment could be obtained from their office where everyone is still conveniently on holiday. It's understood that veteran sax player Saxa has already started work on a solo album — while, according to a source close to the group, "the others are just walking around wondering what to do next".

THE BEAT GO FOR JOE...

Public, that is. In what is reportedly a six figure deal with Virgin Records, Dave Wakeling and Ranking Roger have officially stopped The Beat and regrouped themselves as General Public.

BEKI BONDAGE this week launches her brand new band called Ligotage. the former Vice Squad vocalist is joined in the line-up by guitarist Momo Sex (ex-My Eyes My Eyes), basist Linc (who had a spell with Chelsea) and drummer Steve Roberts (ex-Cyanide and UK Subs).

They make their live debut at London Marquee Club on Thursday, August 11, and tickets are priced £2.50 (advance) or £3 (on the night). As with Vice Squad, Ligotage will be on the EMI label, and they shortly start work on their debut single for release later in the year.

Jo BOXERS and ORANGE JUICE are the co-headliners of yet another free open-air promotion by the Greater London Council, this one is Hackney's Victoria Park on Saturday, August 6 (noon-8pm). It's billed as a Peace Festival, and the date is significant in that it's the 38th anniversary of the dropping of the atomic bomb on Hiroshima.

Other acts appearing include Paulin Black, Carol Grimes & The Crocodiles, The Guest Stars, Orchestra Jazira, Lydia D'Ustebyn Swing Orchestra, The Lost Jockey, The Lost Loved Ones and the Fallout Marching Band — plus the likelihood of surprise guests.

Also on hand will be stalls, refreshments, children's entertainments and fringe events. The park is easily reached from the West End by buses 6, 8 and 30, or by tube to Mile End.

The GLC has now organised or co-promoted over a dozen outdoor events this summer, which puts them among the top promoters of the summer. But of course, unlike the recognised concert promoters, they don't have too many financial worries — as most artists appear free and expenses are subsidised by the rates.

Even so, make the most of this GLC enterprise — because, come next summer, Maggie may have dispensed with Ken Livingstone & Co.

ANDY GILL REVIEWS THE NEW MUSIC VIDEOS BY NEW ORDER, THE BUNNYMEN AND ABC AND WONDERS WHY POP STARS HAVE MORE MONEY THAN VISUAL TALENT?

GIVEN THE dominance of pin-up sheets like *Smash Hits* in the music mag marketplace, it's no surprise that the short history of the pop video should be written in images of Images, or that the artefacts themselves should be even more insubstantial than the products they advertise.

The typical three-minute promo video exists only to get across the name, the face and a smattering of the music (in that order), preferably in a manner which promotes identification with the tribal subculture at which the product is targeted. The thousands who sit, fingers on pause buttons, while this month's promos are wheeled out on any of a dozen teen-magazine TV programmes (small-screen advertising supplements) are waiting not only for music, but for a reaffirmation of their desired self-image.

The intention is exactly the same as the giggling principle; it's just the means which have changed.

Or not, as the case may be.

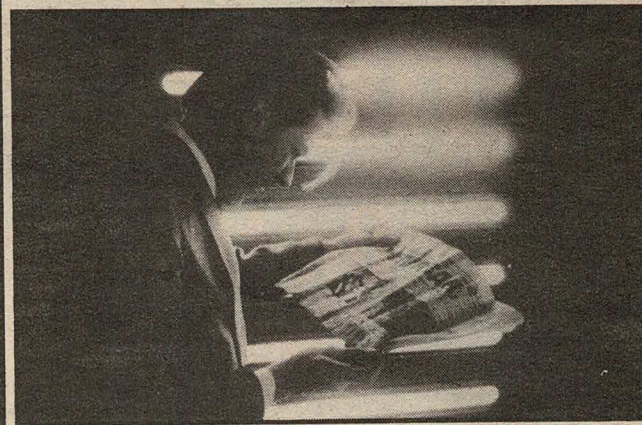
The preponderance of in concert footage available on video suggests that the tiny brains involved have not yet grasped the different set of possibilities offered by the new medium. It's just giggling by proxy, experience of the overt facts of live performance — a band making music on a stage — amputated from the deeper, more significant fact of association with others in an audience: the star as Global Village Idiot.

poet of rebellious tendency, is the most straightforward, being simply a recorded New York gig sandwiched between identical clips of Shevchenko's head and a few typical Russian images — that stylish Cyrillic lettering, etc — put through the video effects blender. These clips seem to serve as bookends for the concert material, which is some of the darkest, least imaginative stuff I've seen.

According to Chris Bohn, these lads and lassie are quite cheerful types in private, much given to displays of bonhomie and laughter; whatever powerful drug they take before going on stage, however, eradicates all such instincts. Presumably it paralyses the facial motor nerves, for none of them shows the smallest sign of smiling, or even letting slip a twitch of pleasure in achievement.

Then again, I didn't exactly have a party watching them. The nine songs featured on *Taras Shevchenko* — which include 'Temptation', 'Everything's Gone Green', 'Ceremony' and 'Procession' — serve to show only the limited range of textural and melodic ideas the group has at its disposal. It could be said that they are a genre unto themselves. I hope so. For those who care, this is another arty fact for you to collect. Number 77.

The Echo video is more deceitful. Subtitled *An Atlas Adventure*, it's actually just footage of them "playing" in an empty room (the keyboard appears to be able to play itself), intercut with the occasional pleasant scenic shot of Iceland. One keeps



In the case of the "full length" (I use the term reluctantly) pop video, this tendency gets even freer rein — but if one can hardly rely on the average pop group to put together a record album of sustained musical invention, what hope is there of them being able to organise 30 to 60 minutes' worth of original visual imagery?

The three videos that most recently landed in my lap — ABC's *Mantrap*, Echo And The Bunnymen's *Porcupine* and New Order's *Taras Shevchenko* — all rely heavily on live footage.

Taras Shevchenko, named after an obscure 19th century Ukrainian

expecting Cliff Michelmore or Judith Chalmers to pop into view extolling the virtues of snow and silence, and given the music on offer, one would have to agree with them as regards the latter.

To the disinterested observer, it looks as though the Bunnies schlepped off to the frozen north to shoot a video, but never had the slightest idea what to put in it; so, on returning, they shot some performance footage to flesh it out to a hardly excessive 26 minutes, using any spare shots as back-projection.

The general tedium is lightened here and there by the occasional

Dave Wakeling and Ranking Roger. Pic Anton Corbijn



THE AMBITIOUS plan to establish a nationwide chain of Dingwalls venues — taking the name of the celebrated London rock centre and maintaining its policies — has finally collapsed, and the provincial network has ceased to exist. A little over a week ago, The Official Receiver moved into all the remaining venues, which immediately stopped functioning.

Five Dingwalls opened at the beginning of the year in key cities — Liverpool, Sheffield, Newcastle, Hull and Bristol — with the promise of more to follow. Liverpool closed after just three months and, when Sheffield shut down in early July, the official Dingwalls spokesperson insisted the other three were doing well and were in no danger.

It's difficult to explain their failure, particularly as no closure announcement has been made and (perhaps

understandably) no one seems anxious to discuss the matter.

The parent Dingwalls in London's Camden has survived, presumably because it is a separate company and was therefore unaffected by the others going bust, and it is continuing to flourish. The tragedy of the provincial collapse is that the venture was both enterprising and commendable.

Among acts who have suffered from instant cancellation of gigs are Killing

Joke, the mini-Respond package, Queen Ida, The Meteors, The Europeans, The Smiths and Saracen, most of them having been booked for two or three dates at alternative venues. Killing Joke's projected show at Hull Dingwalls tonight (Thursday) has been switched to Hull Spring Street Theatre — doors open at 8pm, and existing Dingwalls tickets will be valid until 9pm.

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DINGWALLS SHORT CIRCUITS • MUSIC VIDS SCREENED • SMOKEY AND VAN MORRISON TOURS •

INVASION OF THE GLOBAL VILLAGE IDIOTS V



Martin Fry auditions for the next James Bond in ABC's *Mantrap* vid. Far left: ABC gamble with their careers...

dash of genuine imitation Liquid Len lightshow globes, or, on *Porcupine* itself, by a few totalitarian propagandart images. (This track sounded even more miserable than I expected New Order to be).

All the time, the pretty boy with the funny haircut – what is his name? – keeps blathering on like the kind of speedfreak you cross the road to avoid. Presumably, a lot of people enjoy talking to those kind of fellows nowadays.

ABC's *Mantrap* comes trailing clouds of good intentions, what with the inflated reputation of the group itself and the grand pronouncements of director Julian Temple, whose avowed intent was to create something a little more substantial than the average promo. The accent would appear

to be on "little".

ABC, of course, aren't really a "band". They're a "leisure organisation", like the British Electric Foundation. It's the young executive sales pitch in operation, best exemplified by Heaven 17's 'Penthouse And Pavement' promo, where young chaps in suits sit around big desks calculating what to sell. What they're really selling, of course, is the fact that they're selling something: the Image is simply that they're selling an Image.

With ABC, this manifests itself quite clearly in the sleeve notes to 'Tears Are Not Enough' – all that guff about Fry and stardom and forming a band – and rears its head again in *Mantrap*, where Fry joins a casino houseband and rockets to international stardom. That's not

all, minds; there is a plot to *Mantrap*, but its only function is to hold one's attention while the ABC Greatest Hits collection is trundled past one's eyes and ears one more time.

Temple couches the story in early 007 stylings, hints of international espionage and the like. It's just a nod and a wink away from *Russia With Love*, which sums up the plotline succinctly enough without spoiling the ending. There's also a tiny homage to the Dali part of Hitchcock's *Spellbound*, an Incredible Shrinking Fry dream sequence drained of the meaning it had in the original.

Ultimately, though, it's just nicely shot and edited performance footage, specially staged for the event, intercut with moonish

reaction-shots from the promisingly named Lisa Vanderpump, with a wispy ghost of a plot sketched delicately round the edges: the video equivalent of a paper doily.

Fry acquits himself as well as can be expected – better, even – but the rest of the group dwindled in the general direction of insignificance, sticking their heads round doors to tell Martin it's time to go onstage, and so on. Zeppo Marx once complained that all he ever did in Marx Brothers movies was rush into a room and announce that Groucho was coming; three-quarters of ABC (two-thirds now, I believe) must know how he felt.

But they can't complain: this is, after all, a promotional device, the product promoted being ABC rather than any specific piece of

music, and Martin Fry is ABC – the face, the forelock, the gold lame suit, the slight self-deprecation.

Mantrap is a promo artefact so transparent, so inconsequential, that it barely registers on the receptors. A perfect pop product, possibly, but not one I'd willingly let steal my time too often.

New Order: Taras Shevchenko (Ikon). 53 minutes. Available from Ikon FCL, c/o Factory Communications Ltd, 86 Palatine Road, Didsbury, Manchester 20. Price: £12.50 + £1.50 p & p.

Echo And The Bunnymen: Porcupine (Kace). 26 minutes. Available from all major video retailers. Price: £17.95.

ABC Mantrap (Spectrum). 55 minutes. Available from all major video retailers. Price: £24.95.

VAN MORRISON headlines an eight-concert UK tour in early September, concentrating on areas not covered by his spring outing – and London is omitted from the schedule altogether, because of the lengthy season he played at the Dominion Theatre in March.

Dates are Reading Hexagon (September 2), Cardiff St. David's Hall (4), Bristol Colston Hall (5), Birmingham Odeon (6), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (8), Manchester Apollo (9), Newcastle City Hall (10) and Edinburgh Playhouse (11).

Morrison's new set will incorporate songs from his recent hit album 'Inarticulate Speech Of The Heart', as well as established material. Concert tickets go on sale at box-offices and usually agents tomorrow (Friday), and prices are £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 at all venues. Promoters are Asgard.

SMOKEY ROBINSON will be touring Britain in October, for the first time in five years, as forecast by NME three weeks ago. As part of a full European schedule, he's playing ten major dates in this country, several of them on a two-shows-a-night basis. Motown will be releasing new material to coincide, though details aren't yet available.

The date sheet comprises Croydon Fairfield Hall (October 13 at 8.30pm), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (14 at 8pm), St Austell Cornwell Coliseum (15 at 8pm), Cardiff St. David's Hall (16 at 6 and 9pm), Northampton Derngate Centre (17 at 6 and 8.30pm), London Hammersmith Odeon (19 and 20, times to be announced), Southport Theatre (22 at 6 and 8.45pm), Wolverhampton Grand (23 at 6 and 8.45pm) and Halifax Civic Theatre (25 at 6.45 and 9.15pm).

Booking arrangements vary considerably, as follows: Croydon – £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 (available early August); Bournemouth – £7.50, £6.50 and £5 (early August); St. Austell – £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50 (mid-August); Cardiff – £7.50, £6.50 and £4.50 (late August); Northampton – £7.50, £6.50, £5.50, £4.50 (first house), £8.50, £7.50, £6.50, £5.50 (second house), tickets available from September 1; Hammersmith – details still to be announced; Southport – £5.50, £4.50 and £3.50 (on sale now); Wolverhampton – £8, £7.50, £6.50, £6 and £4.50 (on sale late August, but postal bookings accepted now); and Halifax – £5, £4.50, £3.50, £3, £2 and £1.50 (first house), £5.50, £5, £4, £3.50, £2.50 and £1.50 (second house), available late August.

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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

DANCE FLOOR 45s

	Last Week		Weeks In	Highest
1	1	WHEREVER I LAY MY HAT	Paul Young (CBS)	6 1
2	2	I.O.U.	Freeez (Beggars Banquet)	6 2
3	5	WHO'S THAT GIRL	Eurythmics (RCA)	4 3
4	9	DOUBLE BUTCH	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	4 4
5	3	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	9 1
6	20	WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGER	Police (A & M)	2 6
7	7	COME LIVE WITH ME	Heaven 17 (B.E.F.)	6 7
8	4	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	8 3
9	13	NEVER STOP	Echo And The Bunnymen (Korova)	4 9
10	8	FLASHDANCE... WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)	8 2
11	6	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panix)	5 6
12	19	CRUEL SUMMER	Bananarama (London)	3 12
13	31	THE CROWN	Gary Byrd (Motown)	2 13
14	10	IT'S OVER	The Funkmasters (Master Funk)	7 10
15	11	ALL NIGHT LONG	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	5 11
16	16	FORBIDDEN COLOURS	Sylvian & Sakamoto (Virgin)	5 16
17	38	DO IT AGAIN	Club House (Island)	2 17
18	12	THE WALK	The Cure (Fiction)	4 12
19	18	TANTALISE (WO WO EE YEH YEH)	Jimmy The Hoover (Innervision)	5 18
20	23	RIGHT NOW	Creatures (Polydor)	3 20
21	25	DON'T TRY TO STOP IT	Roman Holliday (Jive)	5 21
22	40	IT'S LATE	Shakin' Stevens (Epic)	2 22
23	28	BAD BOYS	Wham! (Innervision)	11 2
24	15	THE TROOPER	Iron Maiden (EMI)	5 10
25	27	THE FIRST PICTURE OF YOU	The Lotus Eaters (Sylvan)	3 25
26	35	GIVE ME SOME EMOTION	Tracie (Respond)	2 26
27	14	ROCK AND ROLL IS KING	ELO (Jet)	6 11
28	24	EVERY DAY I WRITE THE BOOK	Elvis Costello (F-Beat)	4 24
29	26	AFTER A FASHION	Ure & Karn (Chrysalis)	3 26
30	22	I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL IT THE BLUES	Elton John (Rocket)	11 5
31	50	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)	2 31
32	17	DEAD GIVEAWAY	Shalamar (Solar)	7 8
33	49	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI)	9 3
34	37	GIVE IT UP	K. C. And The Sunshine Band (Epic)	2 34
35	33	FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE	George Benson (Warners)	2 33
36	(—)	FREAK	Bruce Foxton (Ariola)	1 36
37	29	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	6 29
38	21	TAKE THAT SITUATION	Nick Heyward (Arista)	7 11
39	(—)	I'M STILL STANDING	Elton John (Rocket)	1 39
40	46	IT'S A MISTAKE	Men At Work (Epic)	3 40
41	45	WHEN WE WERE YOUNG	Bucks Fizz (RCA)	6 9
42	30	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)	10 6
43	41	BIG LOG	Robert Plant (WEA)	2 41
44	42	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)	16 8
45	(—)	HAPPY	Michael Jackson (Epic)	1 45
46	36	CONFUSION (HITS US EVERY TIME)	The Truth (WEA)	7 23
47	(—)	DEATH CULT EP	Death Cult (Situation 2)	1 47
48	(—)	LOVE TO STAY	Altered Images (Epic)	1 48
49	39	MESSAGES FROM THE STARS	Rah Band (TMT)	3 39
50	43	WATCHING	Thompson Twins (Arista)	2 43

	Last Week			Weeks In	Highest
1	1	FANTASTIC	Wham! (Innervision)	4	1
2	2	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)	3	2
3	4	SYNCHRONICITY	Police (A&M)	6	1
4	3	THRILLER	Michael Jackson (Epic)	32	1
5	8	THE LUXURY GAP	Heaven 17 (Virgin)	13	1
6	6	CRISES	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)	9	7
7	16	BURNING FROM THE INSIDE	Bauhaus (Beggars Banquet)	2	7
8	13	PRINCIPLE OF MOMENTS	Robert Plant (WEA)	2	13
9	11	IN YOUR EYES	George Benson (WEA)	8	5
10	7	LET'S DANCE	David Bowie (EMI)	15	1
11	5	BODY WISHES	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)	7	2
12	12	JULIO	Julio Iglesias (CBS)	4	12
13	9	FLASHDANCE SOUNDTRACK	Various (Casablanca)	4	9
14	10	SECRET MESSAGES	ELO (Jet)	5	4
15	15	TOO LATE FOR ZERO	Elton John (Rocket)	8	4
16	20	DUCK ROCK	Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)	9	11
17	(—)	THE LOOK	Shalamar (Solar)	1	17
18	(—)	NO PARLEZ	Paul Young (CBS)	1	18
19	25	FIRE DANCES	Killing Joke (EG)	2	19
20	23	SWEET DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS	Eurythmics (RCA)	21	1
21	18	OIL ON CANVAS	Japan (Virgin)	7	3
22	24	SPEAKING IN TONGUES	Talking Heads (Sire)	7	12
23	35	WAR	U2 (Island)	4	23
24	21	TRUE	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	20	1
25	14	PIECE OF MIND	Iron Maiden (EMI)	10	5
26	17	SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY	Donna Summer (Mercury)	3	17
27	26	CONFRONTATION	Bob Marley (Island)	10	3
28	30	GIRL AT HER VOLCANO	Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros)	5	22
29	22	TWICE AS KOOL	Kool And The Gang (Mercury)	13	7
30	27	THE WILD HEART	Stevie Nicks (Warner Bros)	5	18
31	RE	RIO	Duran Duran (EMI)	1	31
32	38	MARY JANE GIRLS	Mary Jane Girls (Gordy)	2	32
33	(—)	HITS ON FIRE	Various (Ronco)	1	33
34	19	PRIVATE COLLECTION	Jon And Vangelis (Polydor)	5	16
35	27	ROSS	Diana Ross (Capitol)	3	26
36	50	CARGO	Men At Work (Epic)	3	36
37	40	THE HURTING	Tears For Fears (Mercury)	20	2
38	45	GREATEST HITS	Michael Jackson And The Jacksons (Star)	3	36
39	36	SYNCHRO SYSTEM	King Sunny Ade (Island)	6	33
40	24	LOVERS ONLY	Various (Ronco)	4	24
41	43	FASTER THAN THE SPEED OF NIGHT	Bonnie Tyler (RCA)	2	41
42	31	XL-1	Pete Shelley (Genetic)	5	29
43	44	WHAT IS BEAT — BEST OF	The Beat (Arista)	10	10
44	49	THE COLLECTION	Dionne Warwick (Arista)	10	17
45	32	BITE	Altered Images (Epic)	6	10
46	33	PLAYS LIVE	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	7	8
47	37	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)	6	23
48	29	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)	12	5
49	RE	MAKING MOVIES	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	1	49
50	46	CHARTSTARS	Various (K-Tel)	6	24

1	NEVER STOP	Echo And The Bunnymen (Korova)
2	THE WALK	The Cure (Fiction)
3	RIGHT NOW	The Creatures (Wonderland)
4	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
5	DEATH CULT EP	Death Cult (Situation 2)
6	SEARCHIN'	Hazel Dean (Proto)
7	SO MANY MEN, SO LITTLE TIME	Miguel Brown (Record Shack)
8	SHE BLINDED ME WITH SCIENCE	Thomas Dolby (Venice In Peril)
9	REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
10	DO IT AGAIN/BILLIE JEAN	Clubhouse (Island)
11	NATIVE LOVE	Divine (O)
12	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI)
13	JUST FASCINATION	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare)
14	THE CROWN	Gary Byrd (Motown)
15	NEVER GIVE UP	Paul Haig (Crepuscule)
16	BIRDS FLY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)
17	I LOVE YOU	Yello (Stiff)
18	BRING IT ON	James Brown (Sonet)
19	RAIN FOREST	Howard Devoto (Virgin)
20	ONE DAY	APP (Oil)

Compiled by Virgin, 5 Queens Road, Brighton



Echo And The Bunnymen stop at the number one spot in the dancefloor chart and at number nine in the UK top 50.

Pic Anton Corbijn

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	2	WHO DUNN IT	Crass (Crass)
2	1	WAR BABY	Tom Robinson (Panic)
3	18	EVERYTHING COUNTS	Depeche Mode (Mute)
4	13	DEATH CULT EP	Death Cult (Situation 2)
5	3	MAN WHOSE HEAD EXPANDED	The Fall (Rough Trade)
6	4	SHEEP FARMING IN THE FALKLANDS	Crass (Crass)
	6	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Factory)
8	5	BIRDS FLY	Icicle Works (Situation 2)
9	7	WAITING FOR A TRAIN	Flash And The Pan (Easy Beat)
10	9	GARY GILMORE'S EYES	Adverts (Bright)
11	12	HAND IN GLOVE	Smiths (Rough Trade)
12	8	NOBODY'S DIARY	Yazoo (Mute)
13	(—)	CROW BABY	March Violets (Merciful Release)
14	16	QUAL	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
15	24	SEBASTIANE	Sex Gang Children (Illuminated)
16	14	BAD SEED EP	Birthday Party (4AD)
17	27	LONDON BOUNCERS	Action Pact (Fall Out)
18	11	THINK ZINC	Marc Bolan (Ram)
19	20	JAILHOUSE ROCK	Abrasive Wheels (Clay)
20	21	CLOCK	Danse Society (Society)
21	(—)	ONE DAY	APB (Oily)
22	19	WE'RE SO HAPPY	Danse Society (Society)
23	10	IT'S A FINE DAY	Jane (Cherry Red)
24	(—)	ALICE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
25	26	SUFFRAGETTE CITY	Rose Of Victory (No Future)
26	25	PENELOPE TREE	Felt (Cherry Red)
27	(—)	NO SHAME IN DEATH	Danse Society (Society)
28	15	PILLS AND SOAP	The Imposter (Demon)
29	23	COLOURS	Brilliant (Risk)
30	(—)	ONE GOOD REASON	Poison Girls (Illuminated)

1	1	YOU AND ME BOTH	Yazoo (Mute)
2	2	OFF THE BONE	Cramps (Illegal)
3	3	POWER CORRUPTION AND LIES	New Order (Factory)
4	4	YES SIR I WILL	Grass (Grass)
5	7	FETISCH	X-Mal Deutschland (4AD)
6	6	HAND OF KINDNESS	Richard Thompson (Hannibal)
7	5	HIGH LAND HARD RAIN	Aztec Camera (Rough Trade)
8	9	THE REPTILE HOUSE	Sisters Of Mercy (Merciful Release)
9	13	PAN-ORAMA	Flash And The Pan (Easybeat)
10	17	LIVE IN YUGOSLAVIA	Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ)
11	(—)	RUST RED SEPTEMBER	Eyeless In Gaza (Cherry Red)
12	(—)	ANOTHER SETTING	Durutti Column (Factory)
13	12	THEMES FOR GRIND	Will Sergeant (92 Happy Discs)
14	22	SECRET'S OUT	The Box (Go-Discs)
15	14	PUNK AND DISORDERLY VOL III	Various (Anagram)
16	29	ZUNGGUZUNGGUZUNGGUZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
17	15	ZOMBIES	Attak (No Future)
18	8	NOTHING CAN STOP US	Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
19	10	SOUTHERN DEATH CULT	Southern Death Cult (Beggars Banquet)
20	11	MERCURY THEATRE OF THE AIR	Action Pact (Fall Out)
21	16	STOP THAT TRAIN	Clint Eastwood & General Saint (Greensleeves)
22	18	A NIGHT FOR CELEBRATION	UK Decay (UK Decay)
23	20	VOLUME, CONTRAST, ETC.	Monochrome Set (Cherry Red)
24	19	PILLOWS AND PRAYERS	Various (Cherry Red)
25	(—)	NAKED	Sex Gang Children (SGC tape)
26	(—)	DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES	Dream Syndicate (Rough Trade)
27	24	REHEARSED WRONGS	Disruptors (Radical Change)
28	21	7	Punishment Of Luxury (Red Rhino)
29	(—)	MACHINE	1919 (Red Rhino)
30	25	THE GUILTY HAVE NO PRIDE	Death In June (New Europeans)

W GERMANY 45s

1	BABY JANE	Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)
2	JULIET	Robin Gibb (Polydor)
3	BLUE MONDAY	New Order (Rough Trade)
4	MOONLIGHT SHADOW	Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
5	AFRICA VOODOO MASTER	Rose Laurens (WEA)
6	CHINA GIRL	David Bowie (EMI)
7	COMMENT CA VA	Shorts (EMI)
8	CODO	Tauchen-Prokopetz (WEA)
9	FLASHDANCE . . . WHAT A FEELING	Irene Cara (Casablanca)
10	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	Police (CBS)

Courtesy Der Musikmarkt/Billboard

REGGAE 45s

1	WATER PUMPEE	Johnny Osbourne (Jammy's)
2	SECRETARY	Gregory Isaacs (African Museum)
3	COOL RUNNINGS	Sugar Minott (Bullwackies)
4	DAILY NEWS STAR	Eek-A-Mouse (Gorgon)
5	BIG BOAT YA	Single Single (Midnight Rock)
6	RUN GO CALL BABY MOTHER	Billy Boyo (Volcano)
7	REGGAE SUNSPASH	Wa Wa Wa (Solomonic)
8	BLACK MAN	Hot Rocks (High Times)
9	COME A WE	Te Track (Music Works)
10	THIS GIRL IS MINE	Yellowman/Zuzu (Dynamite)

REGGAE LPs

1	DUB ROOTS	Prince Douglas (Bullwackies)
2	COME FE MASH IT	Tony Tuff (Gorgon)
3	WITH LOTS OF EXTRA	Sugar Minott (Hitbound)
4	ZUNGZUNGZUNGZUNGZENG	Yellowman (Greensleeves)
5	RETURN OF SUPER APE	Lee Perry (Upsetters)
6	STANDARD PROCEDURE	Chalice (Pipe Music)
7	PASS THE KOUCHIE	Mighty Diamonds (Bad Gong)
8	YARD STYLE	Johnny Clarke (Ariwa)
9	COME ON OVER	Freddie McGregor (RAS)
10	SABABE	Light Of Saba (Saba)

Compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

JAZZ

LPs

- 1 LOW RIDE..... Earl Klugh (Capitol)
- 2 IN YOUR EYES..... George Benson (WEA)
- 3 JARREAU..... Al Jarreau (Warner Bros)
- 4 TRAVELS..... Pat Metheny (ECM)
- 5 IT'S ABOUT TIME..... Morrissey-Mullen (Beggars Banquet)
- 6 DREAM OF TOMORROW..... Lonnie Liston Smith (Dr Jazz)
- 7 THE GENIE..... Bob James (CBS)
- 8 PASSION, GRACE AND FIRE..... McLaughlin, Dimeola, Di Lucia (Philips)
- 9 THE NEW YORK-L.A. DREAM BAND..... Dave Grusin (GRP)
- 10 STEPS AHEAD..... Steps Ahead (Elektra)
- 11 AN UM..... Charles Mingus (CBS)
- 12 MENAGE A TRIOS..... Yellow Jackets (Warner Bros)
- 13 THINK OF ONE..... Wynton Marsalis (CBS)
- 14 AS WE SPEAK..... David Sanborn (Warner Bros)
- 15 SUDDENLY..... Marcus Miller (Warner Bros)
- 16 COME WITH ME..... Tania Maria (Concord Jazz)
- 17 JOURNEY TO A RAINBOW..... Chuck Mangione (CBS)
- 18 GREATEST PERFORMANCES..... Grover Washington Jnr (Motown)
- 19 FRIENDS..... Larry Carlton (WEA)
- 20 LOVE SURVIVES..... Jay Hoggard (Gramavision)

Compiled by Jumbo Records, 102 Memon Centre, Leeds 2

US

45s

- 1 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE..... Police (A&M)
- 2 ELECTRIC AVENUE..... Eddy Grant (Portrait)
- 3 FLASHDANCE... WHAT A FEELING..... Irene Cara (Casablanca)
- 4 NEVER GONNA LET YOU GO..... Sergio Mendes (A&M)
- 5 WANNA BE STARTIN' SOMETHING..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 6 COME DANCING..... The Kinks (Arista)
- 7 OUR HOUSE..... Madness (Geffen)
- 8 IS THERE SOMETHING I SHOULD KNOW..... Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 9 STAND BACK..... Stevie Nicks (Modern)
- 10 SHE WORKS HARD FOR THE MONEY..... Donna Summer (Mercury)
- 11 SWEET DREAMS..... Eurythmics (RCA)
- 12 1999..... Prince (Warner Bros)
- 13 TOO SHY..... Kajagoogoo (EMI)
- 14 MANIAC..... Michael Sembello (Casablanca)
- 15 BABY JANE..... Rod Stewart (Warner Bros)



Sting sucks in his cheeks every pic you take. Pic Lynn Goldsmith

US

LPs

- 1 SYNCHRONICITY..... Police (A&M)
- 2 FLASHDANCE..... Soundtrack (Casablanca)
- 3 THRILLER..... Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 4 PYROMANIA..... Def Leppard (Mercury)
- 5 THE WILD HEART..... Stevie Nicks (Modern)
- 6 LET'S DANCE..... David Bowie (EMI)
- 7 KEEP IT UP..... Loverboy (Columbia)
- 8 CARGO..... Men At Work (Columbia)
- 9 1999..... Prince (Warner Bros)
- 10 KILLER ON THE RAMPAGE..... Eddy Grant (Portrait)
- 11 FRONTIERS..... Journey (Columbia)
- 12 H₂O..... Hall & Oates (RCA)
- 13 STATE OF CONFUSION..... The Kinks (Arista)
- 14 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE..... Bryan Adams (A&M)
- 15 PIECE OF MIND..... Iron Maiden (Capitol)

Courtesy Billboard Publications

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 YOU'RE THE ONE THAT I WANT..... John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John (RSO)
- 2 SUBSTITUTE..... Clout (Carere)
- 3 DANCING IN THE CITY..... Marshall Hain (Harvest)
- 4 SMURF SONG..... Father Abraham (Decca)
- 5 BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE..... Taste Of Honey (Capitol)
- 6 LIKE CLOCKWORK..... Boomtown Rats (Ensign)
- 7 WILD WEST HERO..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
- 8 A LITTLE BIT OF SOAP..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
- 9 THE BIGGEST BLOW..... Sex Pistols (Virgin)
- 10 AIRPORT..... Motors (Virgin)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 MONY MONY..... Tommy James And The Shondells (Major Minor)
- 2 BABY COME BACK..... Equals (President)
- 3 I PRETEND..... Des O'Connor (Columbia)
- 4 SON OF HICKORY HOLLER'S TRAMP..... Q. C. Smith (CBS)
- 5 FIRE..... Crazy World Of Arthur Brown (Track)
- 6 YUMMY YUMMY YUMMY..... Ohio Express (Pye)
- 7 MACARTHUR PARK..... Richard Harris (RCA)
- 8 YESTERDAY HAS GONE..... Cupid's Inspiration (Nems)
- 9 THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU..... Herb Alpert (A&M)
- 10 MRS. ROBINSON..... Simon & Garfunkel (CBS)

FILM VIDEOS

10

- 1 (1) JANE FONDA'S WORKOUT..... Warner Home
- 2 (2) DOCTOR ZHIVAGO..... CBS/MGM/UA
- 3 (1) FIRST BLOOD..... EMI
- 4 (8) MY FAIR LADY..... CBS/MGM
- 5 (1) TEN COMMANDMENTS..... CIC
- 6 (1) GIANTS OF BRAZIL..... VCL
- 7 (3) THE SOUND OF MUSIC..... 20th Century Fox
- 8 (1) PELE — WORLD'S GREATEST FOOTBALLER..... EMI
- 9 (7) DECADE OF WIMBLEDON..... EMI
- 10 (5) THE DEERHUNTER..... EMI

Courtesy of HMV Shops Limited



Jazz purists flee the Charts page in horror that Earl Klugh is Number One. Pic Doctor Zhivago

FRINGE

LPs

- 1 LES FLOTS BLEUS..... Patrick Portella/Joseph Racaille (Recommended)
- 2 THE PARIS GIGS..... Lol Coxhill/Fred Frith (Maison D'Culture)
- 3 SOUND EVERY DAY..... Unrest, Work & Play (Political Underground)
- 4 NUITS DE LAS FOUNDATION MAEGHT VOL. 1..... Sun Ra (Recommended)
- 5 WINTER COMES HOME..... David Thomas And His Legs (Re)
- 6 SLEEPING BEAUTY..... Sun Ra (El Saturn)
- 7 CRAWLING WIND..... Univers Zero (Eastern Works Japan)
- 8 ZEIT WIRDKNAPP..... Dagmar Krause/Goebbels/Harth (Ton Studio)
- 9 BLACK SNAKES..... Red Crayola With Art And Language (Pure Freud)
- 10 MAN OR MONKEY..... Cassiber (Riskant)

Chart by Recommended Records
583 Wandsworth Road, London SW8

FRED FACT

I like Paul Young's voice and have my Q-Tips records to prove it. But, when all's said and done, isn't his success with Marvin Gaye's 'Wherever I Lay My Hat', just another example of how black music becomes infinitely more acceptable when mighty whitey elbows his way into the market? It's always been so in the world of rock. Elvis was socially preferable to the likes of Chuck Berry or Little Richard. Haley easier to promote than, say, Fats Domino or Bill Doggett. Many early black groups found that they didn't get their pics on their album sleeves. A shot of white kids jiving around a jukebox was hip, as was an ornithological study if the outfit happened to be of the doo-wop 'bird' variety, such as The Flamingos. But would you let your daughter have a black face staring at her from a record sleeve placed in her bedroom? Not in the '50s you wouldn't! Things have changed slowly. Even when Charley Pride made his first single for RCA in 1965, no publicity shots were allowed to accompany the release, just in case country-music DJ's tumbled to the fact that Pride wasn't white. And, musicwise, it still helps if you're white. Clapton and Cocker continue to chart while B. B. King's still waiting for his first UK hit. So much for the real blues. Bye, bye, Blues Band — but I missed Magic Sam more. Dodging the issue that even ska became a truly commercial proposition when 2-Tone added cream to the rumlaced coffee, I'll move on to recent events — which have seen Phil Collins reaching No.1 in the UK charts with 'You Can't Hurry Love', something that The Supremes original version failed to do. Then too, there's been the indignity of The Grandmaster getting out-rapped, at least saleswise, by Wham! while the re-Nash-ionalised Hollies would seem to be making a renewed bid for pop paramouncy with (gasp!) a version of 'Stop In The Name Of Love'. But then, black artists themselves haven't always helped. The great Jackie Wilson so admired the late Al Jolson, a white vaudevillian who sang in black face, that he once made a tribute album that took its title from Jolson's catch-phrase, 'You Ain't Heard Nothin' Yet'. Pass the burnt-cork someone.

Fred Dellar

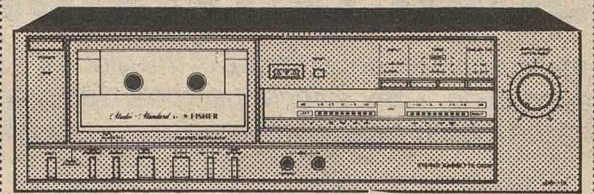
10 YEARS AGO

- 1 WELCOME HOME..... Peters & Lee (Philips)
- 2 I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG..... Gary Glitter (Bell)
- 3 ALRIGHT ALRIGHT ALRIGHT..... Mungo Jerry (Dawn)
- 4 LIFE ON MARS..... David Bowie (RCA)
- 5 GOIN' HOME..... Osmonds (MGM)
- 6 SKWEEZE ME, PLEEZE ME..... Slade (Polydor)
- 7 SATURDAY NIGHT'S ALRIGHT FOR FIGHTING..... Elton John (DJM)
- 8 GAYE..... Clifford T. Ward (Charisma)
- 9 RANDY..... Blue Mink (EMI)
- 10 PILLOW TALK..... Sylvia (London)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 I'M CONFESSIN'..... Frank Ifield (Columbia)
- 2 DEVIL IN DISGUISE..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 3 SWEETS FOR MY SWEET..... Searchers (Pye)
- 4 DA DOO RON RON..... Crystals (London)
- 5 TWIST AND SHOUT..... Brian Poole And The Tremeloes (Decca)
- 6 I LIKE IT..... Gerry And The Pacemakers (Columbia)
- 7 ATLANTIS..... Shadows (Columbia)
- 8 TWIST AND SHOUT (EP)..... Beatles (Parlophone)
- 9 IT'S MY PARTY..... Lesley Gore (Mercury)
- 10 TAKE THESE CHAINS FROM MY HEART..... Ray Charles (HMV)

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X. MOORE TALKS TO STYLE COUNCIL'S MICK TALBOT ABOUT THE HISTORY OF THE HAMMOND AND IT'S POP PIONEER THE INCREDIBLE JIMMY SMITH

IFIRST heard 'Mick's Up' early on a summer's evening, opened up a bottle and the windows and had myself a party.

Meritorious in *extremis*, 'Mick's Up' justified The Style Council's existence on its tod! It was the record I'd been praying they would make.

Up till then, all I'd heard from Mick Talbot's corner of the Respond camp were squeaks and blips, snatches of funk buzz and slide — the sort of synth-fuzz filler The Gap Band always take too far only to sound magnificent when they get there. Mick seemed set to provide Paul Weller only with incidental 'keyboard noises off', yet suddenly here was Mick out on his own, 88s flailing and Hammond pushed right up front and given space to dance.

Flip-side of the season, 'Mick's Up' came out of the blue and, wallop, captured the feel The Style Council had previously seemed struggling to find.

Soulful as one of Jimmy Smith's twisting-forever arpeggios and hitting with the percussive drive of Ramsey Lewis' 'Wade In The Water', 'Mick's Up' heralded a longed-for return of keyboards as blues instrument supreme. The Hammond was back and Mick Talbot had arrived in style.

What I want to know is what's a lad born in Merton, bred in Tooting and audibly plagued with South London verbaless, doing playing organ in the fashion of a man from Philadelphia, the Incredible Jimmy Smith?

THERE was a piano in the house when I was a kid, my dad used to play a bit and my nan did — I just used to mess around on it — and my nan, I think it was, thought it'd be a good idea to send me to music lessons.

Mick went to lessons for three, maybe four years, jealous of his mates playing footie while he practised but glad to learn to read music and gain a limited introduction to classical music. He quit lessons when he was 12 and started listening to blues and R&B records, tuned in to the fact that rock 'n' roll's three chords were a whole lot easier than Beethoven, and turned on by Muddy Waters, Chuck Berry and Howlin' Wolf — none of them big keyboard stars by any stretch.

"No, but I've never really consciously listened to keyboard players, I've always listened to records, and it just fascinated me that so many of these songs had three chords. I got into playing along to records even though they mightn't have keyboards in 'em, just getting into more of an improvisation thing on the piano."

By the time he started playing for money, doing the round of pubs and WMCs, he was listening to a fair smattering, checking blues records at home, catching Philly Spinners and Emeralds at the discos and going out to see the Feelgoods and bar-room R&B — the prepunk Talbot influenced by Wilko Johnson but also playing Chess covers and "veering into some soul things".

Between staying in at home listening to Diddleybeat and going down the pub to see The Kursaal Flyers and pals, Mick was in a band called The Sneakers, sharing songwriting duties with brother Danny Talbot. They got a few write-ups, played dodgy dives round Tooting and became The Merton Parkas...

"We never really changed as a band for three or four years, it's just that we got picked up on with all that Mod thing. I s'pose the name didn't help — we just thought it was a laugh cos we were from Merton Park — but we became like an in-joke with the music papers and after a year the record company decided to drop us; it's one of those things where they sign you for five years and it never really means it unless you do something big."

"I think we were quite realistic 'bout the stigma that had got stuck to us and the whole Mod thing, and we decided we had to split it up. The weird thing was, a week after that I got offered the Dexys thing — they'd remembered me from a gig we'd done."

Dexys' Midnight Runners had supported The Merton Parkas in Liverpool in the summer of '79, a year before the Parkas split, and caught Mick messing on the keys during the soundcheck, riding 'bove the racket in the empty hall on a Ray Charles groove line.

At that time The Merton Parkas included a Ray Charles song ('What'd I Say') in their set and that night Dexys played Zoot Money's 'Big Time Operator', a record Mick had been trying to rustle up a copy of for years without success. Sure

enough, the backstage talk turned to soul records and the two crews checked favourite tracks. Mick must've dropped the right names.

"Actually, they weren't playing 'Geno' at the time, but I after they'd done their soundcheck I asked a couple of 'em if they'd heard of Geno Washington and Kevin said 'No'. Nah, I think he mentioned a mentioned a few other blokes in the band who were into him..."

Mick rode with Kevin Rowland for one European tour in October 1980, a trial period for which he was never a permanent band member, and then Dexys split.

By now Mick had found his style, building on the foundations of his scattered influences, consolidating his position as keyman and claiming writing and arrangement credits for the Bureau album released in Australia and Canada (tho' sadly not in Britain).

In the meantime he had moved on from his first, dead cheap Italian electric piano, expanding his collection and broadening his repertoire, buying a Wuritzer electric (in preference to a Rhodes "because Ian McLagan always used one") before later turning his hand to the organ as well.

"I'd always liked like them but I'd never played one before. I waited till I could afford a Hammond and get that sound before I started playing the organ."

IN THE late '50s scores of jazz pianists made a similar transition, turning from the piano to the organ, drawn by that sound, and established the organ as a legitimate element of modern music. The organ's arrival as a popular instrument was largely thanks to one man, James Oscar Smith — the Incredible Jimmy Smith.

If Charlie Parker set the groove for succeeding generations of alto sax players, then Brother Jimmy, the first modern organist, was living reason for countless pianists to change their groove and follow his example. So long Steinway, hello Hammond.

Born of two pianists and taught piano from an early age, Jimmy Smith took tips and inspiration from swing musicians like Wild Bill Davis and Fats Waller to build a reputation for both himself and his instrument.

At present the Hammond might seem a musical novelty, an instrument long since relegated to the sidelines — and in 1983 Mick Talbot is, truly, a rare find. But in the early '60s the organ was everywhere, a scene phenomenon, an integral element of Hip. If cool was ever a sound, it was the sound of a Hammond played by Jimmy Jazz himself.

With Don Bailey on drums and Kenny Burrell on guitar, Jimmy Smith's trio blooded the organ as sweet soul instrument on a remarkable series of albums on Blue Note through the late '50s, crowned by the glorious 'Midnight Special', his 18th LP for the label. Joined by Stanley Turrentine on sax, a tenor horn diplomat in the style of Coltrane, the Incredible Jimmy Smith surpassed himself, trading shots with the sax, feet pumping out bass lines, both hands racing. For many years after its release it remained the album to be seen with a copy of — if you had style, you had 'Midnight Special'.

After that glorious lead, the way was clear for the organ to break out of its musical ghetto. Ray Charles had already made the crossover with the Wuritzer electric piano on 'What'd I Say', taking jazz keys to a pop market using what was then considered a joke instrument, and seeing the song (panned by jazz critics as a "shouting match") comfortably walk the American Top Ten. The breakthrough was consolidated on Hammond — from 'Green Onions' in 1962, through Stevie Winwood's 'Gimme Some Lovin' to 'Soul Limbo' in '68, the organ took top zits in the charts.

By the end of the decade it was a spent force — Booker T And The MGs became a last-legs cabaret act and Winwood turned increasingly from crazy baby organ to his green Strat. Maybe Keith Emerson's was the hand that finally put paid to the Hammond — taking keyboards from versatile R&B instrument to techno-rock artefact and dirty word — but then, R&B organ had been a goner from the moment Zoot Money changed the Big Roll Band's name to Dantalian's Chariot and fitted the boys up with white robes, white instruments and white habits.

By the '70s, black music had turned a similar pallid shade, but for a decade keyboards had reigned supreme — organ trios flourished, Hammond fans flocked (the man called Booker T even had a skin following this side of the Atlantic) and hundreds of young musicians had made steals, and a living, from Jimmy Smith's inspiration.

ORGAN-IZE



Mr. Mick Talbot

Pic Bleddyn Butcher



Mr. Jimmy Smith

A quarter century later you can hear his influence inevitably filtering through in Mick Talbot, even though Mick is certainly no Hammond player buff.

"A lot of people think I might have loads of Hammond records but I've always liked The Small Faces 'n' stuff — and I know that might be a bit second-hand cos McLagan was influenced by Jimmy Smith and Booker T — but I liked The Small Faces as a group. I never listened to keyboard players just for the sake of it.

"I do now occasionally. My dad's a bit of a modern jazz fan, he's got a lot of Blue Note stuff, and I've picked up on a few things of his — piano players like Bobby Timmons, Ray Bryant and Horace Silver, the more rootsy gospel stuff. I've got that gospel influence mixed up with blues and soul jazz.

"Maybe I'm a bit lazy but I don't strive to listen to keyboard players. I like listening to a lot of jazz — you can get a lot of ideas just off listening to horn players. Like Bud Powell, the bop piano player, he changed the style of a lot of keyboard players and I think he influenced Jimmy Smith quite a bit — I think Jimmy Smith translated a lot of what Bud Powell did on the piano to the organ — but people say that he just used to listen to sax players.

"But y' see, that's a large part of your style as well — your ignorance. Your inability to do certain things, your limitations, are a big part of the make up of the way you play. I'm not saying I want to be ignorant but you can fall into the trap of repeating other keyboard players, of using the same tricks all the time.

IN THE time since 'Money-Go-Round' was released Mick's importance, as keysman, to The Style Council sound has been underlined by four tracks recorded in Paris, two of which follow 'Mick's Up' as showcases for his craft.

One is a reworking of 'Party Chambers' in 3/4 time, keys flying like pepped-up Brubeck over a jazzy waltz. The other, 'Le Depart', sees Mick play pretty just for you, working sad phrses around a theme struck with contrary edginess, hard on the keys and sounding like a bar-room player with only an upright piano to talk to, getting melancholy after hours.

Given the space to define The Style Council's musical profile, Mick has struck a fine groove and is, sure enough, taking care of business. Both tracks ride with a sly momentum all their own, both turning on a recurrent melody, like title music, and reminiscent of Jimmy Smith's 'The Cat', an album which included takes from the score for the Alain Delon film *Joy House*.

It's a long time since Hammond soundtracks held sway at the pictures and organ trios packed out concert halls, but Mick has no obvious desire to engineer a keyboards revival, no dogged allegiance to his instrument above any other.

"I'd always put a song before any instrument. Me and Paul have talked about this a lot and we both think 'feel' is the most important thing. Y'know, if a song doesn't need guitar, if it doesn't need a bass or brass, then you shouldn't use it — if it just needs a Steinway, then we'll just use that. Usually, if it feels right, it is right."

OTH^{ER} BANDS have recently arrived on the scene using keys players as a crucial part of their make up — The Truth's Chris Skornia on low-key Hammond and JoBoxer Dave (who Mick rates one of the few interesting players around) on swaggering piano — but none with such feel as this modest man who works so sweet on both instruments.

Downbeat cool and uptight funk, flow and edge... this is the sound of Mick Talbot.

In 1983 this man has made 88 a hip number once more.

CUTTING A WOBBLY TRAIL THROUGH AMERICA ● BREAKING THROUGH LIVERPOOL'S BLACK CLOUDS ●

Wobble's got it all under control
Pic Joseph Stevens



AND LO, Jah wobbled across America. Neither rain, nor snow nor gun-toting club owners had kept his Invaders Of The Heart (lands) from their appointed musical rounds. And six weeks, 30-odd gigs, 13,000 miles and 5,000 bucks down, he found it good.

Wobble greets me from a tangle of bed linens in the Hotel Iroquois, the (in)famous New York way station for low-rent touring minstrels and last stop before heading back to London "to drive a cab for a coupla months". It's 3 pm. The key is still dangling in the lock outside and the room is a predictable shambles — one of the beds is completely upended — after a final night out in Manhattan. Staggering into baggy trousers with huge rips of unexplained origin, the first words out of his mouth are "Everyfink's under control".

Yes, but first a morning cuppa. As we approach the Red Flame Coffee Shop, my mind races back a month to Wobble's only New York gig, a confluence of scribes and hipsters expecting God knows what. This time out he's Allah the Funk you can handle, so long as you like it horny and wordless. The first half of the set was all very smooooth numbers that integrated the pulse of calypso with the plaintive wailing of Arabic horns. Oliver Marland on keyboards and trombonist Annie Whitehead (she also blows for The Fun Boy Three) shone here, creating an orchestral horn section to frame that Wobbly bass.

Halfway through and Bang! The reverie is shattered as Wobs stepped forward to jam with percussionists Lee Partis and Neville Murray in what could almost be a Burundi cover of 'Wipe Out'. Animal chucked in clamouring, abrasive guitar as the Invaders veered off into an increasingly dense sonic fray.

"I actually have a lot of respect for playing music," he admitted that night, "and the one time I don't fuck about is when I'm on stage. When I'm on stage I'm like Beethoven. I'm really serious. I like people to respect the compositional value of the music, not me, 'cause I'm a bum."

Fast forward to the present. The bum is winding up the waitress with yuk-yuks only he can understand. She takes it in her stride (New York's a crazy town). So tell me all about America. What was the best thing here?

(Affecting a posh accent) "Well, really, essentially, I've seen Steinbeck's America on this tour. When I was here with Public Image we flew everywhere, like a real band, you know, first class. Me and John and Keef. Great guys."

"This time we had a bus with a four way stereo system. Right beefy. Really good bottom end. I had the bunk all the time, everyone got really fed up with me. We done 12 overnight drives, it's like being in the army. Going between two average states is like driving from Aberdeen to Cornwall and back."

"We headlined everywhere. Sounds really big, dunnit? Headlining these tiny, poxy clubs. But the outstanding gigs are always the little ones, the ones you lose a lot of dough going to like Newport, Kentucky, Oklahoma City, Kansas City. I like the States, it's all right as it happens. It's a sick country..."

What's so sick?

"TV advertisements are very, very, very sick. I've never seen so many created markets in my life. Toothpaste for people who can't read! There's great music in America, but it's all aimed at consumerism, major companies and MTV. It's really the ugly side of America, the big corporate companies fuckin' with people around the world. If you want to be big in the States you got to sell your bum. I've had

offers, but no. I'm probably stupid for that, it's not a big martyr trip, but I'd rather be me."

That's also called integrity.

"We shared a bill with The Beat. Now there's a good band, they just stink of integrity. In Minneapolis, we played there twice. Old Prince got up and jammed with us the first time. He seems a nice boy. Oh, just a showbiz slag. He'd won a lot of awards that night and people like him are just addicted to the limelight. It's really funny, though, because he's there and everyone's going 'Oh, man, Prince has jammed with you!' and we're really supposed to be into it and we just think the geezer's one of the biggest wankers we've ever seen in our lives."

Anyone you'd have enjoyed meeting?

"Clint Eastwood. Named my indie record label after the town Clint goes into in High Plains Drifter. I love Clint. Great geezer. I wanted to go down to his restaurant in Monterey and knock the geezer up, but everyone talked me out of it."

What was the scariest thing that happened on tour?

"The most nightmarish gig was in Dallas, with all of this torrential rain coming through the roof and pouring down into the equipment. We kept getting electric shocks, but like a bunch of nutcases we just played on. Everyone was so drunk that we was all laughing about it."

"I've had guns pulled on me this tour by a coupla club owners in undisclosed cities of North America. I don't think they wanted to shoot me, they wanted to shoot the tour manager. But they were drunk and I was drunk and they pulled guns on me. I sobered up quick and talked 'em out of it and then we had a really good drink. They were really great geezers, one of them kept demanding that I stayed in the bar at five in the morning."

What do you think of American drink?

"Liquor's nice, but the actual beer is bollocks. I like J.D. and Jim Beam, cause you don't get bourbon in Britain. Me and Ollie, the keyboard player get through a coupla litres a day. My kidneys have stopped working. I'm just drunk all the time."

"But I'm moral. Most rock stars are very immoral. I'm like a priest. Oh yeah, priests drink. That's not immoral. But a lot of other things are, catching diseases and that. I'm not like that. I'm not that kind of girl."

"AIDS and herpes and all of that. It's the end of the world, innit? It's a judgement from God. Our drummer does t'ai chi and all that. I'm an expert in martial arts, too — origami — no one fucks with me, right? But he reckons it's a voodoo plague from Haiti."

"The rubbish people talk!"

DAVID KEEPS

WOBBLE THROWING A JAH

HOT BLACK STUFF

BLACK ARE destined to be absolutely massive," roared an excited NME stringer last year, "brightest hopes for 1983."

It wouldn't be the first time the rock commentators have gone over the top about a Liverpool band and it wasn't going to be the last. So Colin (Vearncombe) and Dix (Dave Dickie) kept their heads down and invested their hopes in a small dump-of-a studio at Eternal Records. They knocked out a somewhat melancholic single 'More Than The Sun' (which did nothing to break the gloomy image bound up in their name), scooped a UK support spot with The Thompson Twins and were due to shake hands with WEA in a similar deal to the one agreed with labelmates Wah!, until negotiations took a bit of a nose-dive.

Originally a three-piece fronted by Colin, Black were spotted in a Liverpool club by eagle-eared Eternal co-director Pete Wylie who made utterances and gave them a sort of thumbs-up. But fortunes don't change over night do they? Not even when Pete Wylie's at the wheel.

"No," says Colin with the faint smell of resentment on this breath, "It was about two years from the day Wylie told us he thought we were good till the day he actually did anything about it. They won't pass over anyone with potential at Eternal but they haven't got as much money as they would like to develop potential so they'll leave you wandering around in the wilderness to see if you come good. I was banging on their fuckin' door for ages getting nil response. I was about to give up."

Thankfully he didn't and once inside the great shrine of Eternal Records it was not long before Colin sacked the other two members of Black and began working alone with backing tapes. When he saw Colin drifting towards indulgence, Eternal's other co-director (and mastermind of the set-up) Pete Fulwell steered him towards Dix (formerly with Wylie favourites The Last Chant) who is a wizard in the production field.

"We're a manufactured band," jokes Dix, "like Bucks Fizz."

Black are eager to impress on those with ideas to the contrary that they "really are a team". Studio work is presided over by Dix who, like a boy with a new train set, runs around twiddling endlessly with a range of mindboggling switches and dials. Colin on the other hand gives the impression of being more... laid... back and prefers to assert his charms onstage where he (and his 18 carat voice) gets jacked up ego-style.

"You have to be arrogant to thing that you can get up onstage and do something and make people pay to watch it."

Do Black have any fans?

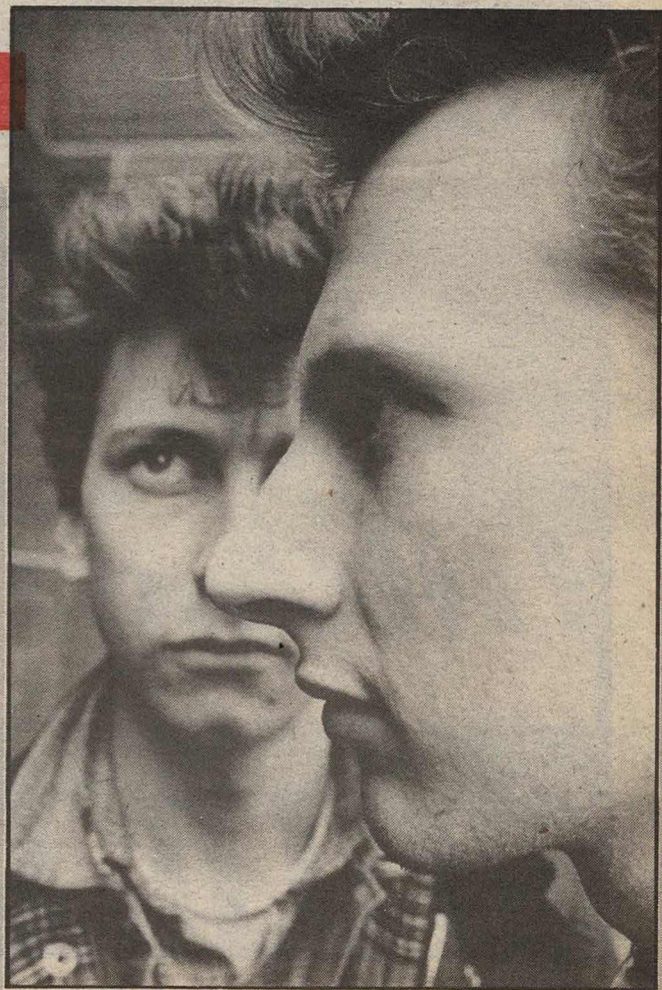
"We have got one real fan," enthuses Dix. "We got this letter from a girl called Alison Pink — I hope you print this, she'll be made up — she couldn't get 'More Than The Sun' anywhere and she wrote saying I really need that record... and you just pass it off at first. Then you start to think about it and you think fuckin' hell that woman loves that record so much... and it's happened to me before but I've never written to the band and said so. But I wish I had now because it would have made them feel really good."

Success (Money & TOTP) is now within spitting distance for Colin and Dix. WEA's interest was renewed after a staff re-shuffle and Black have just popped corks with them, through Eternal.

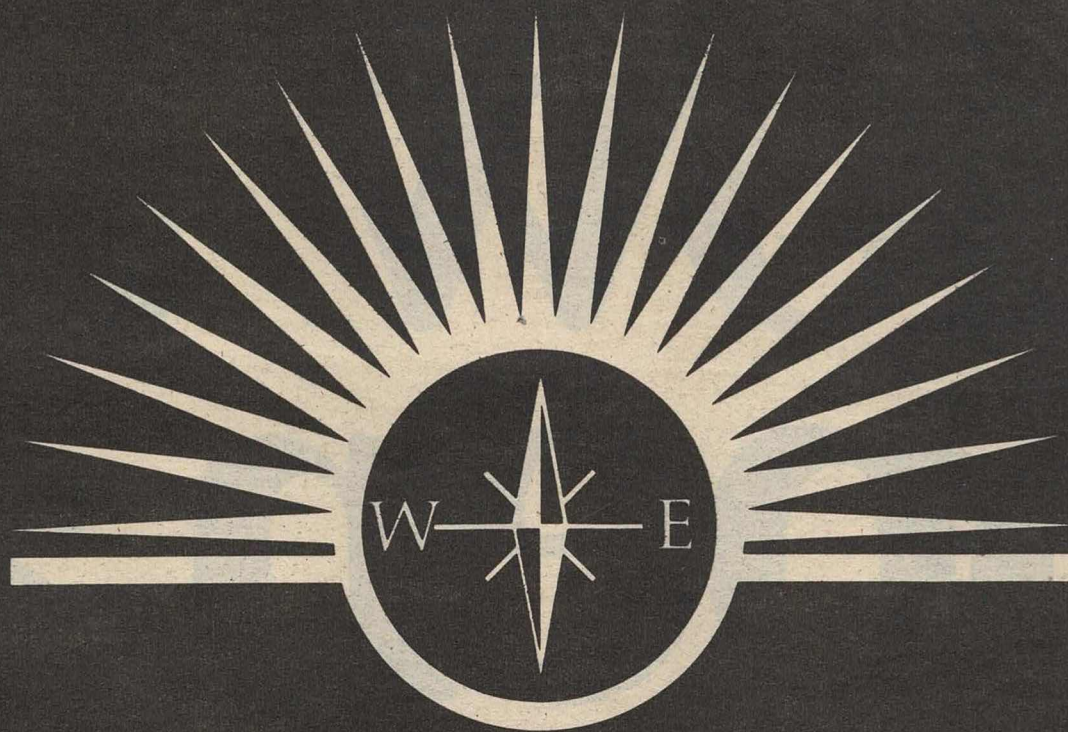
There has always been a terrific hum of "this is it" at Eternal Records (the ghost of '76 still wanders aimlessly around the place looking for somewhere to dance) and with a new single planned for September, it wouldn't surprise me one jot if Black do become "absolutely massive". It's happened to far less talented groups.

When my children ask for a "Simon Le Bon" or a "Limahl" at the barbers, they get a clip round the ear. But I don't think I'd mind so much if they asked for a "Colin" or a "Dix". That's Black.

BILLY MANN



Dix (left) and Colin for whom hope springs Eternal
Pic John Stoddart



BIG COUNTRY

First Album

THE CROSSING

includes 'Fields of Fire' & 'In a Big Country'

Produced by Steve Lillywhite

CHROME DIOXIDE CASSETTE

includes 4 extra tracks 'Angle Park' & 'Heart and Soul'

plus 12 mixes of 'Fields of Fire' & 'In a Big Country'

not on the album



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**Youth
Training
Scheme**

JUST A LITTLE FANTASTIC SOMETHING ● ELVIS TALES ● EYE CATCHING RESIDENTS ●



Fantastical Greek twins
Pic Leon Morris

SOMETHING'S UP

ANY SONG containing the turly inspired line *Ask a bee, where is my honey, you know?* must have something going for it, but even without those gloriously daft lyrics, Fantastic Something's 'If She Doesn't Smile (It'll Rain)' would still be my fave rave of this musically turgid summer.

It's a sweet love song with a deliciously romantic vocal floating along on layers of dreamy acoustic guitars, and such a wonderfully wholesome record, you could safely take it home to meet your dear old mother.

The handsome young pair behind the record are two classically swarthy Greek twins (this is beginning to sound like a Harold Robbins novel), Alex and Constantine Vels. Born in America, they were brought up in Athens before coming here to study film making and architecture respectively.

A demo recorded at their West London home last year attracted Cherry Red and the irresistible charm of 'If She Doesn't Smile' was the surprisingly accomplished result of their first day in a real recording studio. The single has already pulled in the radio plays.

Even if it's not the summer hit it deserves to be, I'll eat my best Hawaiian shirt if you can find a record more effective at conjuring up memories of these balmy sunny day.

Key Mc

ANECDOTES ABOUT ELVIS: NO.2

"When ELVIS was about four weeks old they, I mean his parents, brought him to me in my cave in the mountains. I had some kinda reputation as a fortune teller, some folks called me a witch, and it was a tradition with the folks thereabouts that they bring their babies to me and I tried to see what kind of life they were going to have.

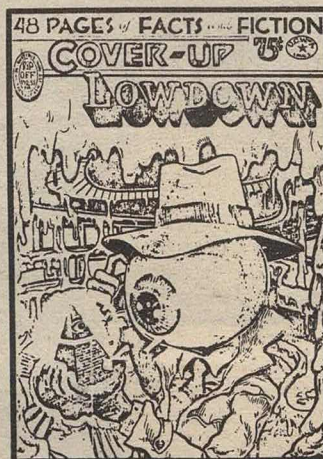
Well, I tell you, when they bring that little mite in I had the strongest vibrations, and they was conflictin' vibrations: one set of waves was tellin' me that this Elvis Aaron Presley was going to be the greatest pole-vault champion the world had ever seen and another set of waves was whisperin' about the International Antiques Market; well, I didn't know what to say. They was lookin' at me all expectant like, so I pretended to have a coughing fit. I fell on the ground a-hawking and-a-spitting.

I kept this up for about ten minutes, and I could tell that I was going to have to resolve my vibrations. I stopped coughing, and I stood up and said "This here boy, this ELVIS, is going to be a shining light in the world of international antiques".

Well, I expect them to laugh and demand their two dollars back, but ELVIS's mother said "Why, that's uncanny: only last night I dreamed I saw him sitting in a Chippendale chair smoking a big cigar!" She pressed another five dollars into my and, and they all went away happy. Strange to say, that very night I dreamed I saw ELVIS in that same Chippendale chair, holding a pol-vaultin his hand."

Strange Nancy, Memphis, USA

(Elvis Anecdote 2 was researched by IAN McMILLAN)

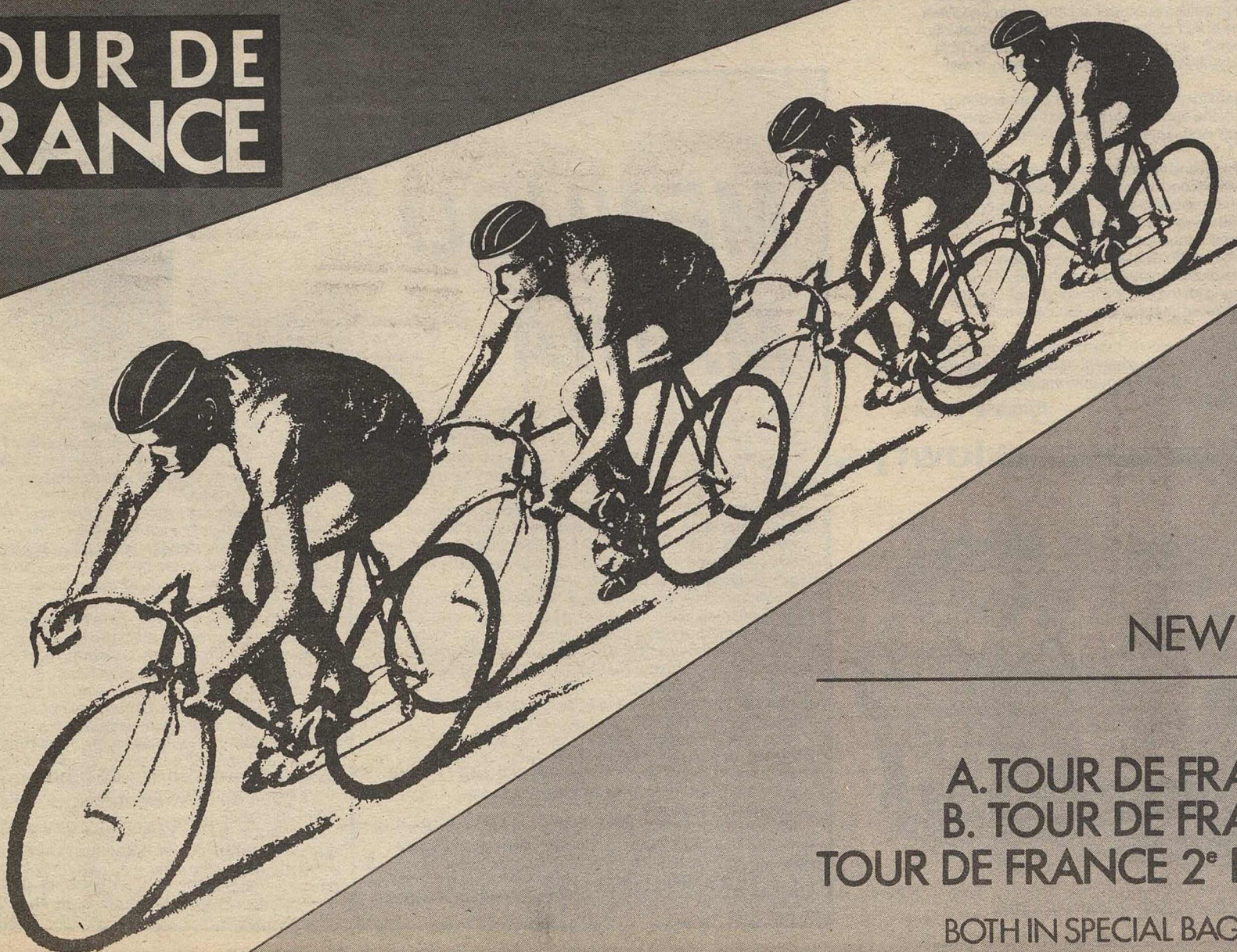


EYE YI YI, WHAT'S UP?

"YOU MAY be interested to learn," writes Tony Smith from the interesting town of Kettering, "that the startlingly original image of the group known as The Residents is not original at all, being an obvious steal from a character known as Eye Yi Yi, an American cartoon creation by Jay Kinney and Paul Mavrides in the mid-'70s . . ." "As a starving artist," he continues, "I was wondering if you pay handsomely for tips-offs?" Well, your vigilance shall not go unrewarded, sir. Pray accept — with our compliments — the fulsome thanks of a grateful citizenry!

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PUERTO RICAN HEART-THROBS ● TEENAGE TEARAWAYS GO TAME ● FLOY JOY'S GOT THE ANSWER

Floy Joy trio (left to right) Shaun, Elana and Michael. Pics Kevin Cummins.



FLOY

IN A FLAP ABOUT

AT LAST. Sheffield's 'other' groups are rising and blossoming. The cliques and hierarchies are finally being broken. In the black corner, Cabaret Voltaire are shedding the credible rags of industrial mysticism and trying on an off-the-shoulder city-beat dance. In the grey zone, The Box have given up their search for the

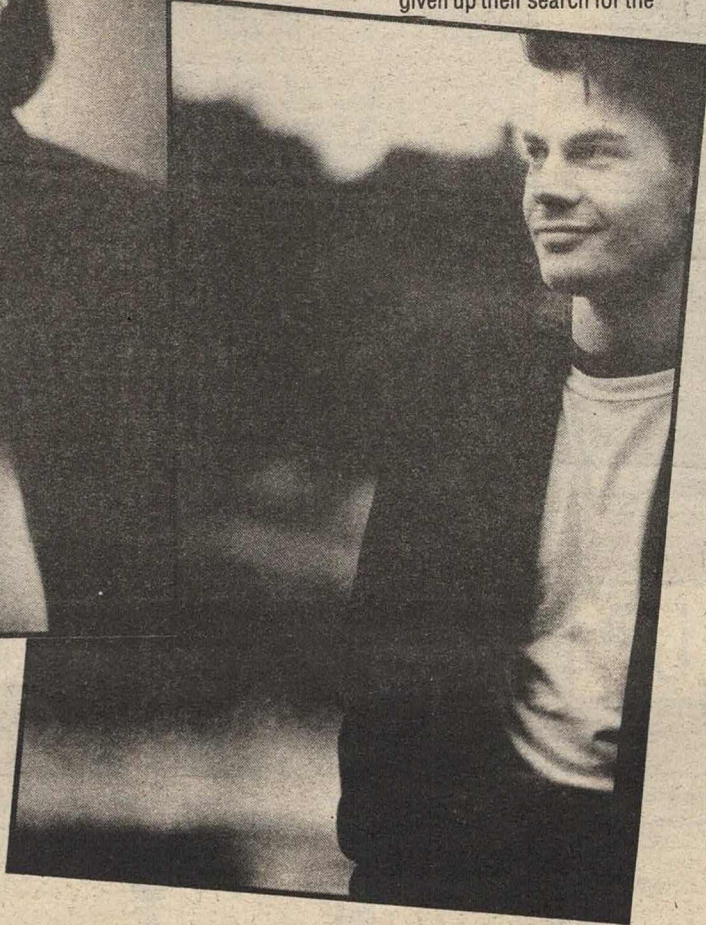
traditional independents' Holy Grail and are looking for a saner, more graspable aesthetic, and even Clock DVA are beginning to find attractive structures in their dark subconscious. And finally, in the bright white circle, newer contenders like Floy Joy are shrugging off their Northern jazz-funk daydreams to reinstate pride and style into a music that has been wallowing in the doldrums.

It may just be the recent heatwave, but Sheffield hasn't looked this colourful in years.

A clear-headed three-piece—featuring Sheffield born brothers Shaun and Michael Ward on bass and saxes and Elana Harris from Brighton on vocals—Floy Joy began to take shape over a year ago as a direct reaction to the conformity, the lack of spectacle and the obsequious conventions of the jazz-funk scene.

"That whole scene came to mean just one thing, technique," explains Mike. "No style, no passion, just listen to early '70s Kool And The Gang, that's what it should be about. I was playing with Hot Cuisine at the time along with Dave Palmer (who went on to become ABC's drummer), and it got to the point where we just couldn't stand it any longer. Shaun felt pretty much the same in his circles, so we just reacted against all that in quite an extreme way. We wanted to get more into formative experimental stuff... really primitive, so the three of us played with Clock DVA for a while. Then Dave left to join ABC, and we ended up with Floy Joy."

After featuring on the first two post-split DVA singles, they recruited Elana Harris from local soul band The



TAME TEENAGE

IF WE can believe that 635 young whites, Asians and West Indians from 124 'sampling points' can accurately reflect the condition of British youth (aged 14 to 19) then a new report from the Department of Education and Science called *Young People In the '80s* yields up some gripping, even unexpected data to go with the blandly obvious.

Here are yet more pointers to teendom's predominantly conservative, reactionary perspective with six in 10 favouring hanging and corporal punishment and 81 per cent truly appreciating the monarchy.

Such staunchness came mainly from the young end of the great white majority. Among the unemployed, West Indians, Asian and upper bracket respondents, there were varying degrees of radical scepticism, although a scarce amount of political action.

Ethnic and white youth expressed equal worry about getting snared by the police, yet only 19 per cent of whites claimed personal involvement against 10 per cent of Asians and 32 per cent of W. Indians.

Self image/status came practically top of the list of 'concerns' among all, with more boys than girls considering themselves good looking and clever and West Indians claiming the greatest degree of self assurance, popularity and maturity. Girls thought themselves more obedient, shy and nervous, and identified (this was late '81) more with the New Romantic/disco scene than the heavy metal male warriors.

The most revealing factoid in regard to unemployment is the perception by those afflicted that they are robbed of the opportunity to cross the symbolic (and in cash terms, real) boundary to adulthood. There is no lion to kill for the jobless, no bacon to wrestle off the rind.

Drugs were a bigger deal in the South and fighting invariably fists-only) was indulged in most by the 14s to 16s. Adulthood meant 'being free to choose' while the future was generally viewed with some trepidation. Thirty seven per cent of the total were pessimistic that the shit we're in won't be cleared up in the next 10 years, although among those in further education there was an exact split between the hopefuls and the depressed. Political activity was entered into by just two per cent (many claimed to be disenfranchised and ignored—so why bother) and worthy work such as caring for the old, the handicapped and the malnourished of the Third World was rated important but fundamentally somebody else's business.

In short, young people are a lot like adults except their chests haven't always filled out yet. The really good news, from the Government-sponsored authors is that "in their journey towards adulthood most young people appeared to be well adjusted and were outgoing, happy and popular..."

ANDREW TYLER

lowry

MENUDO MANIA

Charlie Riviera causes chaos as Puerto Rican fans line the streets outside his New York hotel. Pics Joseph Stevens



It started a week before Menudo's four sell-out shows at New York's Madison Square Garden. It was Puerto Rican Day and people lined up for the parade on 45th street: Menudo buttons, penants, and signs covered the floats.

Squads of girls in black skirts, white shirts, and red berets, Guardian Angel style, marched under banners saying "Menudo Fan Club" or "The Menudo Dolls". Mayor Koch said it was Puerto Rican Day, but everyone knew it was the beginning of Menudo Week.

Then the newspapers started. "Menudo Madness" blared out over photos of throngs of teenage latin girls outside the Doral Hotel on Lexington Avenue. Police barricades were erected. The numbers of fans in the streets were reported between 10,000 and 100,000. The TV swooped in for close-ups of 12-year-olds with mascara streaked tears and pleading eyes. Girls fainted. The hotel beefed up security. The siege was on.

Menudo, which translates as "small change" or "small fry", did not appear from nowhere. They first appeared in Puerto Rico in 1977 and, through a syndicated TV show broadcast in Latin America and New York, the group's influence began to spread.

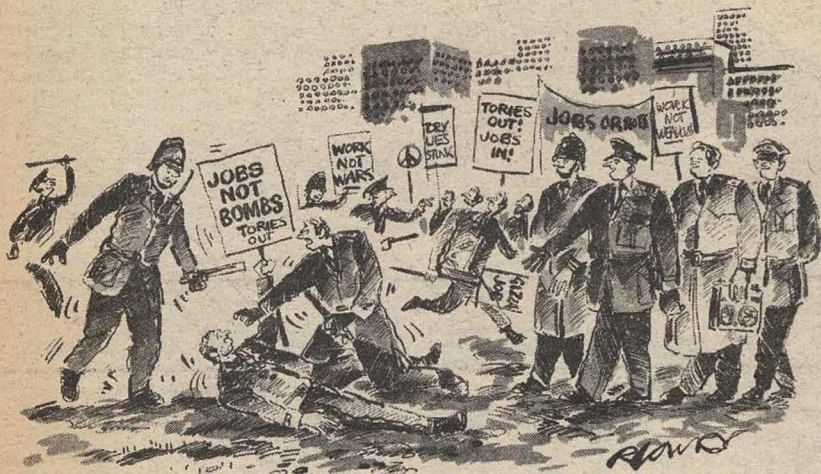
Menudo speak no English: five beautiful young Latinos between 11 and 15, smiling, singing, and dancing their way into your hearts. The story on the group that appeared in the New York Daily News was jammed with facts: "three million records sold in Latin America... 1000 fan letters a

day... 1000 fanclubs, 120 in New York... 100,000 at the Mexico City concert... one hour shutdown by fans at the Lima, Peru airport". And, unlike previous youth groups, this one does not age. When the members reach the age of 15 they are replaced.

But the music is stripped of any Puerto Rican culture. There is no salsa. The whole effect is one of Americanization, all flash and wrappings with as little meat as possible. Even their names are processed: Ricky, Johnny, Ray, Charlie, and Mique. The music is pleasant and inoffensive dealing with subjects such as kissing, dreaming, thinking of you, dancing, and more kissing. The session musicians are solid and the songs are very hooky, the majority written by a songwriting duo from San Juan. The outfits are a cross between Fiorucci and Star Trek.

There is a distinctive lack of politics. And to cap it off there is a healthy dose of American consumerism. Menudo offers a variety of products from T-shirts to designer jeans, all top-price and all designed with the schoolgirl in mind. The typical Menudo fan outfit is a series of buttons with the faces of the band members, the more the better, worn up and down the legs and across the chest and back.

On this trip to New York it was obvious that a major step was being taken to push Menudo out of the small Latin community into the American homefront. Several songs had been recorded in English, phonetically. Negotiations for a US record deal were announced. Media coverage of



"That's what I like to see—my men actively involved in attacking the unemployment problem!"

MERSEY DRUM BEAT ● CONSUMER COLLAPSE ● TAPEZINE SCENE ●

JOY

Mirror Crack'd.

"It was just another experiment," Mike continues. "A traditional soul band... that's why we chose the name. But we've developed Floy Joy in quite a weird way. Elana's got a really interpretive voice, it's a fractured sort of emotion that doesn't sound like a carbon copy. We could've got some bland singer from London who would've done fantastic impersonations of Deniece Williams, but we didn't want a stylised sound... that was the whole point in setting the band up."

Their first demo landed a sizeable contract with Virgin—with which they've bought their own recording studio in Sheffield—but it's taken nearly eight months for a single to emerge. Eventually released last week and called 'Answer Through Me', that single is nothing if not worth the wait (in gold). A gripping construction of proud, plaintive vocals and terse hornplay across a sublime funk backdrop—and there's no slack, distended melody line—it stretches the glossy conventions of Bacofoil pop to unprecedented limits. It could be Kajagoogoo—they share that same coy ostentation—but listen (you really should listen) to the scissor kicking sax breaks, the polyrhythmic diversity of a 'stick' bass brilliantly executed, and the allusions don't just stop at Was Not Was and Defunkt.

"It's a good starting point for us but it's not the be all and end all of Floy Joy," Mike intones modestly. "We're still exploring. We're not interested in making really obvious dance records like 'Let's Dance'. I heard a Set The Tone record the other day and it was complete dross. Pathetic. They really

haven't got a clue. Y'know, just stick a rhythm track down and chuck in some sound effects. I could write one of their songs a day."

Another interesting aspect of Floy Joy's single is that it marks the production debut of Andy Hernandez, aka Coati Mundi, Kid Creole's sidekick and now solo artiste on Virgin.

"We always liked the Ze set-up," Shaun explains. "And our first thought was to try and get the Was brothers to produce us, but that didn't work out. In the end, our recording happened to coincide with Andy signing to Virgin, and seeing as how we are loosely funk/soul based, he got really into it."

"At the same time, we weren't particularly influenced by the Ze ideology—we didn't want to be another Funkapolitan, another English derivative—so we had to keep a bit of a check on him."

"He's a great arranger and a really good musician," Mike continues. "But I still don't think we'd use him again. We're perfectionists and we're totally committed to our own music... I don't think we could ever feel happy with a producer. It's OK for him, he does his job and drives home in his brand new MGB GT to his girlfriend with a barbeque... but we've got to live with our music."

"It's such a shame that Coati Mundi's American," Elana adds. "He's perfect otherwise, but they've all got that across the board entertainment mentality. He didn't understand that what he called entertainment was embarrassment to us."

"We're going to produce ourselves from now on," Shaun concludes. "It

may not be Quincy Jones but we've been in studios enough times over the years to know what we're doing and what we want."

In the next month or so, Floy Joy will be expanded to a regular five piece, with three or four more members on hand to recreate the recorded work on stage. As a parting shot, I put it to them that you can see bands flirting with funk in every pub in the country. Isn't there a chance that Floy Joy will be dismissed as yet another composite 20th century and totally funky non-entity?

"What we're trying to do is a lot more diverse than that," answers Shaun. "I'm trying for that Parliament '70s sound, whereas Mike wants to go into much more oblique areas like Beefheart and even Miles Davis and Elana wants to play on a much rougher vocal, much more raw. So the end result is going to be really unpredictable."

"People have said that we sound a bit American," Mike adds defiantly. "But that's crap. I was into soul and jazz right from my early teens. And I know that everyone says that, but this time it's true. We don't go to the Camden Palace and we don't know Steve Dagger, 'cos we were too busy doing everything they say they've done to get in with the hip crowd."

"When we were growing up, in the late '60s and early '70s, we were saturated with music... European, English and American," concludes Elana. "And at home I was brought up on Jewish music, so no puritan's going to tell me I should go out and play Morris Dancing music simply because of where I come from."

AMRIK RAI

ARTIST

BLIXA BARGELD
(EINSTÜRZENDE NEUBAUTEN)

MOTTOS:

"I love the idea of silence, it amuses me" (Stevo)
"Until ears talk and mouths listen, there will be no music" (me)
"Beauty has a new dimension, the beauty of speed" (Futurist manifesto)

DISEASES

Syphilis
Scurvy

DREAMS (INCLUDING NIGHTMARES)

Fall dreams and fly dreams
Standing on the surface of the sun

MARTYRS

Hildegard von Bingen
Ulrike Meinhof

MATERIALS

Lead
Vanadium
Ashes
Stones

FOOD

Yes, I eat.

Neptune pose—
Blixa Bargeld of
Einstürzende
Neubauten
(Collapsing New
Buildings). Pic
Anton Corbijn



August 28 and 29 will see a unique event in Liverpool: a drum marathon entitled 'Drums Across the Mersey'. Protest against the rhythm machine will first be heard on the famous Ferry itself and will carry on across the river, in the Royal Court venue and back across the river where it will finish up on the ferry after 24 continuous hours. Quite a few well-knowns are participating including Phil Chittick, original drummer with the Merseybeats—but also featured are Gary Dwyer of Teardrop Explodes, Pete Defreitas of Echo, Chris Joyce of Wire, John Leggett of Cook Da Books and skinsmen from China Crisis, The Room, Icicle Works, The Farm, Sister Moon, Cry Cry Cry—plus re-appearances by the drummers of Deaf School and Send No Flowers as well as 12 others. Times and ticket prices for the event, organised by Fringe '84 division Enterprise Workshops, should be finalised this week and can be obtained on 051-709 7085.

CYNTHIA ROSE

Small fry: (left to right) Johnny Lozada, Ray Reyes, Ricky Melendez, Charlie Rivlera and Migue Cancel



the mobs at the hotel was thorough (radio spots about the band's whereabouts kept the crowds thick). But the crowning point was the announcement of a TV show to be broadcast nationally beginning in September. The rumour is that the next replacement will be a New York Puerto Rican who can speak English for the new audience.

There was a strong family air to the concerts at Madison Square Gardens, with mothers herding the groups of girls through the ticket lines. Dressed in similar outfits of different colours, the boys went into their simple dance steps. In turn, each was a featured vocalist, eliciting screams from their individual fans.

It's hard not to think of The Beatles in the midst of this mass hysteria. The crowds, the screams, and the money flow caused a TV man at the Garden to blubber "Menudo's

bigger than the Beatles." Not that anyone in the audience remembered them.

The Beatles' ghost definitely hovered over the scene when Menudo said goodbye to New York from the roof of the Doral Hotel. The crowds pushed forward into the straining police barricades. When the group finally appeared, pandemonium broke out on Lexington Avenue.

Girls ran into the oncoming traffic. The cops began to throw girls through the air into the crowd. Panicked by the sheer numbers, the mounted police were called in for riot control. Screams of pain were lost in screams of love.

At the shows at Madison Square Gardens, handbills circulated for a show in September by a band called Los Chicos, a rival group from Venezuela. Beatles versus Stones...

DAVID L. JOHNSON

AVANT GARDE flower arranging anyone? Numata Genqui is "a student of bonsai theory who has recently begun to give bonsai performances recreating tree forms with his own body," so it says here. "He covers himself with bark, twisting his hair into branchlike forms..."

Rumours that he went bonsai when he failed his audition for the Flowerpot Men are completely unfounded. Numata is just one of the many *ouiré* figures featured on the excellent Japanese tapezine *Tra* that comes complete with a looseleaf catalogue of graphics, photos and ideas covering everything from how to cook noodles to German born New Yorker Axel Gros' daft one line cartoons.

The cassette also has its moments, most notably a wisp of a tune by YMO's Yukihiko Takahashi and a double tenor solo steeldrum rendering of 'Somewhere Over The Rainbow' recorded on a beach somewhere by someone called Yann Tomita. Cimarrons and Max Romeo also figure. (Available from Demob, Beak Street, London W1, or write to Studio Prints, 8, Portobello Green, 81 Portobello Road, London W10 for further information.)

Don't say *Tra* yet, there's a touch more. That is, the second *Touch* tapezine proper, called *Meridians 2*, which comes lavishly packaged in a gold plastic wallet decorated with insects. It features music/noise by A Certain Ratio, 400 Blows, John Foxx, Nocturnal Emissions, Gorp, Virginia Ashley, filmmaker Derek Jarman and bizarre machine builder Jean Tinguely.

As with the first, it is not so much the cassette alone as the complete package that makes *Touch* so exceptional. Sound illustrations by Russell Mills, Neville Brody, Panny Charrington, Linder and Malcolm Garrett, to name a few. Elsewhere there's writing by the likes of Ross Middleton and John Foxx. Best of all it includes Morley's magic imaginary interviews with Ringo Starr, Samuel Beckett and Kenneth Williams.

(Available from Rough Trade, Virgin or any discerning store at £4.49; otherwise for only £4 direct from *Touch*, 83 George Street, London W1.)

CHRIS BOHN

Starting a new trend in bonsai
hairstyles Numata Genqui

THE BILLERIGAY BLOCKBUSTER

COMES OUT FIGHTING

ENFANTS TERRIBLES

FEARED BY THE BAD, LOVED BY THE GOOD, TONY PARSONS PULPS IT UP, FROM PUNK OBITUARIST TO BEST SELLING NOVELIST. INTERVIEW: DON WATSON
PIC: PENNIE SMITH

IF THERE's one clichéd description of Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill, that must be it, but then I've never been averse to a good cliché from time to time.

Anyway, from the stories that still circulate around Carnaby Street, it was an apt one at that: Tony and Julie swinging burning waste-paper bins outside Nick Logan's window, Tony and Julie snorting speed off the editor's desk, Tony and Julie starting bar-room brawls in meetings, Tony and Julie, Tony and Julie, inseparable, but rarely indecipherable, the token punk proles who got way out of hand.

Their copy was hard stuff — it annoyed the hell out of people who treasured their fragments of the smashed idols, but to those that enjoyed a bit of precious provocation, it was essential.

Wild and contradictory, impassioned if often inaccurate, this was not journalism as dry fact, it was journalism as tenacious youthful enthusiasm, sheer energy for anyone alive enough to recognise it. "History," they screamed, "is in the making" and set an incendiary device underneath the dead wood that the floodgates were made of.

That was seven years ago now, and a time locked in

He wrote his first novel at 17, a New English Library blood, lust and bitterness job called *The Kids*, which he finds a bit of an embarrassment nowadays but which secured him a final interview for the famous 'hip young gunslinger' post on the *NME*.

His next book, written word for word with Julie in a three month period of truancy from *NME*, was *The Boy Looked At Johnny*.

"That book made such an arazing impact because everyone in the world could find something to argue with in it. I know Julie and I could and we wrote the bloody thing."

What I took issue with was that book's assertion that youth culture (a pitifully inaccurate term perhaps but less so than 'Rock and Roll' which implies that the only worthwhile movers were white boys in hair grease) was dead and gone. It seemed like the same old story of a generation growing up and wanting to take the good times with them.

"I think that's probably true," he now agrees, "because at that time punk had run its course and I'd lost my enthusiasm for music, which was something which I was quite annoyed about. Also I think I'd seen that some of my early optimism had been misplaced, because I thought this movement, which was basically just a bunch of people who were strangely garbed and out of their heads, could really do something."

"You thought at one time that if old Malcolm would get his finger out you could get the House of Lords abolished and when it didn't happen, you tended to be really hard on it and

was simply too long to fit into one novel and the second part, covering punk London, remains unpublished.

WITH HIS third piece of fiction, though, Parsons really established himself as a novelist, as opposed to a music journalist writing books. *Winners and Losers* is a modern classic, a speed-driven exposé of the professional tennis circuit, tightly structured and bulging with inspired characterisation. It also gave me one of the most frustrating experiences of my life when halfway through a journey I changed trains and left it behind.

Later I called it train literature *par excellence*, invective to be read at 120 mph, a description which I thought Tony might take as an insult.

"No, I thought that was great. The books I've admired, like Geoffrey Household's *Rogue Male*, have always been that station bookstand type of massive bestseller."

"I have no interest whatsoever in being read only by a small elite of people — being esoteric is bullshit. That's why I want my books in paperback and when they're filmed I want it to be for TV."

"Some people have criticised my books as being 'blockbusters' but they obviously just didn't understand what I was all about in the first place. I never understood that fanzine mentality that said you're better off being read by virtually nobody. If ever I met someone who was working for a fanzine I used to try to encourage them to do something bigger."

"In novels it's even worse, you've got these so-called Young British Novelists, who are all 40 years old and sell about three thousand copies a year in hardback. But there's no novelist under 30 who sells more books than I do, and that's something to be proud of, especially since I'm writing what I want to. It's not as if I go out of my way to write saleable novels, but the fact that they do sell is great."

What, I wonder, did he make of Willy Russell's assertion, in the *NME* interview with Paul du Noyer, that the working class don't read books?

"I think that's really disgusting, there's real self-hatred in that statement. There's never been higher booksales in this country than there are at the moment, and a lot of those sales must be to working class people. The only difference is that the middle class will buy books and never read them."

So what does he make of the self-styled working class playwrights like Bleasdale and Russell?

"Well I do think that *Boys From The Blackstuff* was a really major cultural event, but I just can't stand all those professional working class people whether they're writers, comedians, broadcasters or what. It's all pretty repulsive."

"A lot of these characters are really fucked up anyway. Like I used to really admire Bleasdale, until some TV producer started raving on to me about how wonderful it was that one time Bleasdale was crying and saying how the world wouldn't be right until we've had a nuclear holocaust. She thought this showed how much he cared about humanity. I just thought it was pathetic."

"I've never really liked all these Northern kitchen sink dramas where people throw up over their mother-in-laws anyway. The characters of my novels have always been working class but I'd hate to think of myself as a working class novelist."

"Coming from the rock press I'm not part of any tradition, but I could be the start of a new one. There's a lot of talent in the music press, not just harking back to the Golden Age of me and Julie but right now. You've still got your junkies, albies and fuck-ups but some of them have got something, certainly more than the twenty Young British Novelists have."

For his new book Tony has turned to Fleet Street. The main character of *Limelight Blues* is a gossip columnist ("which is like a grown up version of the *NME*") but above all he's a one-time Mod.

"What I was trying to do in the early part of that book, where it describes his Mod days, was try to write something that was as flash and as quintessentially brilliant as mod itself."

"Because, although I was always the quintessential punky waver, on the matter of clothes and drugs I've always been totally in accord with the mods. So I wanted to write about them better than anybody else had, even though I was still playing with me Zorro cape when they was goin' on."

"So I lazed around the house for six months, taking speed, wearing mohair and listening to old Smokey Robinson tracks to get in the mood. Then I wrote the book."

Looking round at Tony's comfortable habitat though, with its fastidious neatness, you wonder just how he can write so vividly about smoky nightclubs and the speed-induced swagger. Just how in touch with reality is he?

"What, you mean with the kids? The kids don't want me to be in touch with them surely, because I'm not 17 years old any more. If there's stuff in my writing that they can latch on to, then great, but I've never strained to be one of the kids. That would be insulting to them and to me."

"When you talk about reality you've got to be aware that there's different kinds of reality anyway. When we were working for the *NME* we were so impoverished that we had to round up the empties every morning to afford the tube fare to work, just because we spent so much in clubs. Now we're obviously more comfortably off, but in a lot of ways we live a more maverick existence than we ever did before."

I'm not about to argue with that, especially since I've lost count of how many vodkas I've drunk in the course of the interview and my reality is now blurring indistinctly around the edges. Thus the conversation slurs to a halt. It seems they can outdrink the new crop.



The boy looked at Tony: Robert Kennedy with his Dad.

memory for the pair, now married and living in Billericay, the sedate Essex town, described by Julie as "a professional footballer's idea of the country". Now I sit at Tony Parsons' old desk. Some of the time that is, right now I'm sitting on his settee, in the immaculate and spotless living room of their flat facing the proud display of A. J. P. Taylor and books on Russia, pointing a microphone in his direction.

"People're always asking me what it's like to be interviewed," he drawls in insistent Cockney, "as opposed to me doing the interviewing, but it doesn't mean a lot to me. I used to go and talk to people, now people come and talk to me. And if they've got anything going for them, in a couple of years' time, people will be interviewing them. I don't take the Nick Kent attitude "Hey! I'm being interviewed! I'm Keith Richard!"

The object of all this is to talk about Parsons' current career as a novelist, although as he delivers a second round of knockout vodka and oranges and the questions begin to slur, I suspect that he and Julie have the ulterior motive of proving that they can drink one of the latest *NME* crop under the table, or under the sofa, as the case may be.

One of Parson's distinguishing qualities was that he was never one of the archetypal frustrated musician journalists, now (apart from X Moore of course) a dying breed. He and Julie were the beginning of the new guard rock writers who wanted to be writers.

"If you really want to do something," he says, "you have to be at least dreaming about it and ready to put it into practice by the time you reach puberty."

IN FACT Tony was putting it into practice by the time he was ten, when he had his first writing published in *Jimmy Hill's Football Weekly*. Until he stormed out in a prepubescent rage when he was given his first piece of editorial criticism.

ignore the fact that some things had changed — the music business wouldn't look the same at all today if it hadn't have been for punk.

"I think you can only go through that level of excitement once, yourself, but I would never knock young people's enthusiasm. I do think that there will be something as big as punk again."

Punk to Parsons was his slice of wildness, but it's not something to be clung to as a perpetual dogma; he's moved on and out, into the role of professional novelist.

With his first book *Platinum Logic*, he covered the predictable territory of the music business with the virulent energy you would expect. Based on the life story of Nathan Chasen, a thinly disguised Spector, it captured the excitement of the pursuit of success and penetrated the seedy subculture of the casualties in the tooth and nail scratch for stardom. Familiar figures, masquerading under pseudonyms, flitted across its pages: Iggy Pop, Spector and particularly Tony's onetime prodigies The Runaways, re-named Jailbait.

"*Platinum Logic*, although it was supposed to be fiction," he comments, "was actually closer to the truth than anything that I wrote for *NME*. Brooke Jailbait, for example, was based totally on Joan Jett, right down to the stomach pump which she had to have on her 21st birthday."

"In fact I spoke to her on the phone while she was reading the book. She'd just got to the bit where she came in and she thought this was great. So there I was on the other end of the line cringing and thinking, Shit! Wait till she gets to the next bit."

If anything, *Platinum Logic* suffered from trying to say too much at once: the enthusiasm which gave it its pulsating power seemed to have got out of hand at some point, giving it a vaguely rambling tone. When it was finished, in fact, it

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SINGLES

BY GAVIN MARTIN

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

THE O'JAYS: Put Our Heads Together (Philadelphia International) Just when it seemed that the dominant themes preached by black American music were unquestioning loyalty and downright servility, along comes this proud beast with its head screwed on and its jaws snapping. The golden Philly sound of the '70s is notable only for its absence as an indelible dancefloor stomp and a swift swirl of scratch take prominence. The lean tiger roar of Eddie Levert and the strong compassionate rasp of his cohorts remains undiminished; this is a group in control of rather than pandering to fashionable contrivances. To prove the point their very wonderful '74 hit 'Love Train' is given a stylish rhythmic overhaul on the flip. 'Let's Put Our Heads Together' provides a similar exhortation for the '80s. A tonic for the times as is...

THE CLARK SISTERS: You Brought The Sunshine Into My Life (Warners) More optimism. More vision. More joy. The Clark Sisters are a US gospel quintet who've decided to change from the church to the charts, from baptist fervour to international sanctity. They've done it with a prime reggae funk crossover backing track not a million miles from Mr Wonder's 'Masterblaster' and a stupendous vocal arrangement. It's the voices that matter here—layered, soaring and unleashed to touch all points of the compass. The Clark Girls swoop, they dive, they rise, they fall—driven by conviction and drained with ecstasy. Sure, it's an unashamedly devotional song but there's no moralising and no instruction, just a personal rejoice in which anyone can share. In fact, half the pleasure comes from hearing them tear the hell out of their lungs. If you get my drift.

KRAFTWERK: Tour De France (EMI) All the sweat, grinding rigour, glory and pain of the big race. Straight into the midst of the fray—heart pounding like a steam hammer against the rib cage, breath coming heavier and faster and locked in combat with a hundred bustling, colliding metal frames. Under the burning sun the vale stretches from The Champs D'Elysee to St. Tropez—a trail of shattered stamina, broken dreams, broken ankles, broken legs, everywhere the crowd making a mindless background din; a blaze of colour, of cheering and jeering now fading away now closing in. The road seems to stretch on forever but you can't stop now; come on—drive, push, sweat.

I've never been a fan of their more clinical and calculated stuff but here Klaus and Herman Kraftwerk are perfect taskmasters. A breathtaking (literally) and unsurpassable arrangement of savage electro-dynamics.

MICHAEL LOVESMITH: Baby I Will (Motown) No doubt intrepid reporter Dick 'Don't Call Me Dick' Cook will give you the full rundown elsewhere in this issue. I'd just like to say this is the best Motown record since Monalisa Young's frantic, breathless reworking of 'Dancin' Machine'. With a voice in the mould of a young Marvin Gaye, Mr Lovesmith is well keened to the song's frothy pop soul mix. It's vibrant and juicy, aerated with pulsating synth bass and fleecy female harmonies. The plangent sax solo at the close coaxes more than a few memories and is quite a treasure in itself.

KATIE KISSOON: You're The One (You're My Number One) (Jive) About time too! One of the finest singers in Britain emerges from the relative obscurity of session work with a judiciously

paced dancefloor initiation. She's been serviced not at all badly by producer Darryl Payne though her lucid voice would probably be more at home in a 'purer' soul setting (cf her versions of Morrison's 'Crazy Love' or 'Hungry For Your Love'). But this bubbling slip of a song glows brighter and feels warmer with each play. The stuttering guitar and nicely fingered piano add spice to the creamy, thrilling tones of Ms K. As for the coda, where she's multi tracked and taking on The Clark Sisters single handed (cooling down, stretching out and breaking loose), it's something you all really ought to hear.

SKIT OF THE WEEK

BRUCE SPRINGSTONE: Take Me Out To The Ball Game (Food For Thought) Not so quick with the poison pen letters, Bruce bores. This record exists and is an unerringly accurate pistake, doing for Springbeam what The Hee Bee Gee Bees did for the brothers Gibb. Hear that Lego brick wall sound, the tinny sax solo, the bad boys at the back of the parking lot holler chorus and the he-man guts growl of the lead vocal and you know that, truly, you have entered the Temples Of Gammon.

ACCAPPEALING

THE BOBS: Out Of The Mouths Of Bobs (Kaleidoscope) Where do I begin to express the cheeky ingenuity and sheer hilarity of this unaided vocal flight from across the Atlantic? If I started to tell you about the nasal drones, the filter bank impressions, the fact that every sound on this record is made by the mouth or "some part of the human body" you'd probably think they were whacky students being experimental. Instead I'll just quote the cherishable 'Art For Art's Sake': "Art, art for art's sake/I'd like you to meet my lawyer/Make, make a mistake and boy your/Bones, bones gonna shake/... I'd like you to meet my guru/He, he came from above/He'll set you a mantra/When you give, give him your love and all your monn-ee..." To hear them jiggle, hop and leap round 'Helter Skelter' is the aural equivalent of watching a Tex Avery cartoon. And don't talk to me about desecration—after Siouxsie anything goes.

A QUEER FISH

STYLE COUNCIL: Long Hot Summer EP (Polydor) No doubt about it, Paul Weller is acting a bit strange lately with his New European chic and the rambling sleeve notes from The Cappuccino Kid "I'm just saying that this universe we revolve in (Back flips optional) can be a sad and desolate place to inhabit..." On the sleeve he and Talbot are photographed under the French tricolour, and this was recorded in France because the tunes had a 'Blue Mood'. Who does he think he is—Marcel Proust, Maurice Chevalier, Roy Jenkins?

The music is puzzling as well. There's the piano solo 'Le Depart'—a theme for a French movie, already, and a rather pointless rehash of the derivative 'Party Chambers'. 'Long Hot Summer' is far removed from the plucky swing of 'Speak Like A Child' or the congested gnarled funk of 'Money Go Round'. For a white performer it is the hardest coup of all to pull off—a deep mellow soul-spin. There's much to admire here and the presentation has epic written all over it. Weller's voice, in this the week of the vocal, is truly astonishing in its range and ability to create a mood of desolate romance and the slinky keyboard motif weaves a silver web, but something holds me back from a full endorsement. There seems to be a preference for mood over melody, that glistening flourish puts me in mind of Bobby Goldsboro's yucky 'Summer The First Time', and the

flat handclaps have been superceded by the synth treatment of The Isleys and Marvin.

But I'm just fishing around on this one; it may turn out to be my favourite ever Weller song—it's definitely the best singing of his career. I'll hedge my bets until I've lived with it in a club and on the radio.

SLUSH

THE MANHATTANS: Crazy (CBS) Seduction by numbers, two stabs from the slinky smooch end of the soul fold but they're closer to Mills and Boon romance than Kama Sutra cameos. Manhattans go for a sub-Shalamar pitch but they attack with kitten guns rather than the foxy bite of J.D. and Co. I like the way the otherwise gooeey singer zaps into the 'oohoo' harmonies on 'Try Again' but it's sprawling, flaccid supper time music for the rich, the lazy and wine barflies.

ANYONE OUT THERE NEED A REFILL?

JACKIE WILSON: Sweetest Feelin' EP (SMP) **MARTHA REEVES AND THE VANDELLAS: Dancin' In The Street (Motown)** **HUEY 'PIANO' SMITH AND THE CLOWNS: Don't You Just Know It (Kent)** Nothing pleases the old soul like... old soul. The Jackie Wilson EP also includes 'Higher and Higher', 'Whispers Gettin' Louder' and 'The Who Who Song' and is a taster from a soon to be released, much needed, cutprice greatest hits collection. The versions are 'extended' but nothing seems to have been tampered with, the pressing is excellent and the music is unspeakably wonderful. Summer comes around and Martha Reeves still has the best anthem ever, ever, ever. The ultimate party invite, the ultimate party record.

From 1958, Huey 'Piano' Smith is despatched by the good offices of Chiswick Records and is backed with two crack items from their 'Dancers' LPs. HPS is a new name to me who sings like the bear from *The Jungle Book* with a wounded paw while the gurn-faced Clowns play rude, rasping R&B—immediately charming and irresistible.

THE SOUND OF YOUNG WHITE AMERICA?

STRAY CATS: (She's) Sexy & 17 (Arista) Really? I thought she was a Swedish actress, about 40 and turning a bit stale. But let's keep personalities out of this, as there's no fear of Stray Cats bringing any of their own along. The lads are quite happy to go through life with a retarded fag-brained 'billy beat playing the soundtrack, as long as they have their mouth round a beer bottle and the warm leather of a motorcycle seat rubbing their behinds. "I ain't going to go to school no more," screams the pathetic Seltzer as if it was tantamount to storming the White House with flame throwers. I guess for an American rockstar well into his twenties, it is.

STRANGE DAYS ON THE CLYDE STRAWBERRY SWITCHBLADE: Trees And Flowers (92 Happy Customers)

It's taken quite a while for the debut from this Scottish duo to emerge but it's been worth the wait. The lasses may still dress like two badly tended maypoles but this is as alluring as '80s psychedelia is likely to get. David Balfe and Bill Drummond produce while a collection of new breed all stars—Madness rhythm section, Nicky Holland (Funboy 3) arranging a maze of horn and oboe, Roddy Frame dangle his pick—weave the winding and wondrous spell. Slightly perverse in its appeal—music for grey spots and dazed comedowns. And, yes, I have heard the Mamas and Papas as well.

STILL DANCING?

HAMILTON BOHANNON: Let Start To Dance 3 (Compleat) Mr Bohannon must like this song—he's recorded it three times. One can't deny that as a beat master he's a cut above the murk and waffle, but this is a flagrant abuse of artistic privilege. He's pandering to the lowest common denominator—the non-thinking beat slaves of the world. He may be trying to sculpt it, renovate it, trying for maximum impact. But I think he's just trying period.

PHILISTINES! MURDERERS! INFIDELS!

SHOOTING STAR: Reach Out I'll Be There (Virgin) Levi Stubbs impaled on the savage blade of heavy metal. Carnage in Vernon Yard. Police called. Motown stalwarts hold mass burning ceremonies of Shooting Star records. Pop journalist Gavin Martin asks "how could anyone be so morally bankrupt, so callous, so completely and utterly devoid of every last vestige of human decency?" Streets flooded as grown men break down in great sobbing heaps. Nah, it couldn't happen, no-one would dare.

NO SHAME PART 2 EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL: Night And Day (Cherry Red) Cole Porter smothered in the sort of coy English whimsy that makes a fella glad he was born on the other side of the Irish Sea.

HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE FINIS HENDERSON: Skip To My Lou (Motown) In Ballyholme Primary we had a song in our BBC radio book of cross cultural songs for nippers called 'Skip To My Lou'. The memory of Miss Ratchet, eyes coaxing us to sing along on the chorus renders this innocuous jaunt very smelly, to say the least. It also causes all kinds of involuntary reflexes—like throwing my pencil on the floor and expecting to see a mass of stocking tops and lingerie when I look up. Not a very wise thing to have lying about the house where kids can get their hands on it.

BLONDE ON BLAND AGNETHA FALTSKOG: Wrap Your Arms Around Me (Epic) **KIM WILDE: Love Blonde (Rak)** The sparkling mantle of pop's leading blonde ace face (girls' section) is up for grabs. Neither Agnetha or Kim seem strong contenders with these records. Firstly it's obvious to any girl or guy who has had a sniff of peroxide that you don't have hits with a name like Agnetha Faltskog. Just ask Agnetha Faltskog. Try as he might,

producer Mike Chapman's attempt to recreate the ice breaker crispness of Blondie's 'Heart Of Glass' is patently ill conceived, and the chanteuse's leaden delivery hardly gives a solid base to work on.

The Kim Wilde disc is a messy family affair with Ricky and Marty writing and producing, a contrived piece of pap padding with no sense of care or magic.

SPUNKIE PUNKIE

THE REDSKINS: Lean On Me (CNT)

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS: Blitzkreig Bop (Razor) Mysterious NME double agent 'X' 'Moore' emerges for the second time as The Redskins' frontman, though M15 are still working on the theory that both this and his job as a 'journalist' are merely covers for some devious political subterfuge. A seething whirlwind of 'Janie Jones' drums, the old Jam horn man and epileptic guitar, 'Lean On Me' moves so fast I almost had to review it on the Live pages. But it's not at all bad, a love song that acknowledges wider designs and an urgent declaration of hope and commitment.

Spitting and snarling, Harlow trio The Newtown Neurotics play Wizard Of Oz to the Tinman of The Ramones 'Blitzkreig Bop'—they give it a brain! With a new lyric it becomes a scouring anti-nuclear attack. A simple idea with a fierce little spirit.

THE SHALLOW AND THE SOGGY

CENTRAL LINE: Lovely Day (Phonogram) Typically Tropical with a lobotomy. Dire, wooden tourist music with a happy, happy blinkered look at Caribbean fun in the sun. A cheap holiday in Modern Romance's back catalogue. Talking of which...

MODERN ROMANCE: Walking In The Rain (WEA) Have you ever dipped a cheese and onion crisp in a glass of Babycham? It tastes something like this.

THE CHI-LITES: Changing For You (R&B) The Chi-lites reach an unenviable stage in their development—bland, dottering, senility.

RICK JAMES: Cold Blooded (Gordy) "Do you think I'm hot?" asks Rick James in his unsensual, sex-less tease. No, I don't. I think he's cold, stone cold, cold enough to refrigerate a nationwide chain of *Bejam* freezer shops.

BAN THE BEAT

MIDNIGHT BLUE: Enjoy With Me (NYC)

JIMMY SILVER: Your Endless Love (Dakota)

LIME: Guilty (Polydor)

THE TECHNOS: Foreign Land (PRT)

MICHAEL SEMBELLO: Maniac (Casablanca) The return of the beat that rots the brain. All these records are intravenously fed by the beat. Unthinking and responsive they crave its power because they have nothing else to give. It is the beat that has come up from Moroder and Sylvester right up to The Jonzun Crew, a beat that is not automatically a bad thing. It can be stitched, teased or coloured into something sleek and divine, it can be made to issue forth torrents and tornadoes and all manner of light and shade. Just think of the animated glee of the new Jonzun Crew single or even the warmth and pride of The O'Jays.

But now think again, think of the most moronic, untutored insensitive, enervating hi-tech production line 'it's ok boys, you go and shoot a few asteroids and we'll programme this sucker' volley imaginable. Think of these five freeloaders.

Midnight Blue aren't strictly of the *Smash* spud-head set but they had to be in here because of

the beat's all pervasive deadening influence on their chewn. As they strike two poses—don't we sound like The Gap Band? and don't we sound like Earth Wind and Fire? (Look, ma, no horns)—they collapse in between, trampled by the beat.

Jimmy Silver allows the beat full run of the field and it makes a terrible mess with its clodhopping before he can do anything about it.

Lime have the sort of beat continental cabarets go wild for, the sort of thing that would have the Wayne Sleep dancers (C4 Sunday night—horrendous) smiling from toe to toe.

I'm sure I've seen the blonde frump from The Technos in a magazine or on TV before, probably doing something worthwhile like sampling margarine. What I wouldn't do for a few buckets of sun-ripened Stork every time she starts to shriek about her tedious holiday romance is something I'd tell only my closest confidants. Here the beat is as pleasurable as the sound of council workmen parked outside your house for a month. Having endured Michael Sembello, who proves that as with *Fame* so it is with *Flashdance*, after the marvellous Irene Cara everything else is shit; I'm thinking that maybe the origins of the beat go back much further than we imagine. I'm getting a distinct sense of *deja vu* as I think of ancient China and the steady blimp, blimp, blimp of water on the forehead.

So that's it—a CIA plot to stifle the young? Is this how it's going to end, not with a bang but a blimp, blimp, blimper?

THE MEN'S ROOM

MOTORHEAD: Shine (Bronze) **GRAND PRIX: Shout (Chrysalis)**

THIN LIZZY: The Sun Goes Down (Phonogram) I'd put the kids to bed, taken the cat to bingo and left the old lady out for the evening. Curled up by the fire, trusty briar filled with shag, I reflected on the implacable solitude which would soothe man and beast. WHOOSH! Put on Motorhead too loud and it nearly removed my head from its bronzed, muscular moorings. In truth it is the only record here that is not striking any poses, that can lay claims to be 300% of undiluted fire and blood. Lemmy is Grizzly Adams reincarnated at the Marquee Bar.

Grand Prix really are the pits with their draggy old chant. It is actually a thinly disguised retread of Queen's 'We Will Rock You' and if Freddie Mercury is your role model you've got big problems, having friends like Kenny Everett being one of them.

Phil Lynott tries to reconcile the slushy inclinations of his solo work with an improbable and ponderous tale of nocturnal demons and jezebels. About as menacing and invigorating as an afternoon spent with the Hampstead WI.

IN FINNEGAN'S WAKE...

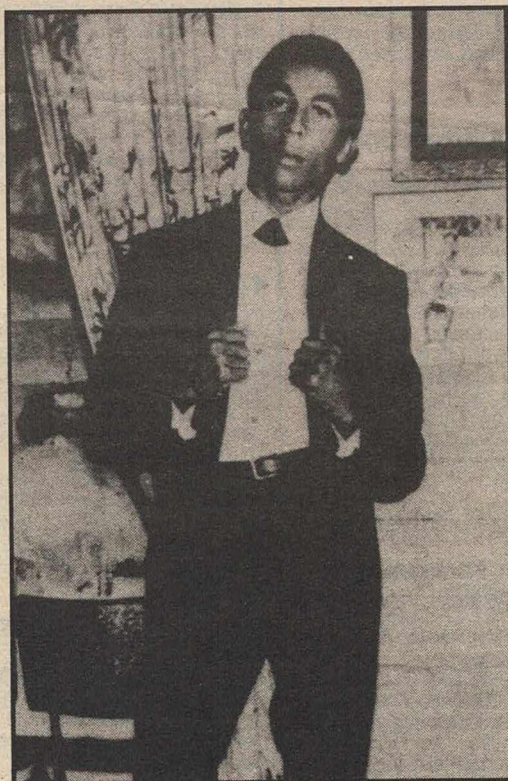
SKREWDRIVER: White Power (White Noise) When the NF unveiled their election manifesto on TV the camera cut from the press conference to talking head Fred Emery who was giving a typically complacent English smirk. It's not so easy to laugh when you're confronted with the stark reality of the placid, 'reasonable' front. Preaching damnable lies and sheer hatred, 'White Power' is the ugliest and most evil deployment of youth music I've ever come across. Frightening to think how many are going to buy this record, frightening too to think how many are going to ignore it and the implications it carries.

THE LIFE OF BOB MARLEY

Coming In From The Cold

From his lowly roots in rural Jamaica and the ghettos of West Kingston, to the giddy heights of international stardom, the life of Robert Nesta Marley was one of enigma and paradox. In a biography published this week, Timothy White offers fresh insights into the man and his career.

Here NME presents three extracts from the book, covering Marley's childhood, his first recording session and the attempt on his life in the election fever of 1976.



Bob on his wedding day, February 10, 1966.

It was July 1950. Five-year-old Nesta had just completed his first year at Stepney School. For him, the eleven months had been happy ones, but for Ciddy they had been worrisome, clouded by the unexpected letter received in September 1949 from Captain Marley, the first in some time. He announced that he thought it might be best for the boy if he were to be adopted by one of Norval's nephews, a son of his brother Robert (recently deceased), who, Norval explained, was a well-to-do Kingston businessman and chief operating officer of Marley & Plant, Ltd., a construction and civil engineering firm with offices at 48 Riverton Road, between Spanish Town Road and the Duhaney River in the southwest part of town. The letter had sparked a weekend of lively deliberation on the part of Omeriah, Yaya, Enid and Ciddy, culminating in the unanimous decision that it was out of the question, particularly since Norval seemed to be implying that the boy's mother would never see Nesta again.

There the matter had rested until several days ago, when Norval wrote again to say that if young Robert would not be permitted to become the ward of his wealthy nephew in the city, he should at least be allowed to live there so he could take advantage of the superior facilities of the Kingston public schools system. This seemed reasonable to Omeriah, who felt the quality of the child's education should not suffer because of his parents' estrangement. Plans were made to send Nesta to the city, where he would live in the captain's custody for a trial period, with the provision that Ciddy would have unrestricted visitation rights.

Now the hour was nearly at hand, and Nesta had yet to be told. But his mother half-wondered if he already knew.

Ciddy had been in her grocery shop in Alva around noontime one day in the preceding spring, when Mrs. Hanson, a regular customer, had come in, fairly flustered.

"Auntie Ciddy," she had exclaimed. "Nevuh yuh guss wha' happen! Nevuh!"

Collecting herself as best she could, Mrs. Hanson began to tell how she had seen Nesta the previous morning on the road to Smith and that he offered to read her palm. She was stunned to hear the child recount the intimate details of numerous events in her life, and to then foretell several more, some of which had just come to pass.

Ciddy burst out laughing, but Mrs Hanson hotly insisted, "Huh! It fe true!"

Ciddy dismissed Mrs. Hanson's talk . . . but later that spring she was forced to give more credence to the various accounts of her son's prescience. The local constable, known for his level-headed, sceptical attitude toward the supernatural, showed up at the shop raving about Nesta's fortune-telling prowess.

"Everyt'ing dat bwai tell me was amazin'!" he assured her.

"Mebbe 'im see more in 'is innocence,' she replied, "den we see as grewed people."

Mebbe 'im see more in 'is innocence,' she replied, "den we see as grewed people."

"Well, yes and nuh," said the policeman, "'cause de boy see wha' near but also wha' is far in da future. Is a spiritual gif 'fe certain."

By the time Captain Marley's second letter had arrived, his mother had begun to believe she was not entirely equipped to teach a "special" child like Nesta all the things he might need to know. Or to shield him from the things he didn't.

Reviewing the problem, Omeriah had put it another, more direct way: "De finger of de Lawd is upon de bwai. Him a man chile wit' powers that may grow or may fade. But 'im mus' be out in the world ta discover dat fe hisself."

Ciddy knew from experience that Jamaica was a place where people grew up in a hurry or not at all. And Kingston was a place where anything could happen to anyone at any time. Elder Thomas liked to say that it could swallow a grown man like a whale and spit him out again like the big fish in the Bible did with Jonah, or choose *not* to spit him out at all.

Nesta was dressed in his good overalls and a crisp new cotton jersey and taken to Rhoden Hall in the afternoon to be packed off to Kingston on the next "bungo-bungo" (country bumpkin) bus. He would be met at the station by Captain Marley, who would take him to a bungalow at 15 Hillcrest Road that was owned by Yaya and relatives.

The afternoon sun was past its peak as the bus swung onto Half Way Tree Road in upper Kingston and began the agonizingly slow crawl through the narrow, congested streets. It was heading for the bus-terminal, located far downtown in the oldest section of the city, a decaying gridwork of streets advancing from the harbor that had been laid out in the 1690s.

Making progress was so difficult that Nesta, now wide awake, had an opportunity to investigate the city from an almost static vantage point just above the heads of the passing throng. It was a welter of black and brown faces, lightly speckled with yellow and the odd pink dot. They moved by any means available and with no sense of unity whatever, ambling on foot, leading sulking, fly-encircled donkeys, balancing uncertainly on bicycles festooned with random accessories (broken rearview mirrors, rows of rusty reflectors and globular lights, photos, decals, flags and religious gimcracks), pushing bulky, inefficient

handcarts mounted on coconut-sized wheels and piloted with large iron steering wheels.

Intermittent gaps in the pandemonium revealed a curb-level landscape of garbage and filth: smashed bottles, flattened tin cans, animal and human waste, yellowed newspapers, fish and fowl bones and oily rags intermingled with all manner of vegetable husks, crushed grocery cartons, shattered

household articles and dismembered domestic conveniences, the latter ranging from the scorched spinal column of a dressmaker's dummy to the shell of a television and the rusty rib cage of a tattered trundle bed.

Abandoned automobiles, stripped clean of anything remotely desirable, formed a broken line parallel to the bumper-to-bumper rows of whole, humming cars that were attempting in vain to escape this glutted graveyard. There was just no way to proceed, and apparently nowhere in particular to go to. Nesta was accustomed to seeing ancient but doggedly maintained structures in the country, but most of these cast-concrete hovels were sinister bunkers into which no light intruded, and the eyes that blinked from their dusky doorways were anything but inviting.

Nesta spontaneously burst into tears, disoriented by the chaotic ugliness. It was half an hour before his cousin could soothe him—with the help of a pear and a piece of guava cheese provided by a pillow matron in the seat in front of them. Desperation hung in the air, wedded to the heat and the clamor and the floury soot stamped up from the earth. As the passengers alighted from the bus, they seemed to be instantly transformed—snappish, obstructive and full of loud recriminations.

It was oppressively humid and the air was sour. Scanning the wall of people who pressed and jostled against him, Nesta could find no friendly face except his cousin's. She held fast to the child's hand, pulling him briskly along a course he could not anticipate.

Before he realized it, her hand had released his, replaced by the coarser, hairier hand of someone else. He squinted upward.

It was a white man! A stumpy, craggy old white man whom he had never seen before, dressed in a soldier's uniform. His hair was the color of goat's milk, and his teeth were bared in a nasty smirk. And he wouldn't release his hold! Was he a *duppy*?

"Nuh! Nuh!" Nesta shrieked. "Mumma! Mumma! Where yuh? Where yuh? Nuh! Nuh! Mum-maaa!"

Nesta fainted, falling to the ground. "Oh, come now! You little fool! I'm your bloody father, Robert," Norval grumbled, the little boy

dangled limply in his grasp. He scooped him up, carrying him over to a broad donkey cart and setting him down on top of two plump sacks of rice.

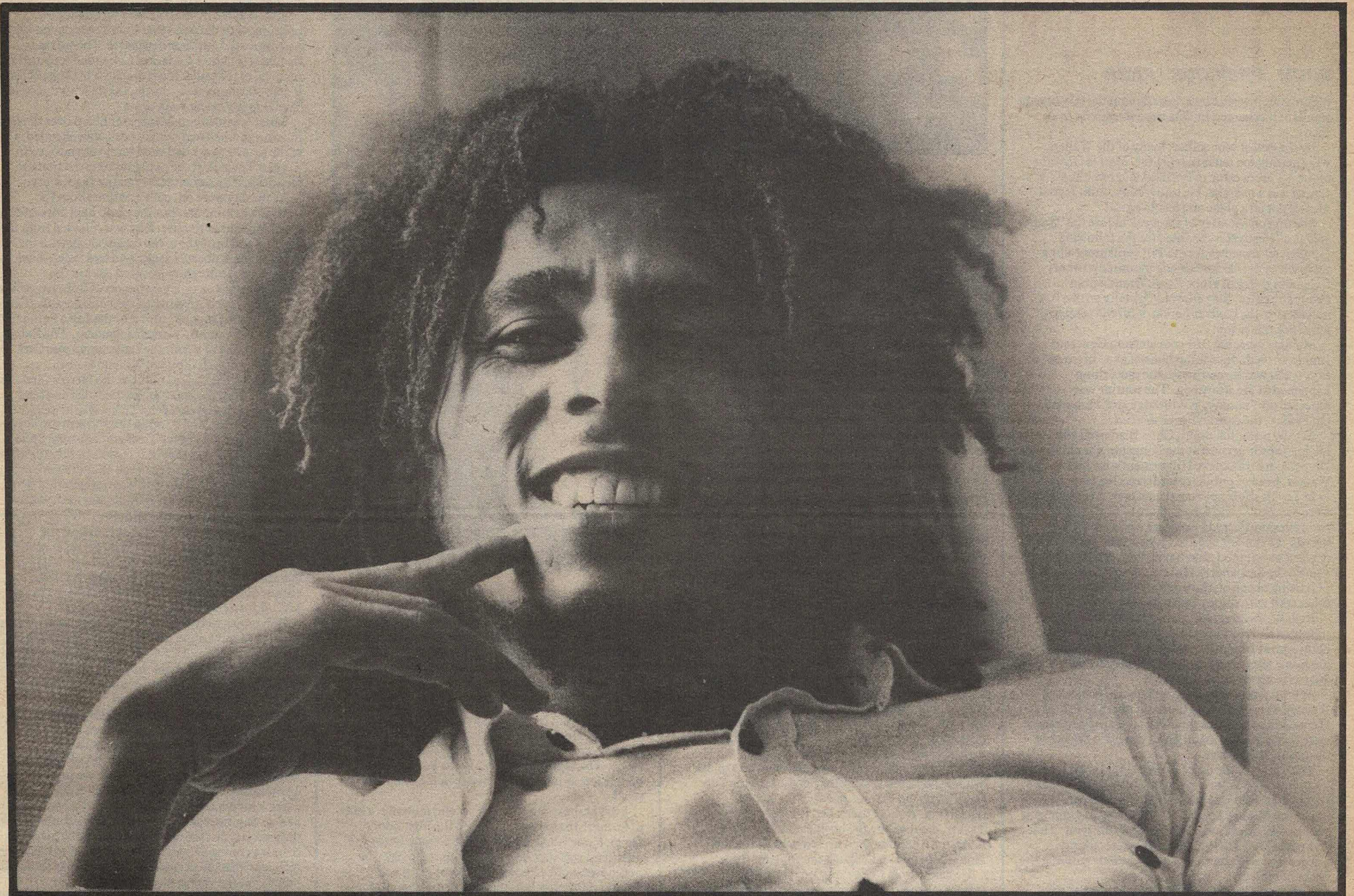
Climbing onto the dray, Captain Marley gave the beast a taste of the whip, and they rode off, not towards Yaya's house on Hillcrest Road, which skirted the base of Wareika Hill on the easternmost tip of Kingston, but in the opposite direction, toward a decrepit cottage one block from the Parade, on Heywood Street.

It was several weeks before Ciddy realized that Nesta was missing. There had been no reports on him from relatives at Yaya's house in Kingston, no letters from Norval, no word from anyone at all about the child's well-being. Deepening concern turned to alarm when Ciddy's cousins at Hillcrest Road finally wrote to ask why the child had not arrived on schedule, but two more letters were exchanged between the parties before it transpired that no one had the slightest idea what had become of the boy—and that Captain Marley's whereabouts were also unknown.

The news had a devastating effect on Ciddy, who grew so over-wrought with guilt and worry that she fell ill and was unable to perform the simplest chores. Worst of all, there seemed to be no place to look for either the father or the son. Assuming they actually were in Kingston, the city proper was an impossibly complex jumble of teeming business districts and ghetto "towns", human beehives which were subdivided into government or privately managed "yards" of eight or more houses in which as many as twenty-four families might be living. The crime-pagued "lanes," or footpaths, running through these areas rarely had names, and were perilous enough for locals, let alone strangers who appear to be searching for someone or something. Uptown Kingston with its orderly middle-and upper-class suburban neighbourhoods, was even more impenetrable terrain for an outsider, unschooled in the niceties of "making inquiries." And the idea of asking a policeman or government official to assist in the search was unthinkable—such people investigate crimes, not family misunderstandings.

And so Ciddy had little to do but weep, pine and wait for developments, occasionally consulting with Yaya about spells and potions that might unlock the secret or entreating Elder Thomas after Sunday services for prayerful support in her petitions to the Lord for Nesta's safe and speedy return.

Coxsone's Musik City, which opened at the end of 1959, was the rallying point for would-be "star bwais," and Nesta spent several hours there each day over the next two years, listening to songs stabbing out of a speaker hung over the doorway. In the autumn of 1961, he secretly wrote three songs that he planned to present to Mr. Dodd, visions of radio and Sound System glory vibrating



Marley 1973. Photo by Pennie Smith

behind his eyes. Urged on by a neighbourhood boy named Desmond Dekker, who had made a recording at Federal under the tutelage of Count Boiesie, Nesta went over to the company office at nine-thirty one morning early in 1962 in search of Mr. Dodd. Federal was located in a vacant lot on Marcus Garvey Drive, the shore road on Kingston harbour. Dodd wasn't there yet, but another producer named Leslie Kong was.

Kong, a Chinese Jamaican who ran a combination restaurant, ice cream parlour and record shop called Beverly's in partnership with his three brothers, had just entered the music business on the production end. He was working with a fourteen-year-old tailor's son from Somerton, St. Catherine, named James Chambers. Chambers had come past his shop with a guitar several days before to play him a song he'd composed and named after the business, 'Dearest Beverly'. Kong's brothers had chuckled derisively, but Kong pulled some money out of the cash register and told Chambers to follow him. They recorded the song and a topical number inspired by Hurricane Hattie, which had ripped through South America that year. Both songs were released under the name Jimmy Cliff.

Nesta bumped into Cliff and Kong outside the Federal building while he was looking for the man he believed to be the only viable alternative to Coxson - Count Boiesie. Cliff was warning the boy that he had done a session for Boiesie for which he had never been paid when Kong, a pudgy, pushy twenty-nine-year-old, spoke up.

"Yuh 'ave a tune, bwai?" he said, flinging back the stringy black hair clinging to his broad forehead.

"Yes, suh."

"Sing de tune fe me."

"Me need musician ta play it," said Nesta softly, resenting the man's aggressive tone.

"Musician!" said Kong, sneering. "Wha' musician? A wey me tell yuh! Dem cost plenty money, pickney bwai! Dere time is money an' so is mine! Sing de strikin' damned tune!"

"Me don have guitar! Nuttin' fe sweeten da words!"

"Why yuh mus' raise a kite [cause a fuss], bwai?! Me is businessman! Yuh seh yuh is singer wit' song! If it please me ears, me pay da money an' yuh mek a record. So me seh stop da shoolah [loafing] an' sing de tune!"

Hurt and angry, but too nervous to back down, Nesta shifted his stance in the already broiling morning sun, and gazing away toward the hills of St Andrew, he sang the verses he'd composed, interspersed with a refrain taken from a recurrent childhood admonishment from Grandpa Omeriah: "Judge not, before you judge yourself."

Halfway through the performance, Kong cut him off. "Is fair tune," he said. "Fair ta feeble. Come!" Before Nesta could object, he was ushered in the front door, down a dank hallway past a grimacing Ken Khouri, who sat behind a desk flanked by several tough-looking men in their twenties wearing tight jerseys that accentuated their well-developed chests and arms. One of the men gripped a shiny

hook-and-bay (cutlass).

"Now, suh!" shouted Khouri as Kong moved past the desk. "Yuh know de rules! Pay me now! How many demo yuh want?"

"One," said the suddenly timid Kong. "Jus' one!" "Tr'ee pound," said Khouri, slamming his palm down on the desk top, the rings on his hand hitting the wood with an ugly crack!

Kong gave him the money, and Khouri tucked it into a kind of bib with pockets he wore around his neck, nodding to the men to let "da Chinese" and Nesta pass.

They stepped into a poorly lit room filled with recording equipment and a single mike. In one corner of the room sat a blank-faced combo of a pianist, drummer, horn player and guitarist.

Coached by Kong, who prodded a petrified Nesta, the musicians succeeded within twenty minutes in mastering the melody line of the song. An hour later 'Judge Not' and another of Nesta's songs, 'Do You Still Love Me', had been recorded.

Kong came out of a little glass booth he'd been sitting in with the engineer, a man named Dowling, and handed the boy a sheet of paper.

Nesta squinted at it. "Wha dat?" "Release form!" said Kong. "Yuh sign, I give yuh twenty pound fe da tunes and two acetates."

"Acce-tate?"

"Discs! Vinyl copy of da tunes!"

"Jus' twenty-pound? Wha' if it a hit?"

"A hit! Coo pon [look at] dis bungo boy!" said Kong to the grinning musicians. "Him try ta rax up [louse up] me investment! Lissun, bwai, me tek da risk, me pay fe session. Sign de paper or forget de deal."

Rattled, Nesta signed his name, his hand trembling so badly it came out an illegible scrawl.

Six hours later he was out on Marcus Garvey Drive, headed back to Trench Town clutching two black vinyl platters in thick gray cardboard sleeves, with two ten-pound notes pushed deep into the pockets of his baggy trousers. Every hundred yards or so, he pulled the gleaming platters halfway out of their sleeves and giggled as the afternoon sun reflected off the sides. Each time he looked at the records the sight of them made him quicken his pace. He broke stride when he got to the May Pen Cemetery and began running up Industrial Terrace to Spanish Town Road.

He was at the corner of First Street and Central Road when it hit him: he didn't know a soul who owned a phonograph.

In Kingston, it was hot. The random violence leading up to the election was intense and widespread. The managers of two downtown movie theatres whose patrons continually riddled the screens with bullets decided to erect whitewashed cement walls on which to project the films. At noon on June 19, 1976, Governor-General Florizel

Glasspole declared a state of emergency, putting Jamaica under martial law. Michael Manley stated that the police and security forces had been battling what they believed to be calculated unrest orchestrated by Edward Seaga, leader of the JLP, who was in league with the CIA to discredit the present government. Down in Trench Town, students taking their high school examinations had to be transferred to the Lyndhurst Methodist Church Hall because of snipers. There were so many bullet holes in the blackboards at Trench Town Primary School that they were written off as useless by school officials. Parents removed all but 600 of the area's 2100 students from school until after the election.

Shortly before the Wailers took off on the 'Rastaman Vibration' tour, Skilly Cole, who had a job as a soccer coach at the National Stadium - a PNP patronage job in the eyes of ghetto residents - had become suspiciously friendly, in some bad men's minds, with JLP heavy Claudie Massop. That is to say, Skilly wasn't merely being sociable at the Turntable Club, hanging tight with him. Then Massop invited Skilly and Bob out to Cayamans track, where he enjoyed considerable social cachet, and they made the mistake of accepting, although Bob declined to bet on anything. As a result, word travelled that Bob and Skilly were playing it both ways in case Manley couldn't get past Seaga in the next election. The politicians were not pleased. And in Kingston, when politicians express displeasure, it's often because their gunmen have come to them in a blind rage.

To further complicate matters, some bad men from Concrete Jungle had made a deal while they were hanging out at Island House to fix the Double Event (Daily Double) at Cayamans; a leading jockey was then kidnapped and made to understand that he was to throw the first two races. The jockey did as he was told, and then left for Canada as planned. The fixers made a fortune, with no one else the wiser.

Unfortunately some of the gunmen had skipped to Miami with the money, neglecting to pay off the rest of the syndicate. Knowing the deal had gone down in the front yard of Island House, dudes from Concrete Jungle paid a visit to Hope Road to urge Bob to pay his "breddah's" debts. Bob was on tour, Skilly with him. After the tour, Marley went back to Kingston, while Skilly went on a pilgrimage to Ethiopia with some members of the Twelve Tribes. Down on Hope Road, the bad men were waiting impatiently.

They took Bob out to Helshire Beach and told him that they wanted \$2000 a day in two daily pickups until the money, plus interest, was paid. Bob, who knew nothing about any fixed-race runnings, expressed mixed emotions about such an arrangement. The bad men were jumpy. A few drew guns.

Now this was indeed a crazy move, the surest imaginable indication that all of Kingston had gone completely mad. It had long been an incontrovertible fact: nobody pulled a gun on the Tuff Gong. Not even in the scuffling days down in Rema would anyone have considered such a stunt.

Bob was staring at the men who were pointing pistols at him, their grips growing unsteady. He stared at them a long time, and they knew they were marked. A Concrete Jungle heavyweight named Donkey Collar stepped in and tried to cool everybody out. The pistols went back into their holsters and waistbands, but the men who had drawn them were wavering on their feet, perspiring freely, their minds muddled. These men were vexed. The group dispersed. The collections began shortly thereafter, the bad men's courier showing up twice a day, like clockwork. Regular assignments such as this do not go unnoticed in the sluggish atmosphere of Kingston.

In October, a contingent of PNP bad men showed up at Island House, and Bob escorted them to his small upstairs office. Closing the door behind them, they opened the discussion by asking a few casual questions about his career, but it soon became clear that they were there to conduct an interrogation. They wanted to know whether he saw himself as a "hip dread capitalist" in a Democratic Socialist country.

At length, they got to the point: would Bob be willing to do a free outdoor "Smile Jamaica" concert on December 5 at the National Heroes Circle, to be sponsored by the Jamaican Ministry of Culture. No politics, they said, just music to "keep de lid on till de election on December 16."

"Yah, mon," he said quietly. "Me do da concert."

The show was originally scheduled to be held on the grounds of Jamaica House, but was shifted to the National Heroes Circle to make it look less partisan. Dread brethren came to Bob and told him to wait until after the election. "Nuh," he said. "Me mus' do it now."

The courier from Concrete Jungle continued to arrive twice daily for his money; the receipts, signed by Bob, had begun popping up in the possession of select Jungle toughs, who treated them like "rankin' souvenir t'ings." Bob knew he was trapped, right out in the wide open.

On Friday, November 19, Cindy Breakspere, reigning Miss Jamaica Bikini and Miss Universe Bikini, phoned Bob at Hope Road from London to tell him that she had been crowned Miss World the previous night. She also told him she couldn't wait to see him again.

In the early hours of the morning of November 25, Bob awoke, sopping with sweat. He had been dreaming of gunfire; there were no images in the

CONTINUED OVER

From 'Catch A Fire' The Life of Bob Marley by Timothy White, published by Elm Tree Books Ltd on 29th July, at £9.95p (hardback) and £6.95p (paperback). All material copyright Timothy White, 1983.

MARLEY

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

nightmare, just shadows, but the sounds, sparks and smells of discharged bullets were streaming from them.

By the end of November, many of the Wailers were getting too tense to rehearse. Marcia Griffiths of the I-Threes came to Bob and told him the show's timing was a mistake. He said, "Nuh, nuh. It cool." Marcia got on a plane and left Jamaica.

Starting on Monday of the week before the "Smile Jamaica" Festival, scheduled for the following Sunday, an armed cadre of PNP vigilantes calling themselves the "Echo Squad" mounted a twenty-four-hour guard at Hope Road. Brandishing automatic rifles, they allowed virtually no one but members of the band either on or off the property without permission.

Monday morning, the courier from Concrete Jungle arrived, describing himself as a "bredren" of Bob's, but was turned away; the same thing happened in the afternoon. The routine was repeated on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. On Friday, the courier never showed.

At 7:00 p.m. that night, Chris Blackwell and Dickie Jobson arrived at the Kingston Sheraton Hotel from Strawberry Hill to meet with Jeff Walker, head of publicity for Island Records, and Don Taylor, Bob's personal manager. Also on hand were director David Silver, there to film the concert, and colleague Perry Henzell, as well as several dreads. Taylor left to go to Hope Road. Blackwell was in a so-so mood after having decided to fire Agnes, the Strawberry Hill housekeeper, for practicing obeah on the property and scaring the other staff with duppy business.

At 8:30, the pregnant Judy Mowatt, tired from rehearsal and feeling nauseated, vomited in the bathroom at Island House. Neville Garrick drove her home after clearing it at the front gate with the guards from the Echo Squad.

At 8:45, Seeco Patterson chanced to glance out through the jalousies on the front porch of Island House and noticed, as the sun was setting, that there were no longer any members of the Echo Squad on the grounds out front.

The torpor of the quiet tropical night was interrupted by a queer noise that was not quite like a firecracker. Bob was in the kitchen at the rear of the house swallowing a sweet-sour segment of grapefruit when a dull crack caused him to drop the fruit. That was when Don Taylor, who had been walking toward Bob and chatting, felt the bullets entering the backs of his legs.

Taylor was thrown forward by the force of the bullets' impact. He went down but remained conscious, hearing a lot of gunfire around him from what sounded like automatic weapons. Then Don blacked out.

It was 9:12 p.m. when a rifle-wielding assailant jumped back through the kitchen pantry into which he had nervously, then recklessly, fired.

"Did you get him?" shouted an armed confederate, his voice darting out of the darkness, as the rifleman ran out.



"Yeah!" he said. "I shot him!"

Don Taylor lay in a heap on the kitchen floor, bleeding internally and externally from four slugs lodged in his upper thighs and another at the base of his spine. He was unaware that because of his casual proximity to his employer he had shielded him with his body and thus saved Bob Marley's life.

Only moments before, six or so members of the Wailers had been assembled, along with the Zap Pow Horns, on the side porch of the house, rehearsing. A short break had just been called when Taylor, detained by the business meeting at the Kingston Sheraton, had driven onto the Island House grounds and begun searching for Bob.

Unbeknownst to Taylor, two white Datsuns with at least seven Concrete Jungle gunmen had been following his car. While he strode into the house, they slipped through the rusty gates at the bottom of the driveway, one car blocking the exit while the other swiftly approached the building. In an instant, the two cars had emptied and the gunmen were peppering the house with a barrage of rifle and pistol fire, shattering windows and splintering plaster and woodwork on the first floor. Four of the gunmen surrounded the house, while two others guarded the front yard.



Top left: Cedella Marley's one room hilltop shack, Bob's first home. Left: The Wailers 1965, l. to r. Bunny Livingstone, Bob Marley, Peter Tosh. Above: Bob inspects his wounds a few hours after the assassination attempt of 3rd December, 1976.

Rita was shot by one of the two men in the front yard as she ran out of the house with the five Marley children and a reporter from the *Jamaican Daily News*. The bullet caught her in the head, lifting her off her feet as it burrowed between the scalp and skull.

I was at that point that the second gunman, a kid of no more than sixteen, pushed through a door facing Hope Road. Keyboardist Tyrone Downie's girlfriend was standing right behind the boy — he never even noticed her — as he pointed a pistol around the corner into the rehearsal arena, shut his eyes, and proceeded to empty his gun, bullets striking the organ and the ceiling.

Meanwhile, a man with an automatic rifle had burst through the back door of the kitchen pantry, pushing past a fleeing Seeco Patterson to aim beyond Don Taylor at Bob Marley, who made no attempt to dodge his assailant. When he saw the barrel of the automatic bobbing into the room, he assumed that it was the Echo Squad or the police making a spot check. Then Bob realized the rifle was raised.

The gunman got off eight shots. One bullet hit a counter, another buried itself in the sagging ceiling, and five tore into Don Taylor. The last creased Marley's breast below his heart and went clean through his arm.

American lead guitarist Donald Kinsey, the newest addition to the Wailers, had been standing down the hall from Taylor and Marley when the rifleman stormed through the pantry. Kinsey ducked into the next room and took cover behind an equipment case, cowering. He had no idea what was happening. It was Kinsey's first time in Kingston.

Miraculously no one was killed in the nighttime raid. A passing police car happened on the scene at the height of the pandemonium, frightening the would-be assassins into a high-speed retreat. If the night riders had sought to murder Marley and his family and friends, they had failed. But Don Taylor was critically injured; Bob's friend Lewis Griffith needed immediate medical attention for his stomach wounds; Rita was bleeding profusely. Bob stumbled about in a daze, huge blotchy bloodstains spreading over his khaki outfit at his chest and thighs. The post-melee mood was one of defeat and static terror.

Ambulances arrived and took the injured to University College Hospital, since Marley's was an uptown address. Michael Manley met the motorcade at the entrance. Taylor and Griffith were placed on the critical list. Rita underwent surgery for removal of the bullet lodged in her scalp, and Bob was treated and, after a hasty conference with Manley, was released.

Marley was hustled away under police escort to a secluded encampment high in the Blue Mountains above Kingston, accompanied by various dreads. Heavy protection by soldiers in mufti stationed around the retreat was supplemented by contingents of machete-toting Rastas, who kept a constant vigil, some hiding in the surrounding trees. Chris Blackwell and Dickie Jobson hastily chartered a private jet and left the island.

Jeff Walker, Island's press chief, was one of the very few who knew Marley's whereabouts. The evening after the shooting, Jeff joined Bob and his brethren in the mountains for a conference. During the discussion, it was respectfully pointed out by several of the Rasta elders on hand that if the gunmen had been trying to stop the music, they would still have accomplished what they had set out

to do if Bob did not play the next night. After a reasoning of several hours duration, the question of the Wailers' appearance at the "Smile Jamaica" Festival was left up in the air.

Spirits at the hideout lifted a bit on Sunday morning with the news that Don Taylor's condition had improved, although plans were being made to fly him to Miami's Cedars of Lebanon Hospital for removal of the bullet lodged against his spinal cord. If complications arose during the delicate operation, Taylor might never walk again.

There was also considerable concern over the fact that the gunmen had not yet been apprehended. One of the getaway cars had been found abandoned in Trench Town, but the police announced that the identities of its passengers remained a mystery.

As the day wore on, conversation about the festival was minimal, but the camp kept abreast of developments at the site. Rita was released from the hospital and brought to the camp, along with the kids. Singer Roberta Flack, who had flown down to Jamaica to see the show, arrived later in the afternoon, driven up by intimates of Bob; her private talk with him boosted his spirits considerably. One of the "Smile Jamaica" film crew had also found his way up to the camp — minus his camera. The Rastas had no inkling of it, but the cameraman was Carl Colby, son of CIA director William Colby.

Manning the walkie-talkie at the Hero's Circle as dusk fell were Ibo and Cat, keyboardist and lead guitarist respectively of the Third World band, which was expected to open the show in the absence of Bunny Wailer, Peter Tosh and Burning Spear, none of whom had shown up for their scheduled sets. Despite the slim chances of the Wailers appearing, the early turnout at the site was a staggering fifty thousand. Their vibes were buoyant and positive.

Both Ibo and Cat spoke with Bob, telling him they had decided to go on. He was able to hear the audience's reaction to Third World's set over the walkie-talkie, which was being held up to the PA system by a roadie. He then listened to a warm tribute to himself and the Wailers, which the female MC addressed to the crowd.

Bob requested that someone be sent down to Hope Road to round up the band members. Don Kinsey, Tyrone Downie and Carly Barrett were located and taken to the arena, where they talked to Bob over the walkie-talkie. Family Man could not be found, so Cat volunteered to fill in on bass.

With Marley still wavering, PNP cabinet minister Tony Spaulding arrived and delivered a pep talk. Bob was finally convinced, and he and his bodyguards were hustled into a red Volvo that was waiting behind an idling police car. As the impromptu motorcade made its way down the narrow mountain roads, Jeff Walker, who was riding in a car behind Marley's, informed the contingent at the arena by walkie-talkie that the Wailers were on their way down. An announcement was made to the throng to that effect, and the exultant roar could be heard over the walkie-talkie's tiny receiver.

Speeding into the centre of the city, the motorcade shot past a JLP rally that was dispersing. Seeing Marley, the people lining the roadsides began cheering. Attendance at the thoroughly garrisoned festival site had swelled to eighty thousand, yet the approach to the stage was remarkably clear. Bounding out of the Volvo, Marley was met at the microphone by Michael Manley, who hugged him with emotion and then stepped to the sidelines, where he stood, for the duration of the show, on the roof of a Volkswagen van, fully exposed, like Marley, to any gunmen.

Shaking his dreadlocked mane in exhilaration, Bob offered a diffident tribute to the sea of faces: "When me decided to do dis yere concert two anna 'alf months ago, me was told dere was no politics. I jus' wanted to play fe da love of da people."

Unable to strum his familiar brown solid-body Gibson guitar because of his arm injury, Marley murmured that he would sing "one song." He thereupon launched into what became a ninety-minute tour de force opening with "War":

*What life has taught me
I would like to share with
Those who want to learn...
That until the basic human rights
Are equally guaranteed to all...
Everywhere is war.*

The proceedings were further electrified by the presence of Rita Marley, who was dressed in a nightgown and duster with a scarf covering her bandaged head — the decision to perform had been made so hurriedly that she had not had time to change clothes. At the close of his performance, Bob began a ritualistic dance, acting out aspects of the ambush that had almost taken his life. In Ethiopia, from Solomon's time to Selassie's, whenever a brave hunter killed a lion, he was summoned before the emperor to reenact his feat before receiving the pelt as a badge of his courage. Jamaica was witnessing the Rastafarian version of this dance in and out of the path of Death. Swaying slowly and half-steppin' to the beat, Bob opened his shirt and rolled up his left sleeve to show his wounds to the crowd.

The last thing they saw before the reigning King of Reggae disappeared back into the hills was the image of the man mimicking the two-pistoled fast draw of a frontier gunslinger, his locks thrown back in triumphant laughter.



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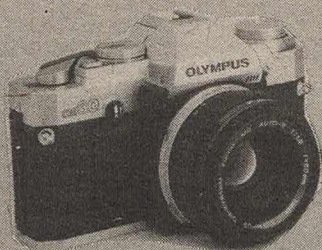
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It proved to be the most successful reader-participation contest we've ever organised. From the thousands of entries received, once we'd narrowed the finalists down to a few dozen, it still took the best part of a day — and a few heated exchanges — to select the four outright winners.

A year on, and NME — the world's most photogenic music weekly — in collaboration with sponsors, Photomarkets and Olympus Cameras, are proud to once again say "cheese" and launch the Second Annual Photography Competition.

There's no catch, no entry fees — just the opportunity for you to show the world that you're as good as you keep on telling your friends. So, if your pictures are *that* good, then let's see them. Let's print the very best in NME. Let's give you some truly fabulous Olympus Cameras for your skilful efforts and then push you out on an NME assignment. Let's go!

Don't say nobody ever gave you a break — 'cause this is it. All you have to do is send your photos in (a maximum of three), as per the instructions (read them very carefully, so you don't disqualify yourself). Then, the outright winners will be chosen by our special panel of hand-picked,

keen-eyed, house-trained professional experts (to be announced next week).

It matters not if you actually own more camera equipment than both Photomarkets and Olympus put together, or just an Instamatic. Use your imagination and your instincts and always be on the look out for the unusual — if you recall last year's winners, an atmospheric shot taken with the simplest of cameras will often beat a stereotyped subject that is technically excellent.

Remember, the kind of shots we're looking for are those you'd expect to see within the boundaries of NME's familiar pictorial content — music or related youth culture subjects. *New Musical Express*, together with the generous support of Photomarkets (UK) Ltd., nationwide photographic store group and Olympus Optical (UK) Ltd are offering some spectacular prizes for the four outright winners. This is what's up for grabs and their typical recommended retail value.



Marianne Faithfull by NME photographer Pennie Smith, who will be one of the judges in the competition

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Entry to this competition does *not* automatically grant photographers official NME privileges to obtain photo passes for any concerts held at any venues either here or abroad. Furthermore, *New Musical Express* cannot, under any circumstances, obtain any official photo passes on behalf of any would-be competition entrants.

If, for any reason, an entrant takes any photographs during a public performance without first obtaining permission from either the artist or the promoter, then NME cannot be held in any way responsible for any cameras, equipment or film impounded as a result. Neither correspondence or telephone conversation will be entered into concerning the aforementioned subject.

— The Editor

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RULES OF ENTRY

- 1) The competition is open only to *amateur* photographers — those who *don't* make their living as photographers.
- 2) All entries must be submitted in the form of 10" x 8" black & white prints. No Polaroids, colour transparencies, contact sheets or negatives will be considered.
- 3) Entries are only valid if accompanied by an official entry form which *must* be fixed to the back of each print submitted. A maximum of three prints from each entrant is allowed.
- 4) We regret we are unable to return entries. NME reserve the right to keep any entry photographs that might be suitable for publication on their files for up to six months. If used, payment will be made at our usual rates.
- 5) Whilst every care will be taken, no responsibility can be accepted for any entries lost, delayed or damaged in the post or elsewhere.
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- 7) The decision of the judge is final and no correspondence can be entered into during and after the competition.
- 8) The competition closes on 7 September, 1983 and *no* entries will be accepted after that date.
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- 10) This competition is open to all readers in the UK, Eire, Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, except employees (and their families) of IPC Magazines Ltd, the printers of NME, Photomarkets (UK) Ltd and Olympus Optical (UK) Ltd. The Editor's decision is final and the results will be published in a future issue of NME.

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All entries must be mailed to:
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ON THE BOX

THURSDAY JULY 28

Bewitched. Another toddle down memory lane. *Bewitched* was a thoroughly silly idea brought off by good casting: exactly what the gorgeous Samantha saw in useless dork Darrin was never clear, but Elizabeth Montgomery and Dick York made the odd couple so continuously embarrassing it's compelling. And Agnes Moorehead was never so waspish and withering as the disapproving mother. The twist? They're witches. He isn't. (C4)

The VIPs (Anthony Asquith 1963). An excuse to bundle up a jumble of stars and mix up a string of secondhand plots in one go — here using a befogged airport as the setting. No disgraces from Liz 'n' Dick, Margaret Rutherford, Maggie Smith etc but equally devoid of character and memorability. (BBC1)

Fear Eats Soul (Rainer Werner Fassbinder 1973). One of the master's most claustrophobic and wracked essays on human cruelty, watching impassively as a middle-aged woman's affair with an immigrant worker is scorned and shrieked at by an odious collection of friends and relatives. The director himself contributes a particularly unpleasant cameo. Essential viewing, of course! (C4)

Alfred Hitchcock Presents: Horseplayer. Claude Rains as a minister who has a go on the horses. Directed by Hitch. (C4).

FRIDAY JULY 29

Switch. A mixed collection. We can probably do without Roman Holiday and The Lotus Eaters in the studio, but Cabaret Voltaire should healthily unsettle. 'Those Shirts' Country, Spandau, Thompsons and Coati Mundi on video, Echo at the Albert Hall. (C4)

The Spy With My Face (John Newland 1964). These UNCLE films again, already? Napoleon and Illya fly to Switzerland to sort out a conspiracy to undermine the cuckoo clock industry. (Are you sure about this one? — Ed.) (BBC1)

True Confession (Wesley Ruggles 1937). Dazzling, lunatic stuff. Carole Lombard puts in another crackling comic turn as the girl who admits to a murder she didn't do in order to speed up her career; Fred MacMurray is her sap of an old man who defends her; John Barrymore is a crazed criminologist who gets involved somehow. All over in 90 minutes and a comedy to put Hollywood's current humour to shame. (C4)

The Last Train (Pierre Granier-Deferre 1973). Wartime thriller with Romy Schneider and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Romance on the tracks, dealt with in Deferre's usual zero-degree manner. (BBC1)

Boris Karloff Presents: The Hungry Glass. William Shatner and Joanna Hayes move into an old dark house. (C4)

Jazz On Four: Pat Metheny. Profile of this unlikely guitar idol, filmed in Montreal. Wait till next week's promising view of the avant garde guitarists is my advice. (C4)

SATURDAY JULY 30

The Second Test, Headingley. On paper the Kiwis should be in for another roasting. If Willis (who nearly always does well at Headingley) repeats the best of his First Test form and Cowans finds a few inspirational flourishes it'll be a procession — and what sort of attack can Zealand muster? Well, they have Hadlee — and he's the sort of player who can turn the game round on his own. Last week's Lord's final also showed how badly we miss Gooch. Is there a better opener in the world? The third day should see a slow-boiling contest in its most interesting stages. (BBC1 & 2)

The Funniest Man In The World. Which Chaplin never really was. See this compilation instead for gags that are the product of a sentimental maniac, the custardy flip side to Keaton's dark poetry. (C4)

Undercurrent (Vincenzo Minnelli 1946). Katharine Hepburn slowly discovers that husband Robert Taylor is not quite the saint she first imagined. Bob Mitchum blows the cover. Minnelli blows on the camera lens — it's desperately slow, in fact, although the cast work hard. Blowzy. (C4 — be blown)

Carry On Regardless (Gerald Thomas 1961). Bonehead employment agency staffed by the familiar crew. A few ancient chuckles. (BBC2)

The Mummy (Karl Freund 1932). One of Karloff's creepiest performances as Imhotep, unwittingly



Bewitched: Elizabeth Montgomery (Tuesday, C4)



True Confession: MacMurray, Lombard and Barrymore (Friday, C4)

reincarnated by Bramwell Fletcher ("He went for a walk — you should have seen his face!") Not much badinage in bandages because Boris strips off the cloth early on (unlike Hammer's gratuitous remakes) and relies on parchment-skinned menace. David 'Tennis anyone?' Manners is the good guy for the umpteenth time. (BBC2)

The Ghost Of Frankenstein (Erle C. Kenton 1942). After three amazing films the series collapsed into parody without Karloff. Lon Chaney Jr makes a wooden monster, Lugosi turns up again as the feeble Ygor and Cedric Hardwicke is lamentably stiff-collared as another relation to the Baron. (BBC2)

SUNDAY JULY 31

Birds Of Britain. David Bellamy goes poking about on the heathland. Will any birds be heard above that cornrake voice? (C4)

A Fine Romance. Continuing repeat of sitcom that was a major hit among bedsiters sophisticates. Judi Dench and Michael Williams consistently prove themselves better than their material. (C4)

The Invisible Woman (Edward Sutherland 1941). The weakest entry in a fairly tenuous series. John Barrymore was disastrously on the slide by this time and his hamming looks dreadfully obvious as the prof who makes Virginia Bruce invisible. Sutherland had no choice but to try for a screwball comedy. If flops. (C4)

Love Story (Arthur Hiller 1970). Hiller's painless anodyne romance has stood the test of time very poorly: unable to transcend the zillion derogatory reference since it went down, it now looks like a rather silly period piece. Ryan O'Neal mopes, Ali McGraw dies (have I spoilt it for you?) (BBC1)

The Only Game In Town (George Stevens 1969). Elizabeth Taylor in the Monroe role as a chorus girl out to better herself — embarrassing. Warren Beatty is the ivory-tinkling jerk who diverts her. Typecasting. (BBC2)

MONDAY AUGUST 1

Quincy. Jack Klugman is a splendid American actor but you can see him squirming in the poorer moments of a series that is just above average for US cop TV. The best episodes are where he sorts everything out for the dumb detectives without getting forced into improbable shoot-outs, chases etc. This one, where he discovers some police lies, might be a strong edition. (Thames)

Ear To The Ground. Our serious young people talk about menstrual myths. Seriously. (C4)

Women On Film. Three short films by and about women. *Macho*, by Valeria Sarmiento, dissects a particular strain of chauvinism through a montage of interviews with Costa Rican boys and men; *In Domine Domini* fingers the church in four minutes; and Germaine Dulac's 1922 gem *Smiling Madame Beudet* is a beautifully performed irony. I doubt if Mr Smith will be taping this one. (C4)

Hill Street Blues. NME's favourite cops have their pay-cheques hijacked. I'm not saying anything. (IBA)

TUESDAY AUGUST 2

The Dick Van Dyke Show. Rob lampoons one of Laura's bad habits in one of his skits. Asking for trouble. (C4)

Kim Wilde: First Time Out. Repeat of look at how one of the least talented of all recent 'pop stars' prepared for her first tour. (Thames)

Rhythm At 6.55. With King Sunny Ade and (huh?) Spandau Ballet. (BBC2)

Hold Tight! Pop quiz stuff with Paul Haig, Altered Images and Phil Daniels. What's he got to do with anything? (IBA)

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 3

Pillow Talk (Michael Gordon 1959). Rock and Doris fall in love through the medium of a party-line phone. British Telecom rub their hands. Actually, a pretty funny film. (BBC1)

Richard Cook

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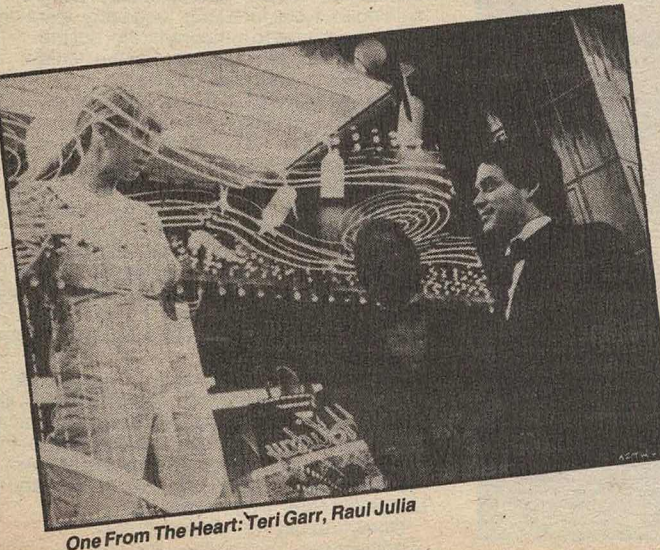
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Return Of The Jedi (Directed by Richard Marquand). It's hard to dodge the nagging doubt that the more one thinks about *Jedi*, the weaker it seems — it never exerts the kind of thrilled whatever-next tension of the first two and hangs so much on an admittedly dizzying torrent of tricks that it leaves the characters to stroll their own way, at the precise moment when they have to rendezvous with destiny! Marquand tries hard without ever challenging Lucas' original flair and finishes with technical KO. (Fox)

Flashdance (Adrian Lyne). Depression chic of reprehensible dishonesty. It feels like it's being aimed



One From The Heart: Teri Garr, Raul Julia

at a young audience like a dart of spunky, transcendent individualism when it really panders to the most simple-minded notions of 'making it', transmitted through a host of slipshod stereotypes all burdened with the preachy morality that ruined *Saturday Night Fever*. The movie of the song, and just as vacuously flashy and false-voiced. (UIP)

One From Heart (Francis Ford Coppola). This could have been a Depression romance too, except Coppola's method — at once glaringly clear and skittishly impenetrable — renders it utterly timeless (like all great movies). I take the universal point that the lighting is way over the top while calling that a necessary stratagem: when you set out to make a film like no other, you rewrite the technique of exaggeration. I insist that this is still the best film showing in London. (Artificial Eye)

The King Of Comedy (Martin Scorsese). As completely devoid of humour as were *The Patsy* and *The Nutty Professor*, Scorsese's intractable and chilling still life of his own culture operates as a tribute to Jerry Lewis, a vehicle for De Niro in his



The King Of Comedy: Robert De Niro

most brilliantly repellent form and a sustained cry of defeat over the rewards of his own work. It works on all levels while making for an endurance test, and the queer suddenness of the ending is a clear rejection of the emotional catharsis he's set up in all his other films. Entirely fascinating. (Fox)

Educating Rita (Lewis Gilbert). Economies of scale work wonders in this pleasant little film. Sentimental and obvious without spoiling the natural verve of Julie Walters as the hairdresser who decides to improve 'er mind with the help of Michael Caine's Eng Lit course. Funnier than *Local Hero*. (Rank)

The Year Of Living Dangerously (Peter Weir). There is so much to enjoy in Weir's adventure story — the perfect touch in Mel Gibson's and Linda Hunt's performances, the sweltering sense of a world in ferment and some rousing setpieces — that the

facile moments of this tale of revolution and reportage in Indonesia slip by. Flawed but extremely capable. (UIP)

Fantasia (Walt Disney Productions). A second outing for the newly-soundtracked print and a picnic at any time of the year. Take a very young person along if possible to enjoy the kind of self-conscious circus Disney couldn't make any more if they tried. Or could they? Their next animation feature (*The Black Cauldron*, set for 1985) is reputedly a return to the old standards. (Disney)

Octopussy (John Glen). The director finds enough wit in the thirteenth Bond film to make the formula seem amazingly fresh. If Moore looks his age the paraphernalia which surround him is commendably up-to-the-minute and the pacing between piss-take and bulldog fisticuffs is cannily judged. Well, I enjoyed it. (UIP)

Richard Cook

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25 years on the dancefloor, Tamla Motown is still *the* black music label. In the '60s, their motto was 'The Sound Of Young America'—then hard times hit as stars like Diana Ross, Michael Jackson and Marvin Gaye left the stable. But now, with a new roster of acts that includes Mary Jane Girls, DeBarge and Michael Lovesmith, the Motown soul beat is back on its feet and out in the streets.

Two men went to Motown to join the 25th birthday celebrations and meet Tamla's newest talents: **RICHARD COOK** (words) and **ANTON CORBIJN** (pics) find out where the go-go's going next.

WHAT DOES Motown mean to you?

That it means anything at all—and if you have any interest in pop music it must do—puts this wealthy, massive organisation apart from its impassive colleagues in the music business. Mention 'Motown' and you trigger memory's most affectionate responses: from 'Baby Love' through 'Just My Imagination' and 'Superstition' to 'Don't Leave Me This Way'.

Say 'Motown' and you summon figures of mythic standing, identifiable even through their Christian names: Diana, Marvin, Stevie, Smokey. Through that simple incantation you christen a Sound, a soul bearing of dignity, a dance class.

You say 'Motown' and you speak of 25 years of squaring up to the white man's marketplace of pop, years that glisten with Grammys and precious-metal discs, totems of success that wink in Motown office lights like crown jewels. Say 'Motown' and the merchandising of smashes, a *hit factory*, comes to life, a directory of singers and players and producers mining a seam that never feels worked out, an endless belt of twisting and shouting partygoers, a riot of dancing in the street, an impassioned plea to reach out and it'll be there...

It is this Hollywood sort of legend that sends Berry Gordy to sleep at nights. Perhaps he says 'Motown' to himself as he slumbers, and perhaps that golden boulevard of memories rocks him to sleep like a lullaby. Except Berry has to rise and face a new day and a new Motown. Used to be there weren't no mountain high enough his hits machine couldn't conquer it. Now so many of his legends have left. He must find new champions.

Can Motown do it all over again?

THE IRONIES that exist at the heart of Motown International are edifying. In essence, Motown has only ever been four things: an 800 dollar loan, a tambourine, a husky voice going "baby baby" and a slogan—The Sound Of Young America (which is why Motown proper begins and ends with The Supremes' 'Where Did Our Love Go').

From that devotedly humble beginning grew the largest black corporation in America: it would be an ultimate incarnation of the American Dream if it weren't for the blackness. Gordy's company became enormous despite itself. It was a ruthlessly successful hit factory that dealt in soft romantic pastures, the black *alter ego* of the gelatine pap white pop music was gorging itself on at the point of Motown's inception. Gordy's sound beat Dion, Vee and Rydell at their own game: it was sappy but knowing, featherlight but ecstatically lithe and danceable, shallow but—of course—soulful.

All that is so much familiar history, but it needs to be recalled in order to understand the problems facing Motown now. The Corporation has just celebrated its 25th anniversary, with the attendant ballyhoo of a television spectacular and an exhaustive—final?—sweep through its back catalogue. A cue for a long, long party, extravagant enough perhaps to temporarily blot out the dilemma of modern Motown. For the genius machine is in need of an overhaul.

The one package that crystallises Motown's comparative decline won't be released over here. '25 Number One Hits From 25 Years' is two records bulging with Motown's greatest commercial winners. It gives a certain lie to '25 Years' because the oldest record included is The Marvelettes' 'Please Mr Postman' from 1962; but more importantly, it can muster only these five songs from the last five years: Marvin Gaye's 'Got To Give It Up', Lionel Richie's two most saccharine dirges for The Commodores, 'Three Times A Lady' and 'Still', and his equally flaccid duet with Diana Ross, 'Endless Love'.

In this company, Rick James' 'Give It To Me Baby' moves like a shark among guppies. It's like a macabre joke on The Sound Of Young America for these middle-aged, middle-class laments for the condominium generation to represent Motown's recent triumphs. There is Motown's quandary: as it has grown older, it has grown old.

Gordy's family submitted to built-in obsolescence. The decline set in later than most people think—as late as 1971 Motown had 18



Heavy Modelling Mary Jane Girls

wn like motown

major British hits in the course of a year—but the fact is that the company never adequately developed on its original '60s roster. Until James' staggering successes only The Commodores, signed in the early '70s, matched up to their forebears; and in aesthetic terms Stevie Wonder carried Motown for nearly ten years. As The Jacksons, Gaye and Ross floundered in inconsistency, Motown's bankability stayed solid while its art disintegrated.

The Corporation punished itself. Fanatically



Taking it from the top:
ONE: DeBarge TWO: Finis Henderson
THREE: Syreeta FOUR: Dirty Rats
FIVE: Richard Cook—Richard Cook?

devoted to its family yet heartless in its manipulations of their talents. The indignities suffered by Ross, Gaye, The Temptations, The Miracles and Junior Walker as Motown shuffled their producers and wardrobes desperately around made the '70s a creative near-wasteland for the company.

And as 1980 loomed up, it almost fell apart: with the absence of The Jacksons, Gaye and Ross finally moving out and the once-invincible Wonder declining into fallibility it looked as though Gordy would oversee a nursing home of balladeers content to xerox the likes of 'Three Times A Lady' for all affluent eternity. It was money—but was this Motown?

Enter the fun'n' roller. Motown had Rick James, and when he chalked up four million sales for 'Street Songs' in 1981 Motown could claim its spark again. It's wrong to pick James as a symbol of a new Motown—his stance is too aggressively single-minded to sit comfortably in any corporate image—but his attitude is the match to set a new Motown roster alight.

Of course, Gordy still had Smokey Robinson, who opened the '80s with the special 'Warm Thoughts'. And he could point to the platinum status of The Commodores and the dependable troup of The Temptations. Only now, however, in the wake of James' success, is there genuine new potential at Motown. For the first time since 'I Want You Back', Motown is beginning to sound young again.

THE OFFICES of the Corporation occupy three floors on a tall building on Sunset Boulevard. The bland regime of Californian politeness tends to overpower any family atmosphere Motown may have: that is reserved for the boardrooms and after-hours meetings. That's when Berry Gordy reminds his children of the Motown legend.

A warren of walkways are decorated with institutional honours. The past is still all-pervasive: Marvin and Diana may have left but their beatific smiles shine down on all who stroll past.

The mood among the company's youngbloods is somewhere between buoyancy and caution. They fear and respect Motown as much as they take pleasure in it. Some are already into the patter of showbiz success, some shy, some distinctly gauche. A few have already picked up on James' no-bullshit attitude. In a town that lives on the currency of fame they are all hungry for a public eye.

Although all their records come under the Motown embrace, some—particularly the LPs of Bobby Nunn, Michael Lovesmith, Finis Henderson and Gene Van Buren—have the feel of fresh independent productions. 'Finis' is a snapping variation on classic Motown, vapid, lightning-strike songs give a shallow and dynamic gloss by Al McKay's high-calorie production. Nunn and Lovesmith are more important because theirs are virtually solo projects, their records humming with a steely electronic edge of abrupt impact and sustained virtuosity.

Motown's soul women have always suffered in comparison, but Syreeta's 'The Spell' is a remarkable comeback—suggesting that the recent departure of Jermaine Jackson, her producer, could be a severe blow—and the one single to emerge to date from Monalisa Young ('Dancin' Machine') is no shrinking violet. If The Mary Jane Girls so far seem like nothing more than blow-up Barbies for James' stage set, High Inergy's 'Groove Control' implies that The Supremes' harder side may still evoke further.

What Motown have missed again is a great soul band. Kagney And The Dirty Rats, four chirpy young men, are simply too soft to make their street-tough image any more than the wispiest fantasy from the Motown machine. Even next to James—whose 'Street Songs' and 'Throwin' Down' albums are more polished, megalomaniac (and highly entertaining) chauvinism than true sidewalk bravado—they look toothless.

Ozone, a ten-piece group who started out backing Teena Marie at the company and now have five diffident LPs to their name, are too confusedly diverse to add up to anything outstanding. Their current LP 'Glasses' is solid without accruing any special rewards.

Otherwise the young Motowners appear strong. Listen to them speak their Motown minds.

Finis Henderson explains his greatness

I CAN be comical if you want me to be. My father was like Mr Showbusiness. All these comics were associated with him, and what made my band (Weapon Of Peace) different was that we'd include these skits—like we'd have someone doing John Wayne trying to sing a

James Brown song, which was very funny.

I've always been a clown, like the class clown at school. When I quit my group in '78 because of all the ego trips and everything I thought about what I should do as a solo artist. I worked selling cars for my uncle for two years but I knew I was somebody... so I came out here with 800 dollars. I tried a pot luck night at The Comedy Store here in LA and I worked my way up to the point where I'm now one of the feature comedians at the Store.

So I have a world of my own there and one here at Motown, as the new superstar sex symbol. You say I don't do much on the album except sing, that I rely on a team? I will be my own producer, eventually. At this point I'm observing. I know I have all the attributes to do it. I'll get to an album where I write and produce it all.

Mmm. The interpretive singer as a dying breed. Yes all the mechanicals are there but talent is talent. Longevity will tell. If you don't do it a second time the talent isn't there. Once you get past the effects the talent will shine through.

I would just say that God's gift that I have will be enhanced by Motown to make this rough diamond shine every so brilliantly. There's nothing like a beautiful voice and one that knows how to carry a song. You're listening to one.

I like so many things. I have so many themes. Nobody wants to be put in those narrow channels any more. As a stage act I'll put myself up against anyone... but how dare someone tell me what I can't do? If I can do it all, why shouldn't I? I'm studying for a Broadway part, and I know I can do it. I'm bad, that's all. I can sit here forever and tell you how wonderful I am but I can prove it all.

The main danger is over-exposure to women. I am a flirt and I love ladies and I could get in a situation with a woman where she might want to destruct me—I'm nice-looking, there'll be a lot of women who'll be attracted to me, and I'll be sold as a sex symbol.

Will I take any shit from this company? Right now I'm not important enough. They have the ability to make a superstar out of me which I will be. There will be shit I'll take off've them and they'll take some off me. I will kiss some ass and they'll kiss my ass. We'll kiss each other.

What does Motown mean to me? A way to make it.

How Syreeta came back

MOTOWN'S PERENNIAL cutesie-pie is in life a tenacious, business-like woman. She is a working mother and professional singer.

'The Spell', produced by Jermaine Jackson, is a tantalising example of how Jackson could have developed the Motown sound. Its dry, percussive quality cuts a consistent propulsion in its tracks, still finding room for a gorgeously honeyed pop duet ('One Love Touches Your Life') and a tiptoe ballad ('The Other Me') beside some exemplary rug-cutting ('Freedom'). Syreeta co-wrote several of the tunes.

For us you seem to have a permanent little girl image.

Well, I am a woman, little girl, sister, mother... I have all that inside of me. Sure, I can be a little girl. And if I have to, I'll be a bitch (laughs). It's small to label a person as one thing. When I look at you I see a calm, easy-going, friendly sort of...

Mm. 'The Spell' has a very untypical sound for a Motown record. Did you have any difficulty getting it accepted by the company?

I think they were puzzled at first. Then I sat down with them and said—I want to be an innovator. If I'm not giving of myself I'm not comfortable. I think the company now has an idea of who Syreeta really is. It seems like everybody in this business has to have an image which the masses out there can relate to. Well, I don't want mine to be just music. I enjoy being part of a situation that's bigger than me.

It was hard for me to relate to singing as a profession because it's such a natural thing for me. Like breathing.

Isn't that the best way to see it?

Well, yeah, but it was hard for me to see it as work. I can have this much fun and get paid? (Laughs)

Where is the female singer at these days?

The female singer is about making a statement of strength. It goes with the tail end of the women's movement. I'm not going to go out with jackhammers and stuff because I think a woman should be feminine but clear and strong about what she wants to do. Even if it's just being a housewife—making the best home she can! The onset of disco has told against female singers, though, because it's so "unfeminine".

Um... maybe it's because the vision is so small about what women can do. It's harder, and I certainly don't have a hard voice, but that doesn't mean I can't utilise that sound for the melodies I love to sing. I don't see a problem.

Part of it is the way a singer like yourself tends to have a whole record ready-made around her.

It's crazy in my case because I write! For the past year I've been making sure of what I really want to do. Do I really want to sing? Write? Stay home and have babies? I want to do it all. I've been doing pretty good but I can do better.

Did Motown put pressure on you to shape up?

I put pressure on them. I found out what works at Motown and what doesn't. And I found out how to make what I wanted work. My vagueness was due to always being protected and guided by Steve, but now I've got to where I wanted. I'm still young. I'll feel young when I'm 70. I'm clear as to my direction. And no, I'm not going to tell you, just wait and see. (Laughter)

What does Motown mean to you?

Excitement.

Pushing out DeBarge

DeBARGE ARE Motown's newest family group: five sweethearts of America, voices as pure and flattering as those of angels. Four wetlook Michaels and a big sister who bullies them into work.

Half of them are no more than kids, playing out their turn on the roundabout with a bashful pleasure, as if they expect to be told the ride's over at any moment. I meet them all eventually at Westlake Audio, where 'Off The Wall' and 'Thriller' were made, although I'm permitted only to interview Bunny and her producer/lead singer brother Eldra. The others aren't pro enough to speak.

"I think we're kind of grateful we've been given the image we have," says Bunny. "We didn't want—"

"A nasty image," says El. "We believe in being ourselves, and that's very rare on the market now. Most people come out with some self-made image but we're just being ourselves."

Have they grown up too fast, then? "I feel I have, being the eldest," Bunny is 28. "There's ten of us. I was always helping mom out because she was always having babies. I was like a second mom. I wish I could've stayed a little girl longer. But I think everybody might think that. You always wish you were older and then when you get to 21 you appreciate being a kid. You wish you were there again."

Are they ever embarrassed by the rest of the group?

"Well," says Bunny diplomatically, "everybody has a part to play in the group. Marty might not have the patience to sit down and talk but he has other things to do in the group."

"We are artists and entertainers," offers El. "The artist is like the adjective of it all, how you do something. We try to fix music so that it paints—everything is there to tell something, for a reason... hey, Bunny, this cat is—"

Eldra cracks up before my sceptical stare. "This isn't an interview, man, we're just having a ball, right?"

Sure. Would they ever do a song like 'Doctor My Eyes'? To my dismay they have never heard of it. A song with even the surface grit of Jackson Browne's protest might be a bit much for DeBarge. Something like sandpapering marshmallows.

"We could do songs like that but I think our music is so much about our lives that we could only write about bad things if we had them in our hearts." Bunny's gaze is melting.

El: "We have a responsibility to our fans. You can't feed a child junk, you have to feed him something nourishing. We have a lot of experience but we have to pick and choose what would be healthy to our fans. Our brother James—he's quick to write songs about girls who break his heart! Then we, uh, talk him out of it."

What do you think of Rick James?

"That cat! Boy! He's a very real person!"

What does Motown mean to you?

"Hits. Family. Unity."

All you need to know about DeBarge is on their two recent 12 inchers, 'I Like It' and 'All This Love'. They move like chocolate sauce over a scallop of ice cream. Harmonies glide through an orbit around instruments trembling on the verge of tears of joy. They are Jacksons for a creaseless, digital Amerika. DeBarge are going to be enormous.

Mary Jane Girls: we have talent. We wear clothes.

THE MARY Jane Girls, five years in concept, a few months as a group, scarcely exist at all. They are a twice-removed fantasy, the creation of a character who is himself a created character: Richard James

fashioned "Rick James" who made up "Mary Jane Girls" as accoutrements to himself.

Their LP is transparent satinship raunch permed through a variety of card-indexed feminine postures, greasegunned by James' slick funk'n' roll

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bounce and licked all over by the tongues of fake lasciviousness. Amusing, almost poppy in the vertical bubblegum of 'Candy Man'. A one-shot trick, maybe. Either way it sounds meek next to Brides of Funkenstein's 'Funk Or Walk'.

Jo Jo and Cheri explain to me what it is to be a Mary Jane Girl: "different", "unique" and so on. I am musing on this amorphous state when the late arrival of Maxi and Candi enables me to ask them the same question.

Maxi gazes at me in surprise. "Well, my name is Maxi and the reason I like being in the Mary Jane Girls is I feel loved and accepted and I'm doing what I like to do and it's as simple as that."

I am speechless. Does she like being called (PR) "devilishly sexy and outrageous"? "It's me. I am the most outrageous of the group. I am the leather queen," she says, creaking. "Being an entertainer gives you the opportunity to live out these fantasies on stage."

Cheri, the youngest, seems like the smartest. "If you look at us it's more obvious that we are all very different. We all look and act differently. It's not one of those groups where everyone has the same look and style."

But you are a manufactured property. "The reason we were picked was because we already fitted the characters, otherwise we wouldn't have been accepted. The original concept is Rick's but we bring to it our own individuality. He's given us the chance to be somebody and it's up to us to take that opportunity."

How many women do you think can seriously identify with these characters? Dressed well over the nines, the MJGs giggle at my lack of faith.

"Everywhere I go I see girls in polka dots and ankle socks," says Cheri. "Girls everywhere identify with us. The reason why we're all together is that we offer different sides of women that they can identify with and men can look at and see another side that maybe they didn't see."

How are you different from Prince's Vanity 6? Maxi: "We have talent. We wear clothes. We work hard. And we're not a tax write-off for our producer."

There may be another difference. The levels of honesty and revelation over sex and stereotype blur in such groups: the Mary Jane Girls cheat, because they want to be real and individual in these matters when they cannot be. They do not exist! And anyway, they would rather give it to a candy man, all night long. Or so they say.

What does Motown mean to them? "Good music, hard work."

Entertaining Mr Davis

IF THERE'S a new wave someplace, you can bet a producer will say he foresaw it. Hal Davis has worked boards at Motown for 20 years, putting the gilt on milestones like 'Love Hangover' and 'Don't Leave Me This Way'. His favourite word is "smash" (as in "That was a smash for me").

I meet him in his office, flanked by a couple of lieutenants. He knows the drill, talks fast and amiably, is a Gordy man to the hilt. Q&A is pointless for him. He simply delivers excerpts from a career soon to be documented in a book. Here are some snippets.

IMPORTANT SOUNDS. "Drums, automatically. The Motown sound is the beat. You can have the greatest voice in the world but it has to have a track to work to. A groove. The days of the crooners are gone. With the electronic thing happening—there've been a couple of hits that just use a vocoder, really no artist at all. I saw that coming in 1975. By the '90s we'll be there, where we can just programme a tone."

"For the person making a buck as a singer it's frightening. For us producers, it's great. We don't have to worry about the singers coming in with, oh, I can't do it today!"

SYNTHS. "I was ahead of everybody. I saw it in '72 when I made the 'Get It Together' album with The Jacksons—all synthesisers. They thought I was crazy until everybody started using them."

EMOTION. "Oh, I want that, I like that. You ever met Marvin and Diana? Boy, I had all the emotion you could ever want when they did that album together. In fact I had to go into hospital afterwards. Triple platinum though."

THEN AND NOW. "I've just been working with the Tops, who've come back, and we cut a smash. I know it is, an old Diana Ross tune. I had to give it an up to date sound so I went to the synthesiser. I still kept part of the old thing and what's happening now. I put it in another danceable groove. You've got to do what they're doing right now."

THE NEW THING. "Oh yeah, sure. Kagney And The Dirt Rats are a whole new thing. Rick has got those funky chicks. You heard the new Junior Walker album? Wait till you hear that. I've got him with kinda new wave guitars with like the old 'Shotgun' effect. I think all the producers are keyed into this new thing."

FAVOURITES. "I'll Be There' and 'Don't Leave Me This Way'. All the producers called me up about how I got the sounds on Thelma Houston's record. And I could never follow it up because she left afterwards! But I did what I wanted to do on those two. 'I'll Be There' was my biggest. You buy that record? Well, you are very young."

MOTOWN. "Soul."

Bobby Nunn tucks it in

BOBBY NUNN is 25 years old, from Buffalo NY.

There's no guitars on either 'Second To Nunn' or my new album, 'Private Party'. My approach was to have keyboards doing all the guitar parts as a concept. I know keyboards so well that I don't find it a problem. And it's basically me doing all the playing and singing because I know better than anyone what's going on in my head. I've never felt *Monalisa Young*

pressure to include other musicians.

Yeah, I appreciate the singles thing. I agree that Motown is best remembered for its singles and the electropop sound is suited to that. But the way the contractual thing works... you have to deliver an LP, and it's kind of up to them to pick singles. Anyway my aim is to have an album full of singles. There's nothing on 'Private Party' that couldn't be a single.

It's a very hard sound. My approach on the first record was primarily to get attention. There was a rawness to it, an abrasive quality, but I have to add another dimension. People say, okay, you've made me dance, now what are you gonna do?

Certain patterns of things always work. Just when everyone thought George Clinton was finished he came back doing the things he was doing five or six years ago and it worked again.

There's a lot of pressure from being new here. Trying to get your point of view over to people who aren't used to it. There's a lot of insecurity in records that you hear because people are trying to make themselves feel safe with strings and horns and guitars. They get caught up in the lavishness of production. It takes a lot of nerve to hold all that back.

I'm working through a production company so I'm not entirely... Motown does try to walk you through things. My situation is kind of on the outside and the inside. But I do definitely feel part of the new side of things here. I think it's a mistake as a new artist to try and make a record aimed at everybody—I'm looking at teenage people, the Prince/Rick James crowd.

I've got a certain time in which to do this. I don't want to be 40 years old and jumping about. I don't want to be an old entertainer. I want to just move into production and get fat gracefully, enjoy growing old. It's a very hard thing to do because most entertainers get locked into a thing they can't get out of. Because that's all they've ever learned. They have to tuck it all in and keep jumping around.

What does Motown mean to me? History. The exception to the rule.

Monalisa in the frame

HOW DID you get a name like that?

My mother (laughter). I guess she was a Nat King Cole fan. A kind of dramatic and extravagant person. She's an opera singer.

I was raised here in Hollywood, on the west side of LA. There aren't too many natives here but I'm one. I used to go to my mother's vocal lessons and I kind of absorbed it all. I began singing background things... first with The Ikettes. Then I did backgrounds for Neil Diamond, Barbra Streisand, Bob Dylan, Joe Cocker.

All the time I was growing up it seemed like Motown was dominating. They were putting out hits left and right and it was like, I liked them all! I used to imitate Diana. It didn't seem very hard to do.

Do you feel in the not very happy tradition of Motown female singers? It seems as though Diana Ross was the only one to stay the course.

I don't know... you have to have it together in all areas. Spiritually and physically and in being able to put on the other person. I know Diana has it all. It's a something extra that makes you soar.

There's a lot of producers you can go through who won't do anything for you, but it's not the easiest thing making records. As far as Hal (Davis) and I are concerned he'll always listen to what I've got to say about a lyric change or a note. You can tell through a singer's voice if they're satisfied. Only you have your voice.

How do you go about stamping your identity on a song? 'Dancin' Machine' is a difficult one for a singer because the backing track is so imposing.

For me a slow one is harder. 'I'll Be There' was harder. 'Dancin' Machine' wasn't hard at all. It's only hard if you clam up in the studio.

Do you have a secret wish to be Irene Cara?

Irene CARA? What do you mean? (giggles) Why do you ask me that? Actually I sang with her on the *Johnny Carson Show* once... what she does is great, career-wise, the variety of things she's doing. Yeah! To have everything put behind you to work! I can do what she's done. Everyone's been telling me, you shoulda been discovered a long time ago! Yeah, well...

I still get afraid, a little. My heart BEATS when I get behind a microphone.

Is it important to be pretty?

Personally, I can listen to anybody who's gifted without them being attractive. I have friends who aren't attractive at all who can sing rings round some of the people you see. There are so many talented people who aren't attractive who (sighs) won't get what they want. As the world has made it, it's important.

What does Motown mean to you?

Home, finally. Instead of that mad search.

Woodshedding with Lovesmith

ICAN Make It Happen' is the most impressive single achievement of Motown's new wave. Lovesmith wrote it, co-produced it, sang every part and played some of the keyboards, and what comes out is a thoughtful revision of some classic soul themes given a radiant pop sheen. 'Sorry Won't Get It', 'Baby I Will' and 'I Can Make It Happen For You' have the instantaneous quality that is perfect Motown hooked to an appetite for sophistication that's as sharp as any in black music. This is the standard the newcomers must look to.

Michael Lovesmith is one of the friendliest and most forthcoming of my ensemble of victims. The baby of his family, he recalls how arranging a harmony for his brothers started him writing, a course that eventually led to a protege status with Holland-Dozier-Holland and a stint as vocal arranger for The Jackson Five. By 1976 he was working full-time as a producer and arranger for Motown.

His LP is unusually self-sufficient, eschewing the customary cast of thousands and made solely by Lovesmith and a small basic group.

That came about from a series of bad situations. I want things in a certain way and I've put a lot of trust in a lot of great people who have a tendency to let you down.

As far as my singing goes... people seem to be in love with my own vocals. Aretha Franklin insisted that I sing behind her on this track on her new record! She called me and I thought it was a prank, you know... but she flipped over this song I sent her and had me and my brothers doing all the background vocals on it. I sang 73 parts on my own record. And the only players I basically needed



were three guys, 'cos they were so great."

Why is it that that formula is so rare?

"Insecurity is one," he says at once. "Artists and producers are hung up on having some hit guy play on one track and they don't know what they really want. Like—man, I've got Jeff Porcaro to play on my record! It'll be a smash! And they just have him playing two and four."

Is there anything new to say in the soul lyric?

"Yeah! And that's what I'm trying to do. I was driven into being a good lyricist. Eddie Holland would never have let me get away with rhyming 'cry' and 'bye'. I sometimes had to rewrite songs ten times."

Lovesmith is in an interesting position: a new starter with years of backroom experience. What mistakes does he aim to avoid?

"I don't ever want to be in a position with no motivation," he says. "I once got to the stage where I was just a manufacturer of songs and it was so boring. Which is why having success and then just consolidating it is so scary."

"Although being on top is something I thrive on. Fame motivates me. Every time I hear my name—" Michael chuckles. "People say my name, people who don't even know me. When you're shaky everyone can tell you what you're doing wrong and it brings you down."

"I like everyone to know, hey—he's in the woodshed. He's putting things out. I've seen the business since I was 12, and what happens with the limelight is that you're only as big as your record. When I had a Top 10 record with my brothers we hung out in New York, rode in limos, had a ball... a year later, I couldn't even've got arrested!"

It's an old story.

"If I got lost now, it's my fault. I've worked with big artists who needed to get back and I had to curse them out. To bring them into perspective that it wasn't happening for them."

Does he feel part of the new wave at Motown?

"Oh gosh, yeah! It's all music, all the time. The old Motown was built with a lot of loyal people. Time went on, and nobody wanted to make room for the newer people. As a young producer I was working with people ten or 15 years older than me."

"Now there's kids out there who are so fresh and excited and they know so much. They have to be brought in. I had so many ideas before and was told, This act can't do this, you have to keep them in this format."

"Now it feels like they're as much behind a new group as the old ones. Twenty years ago any record could sell but it's a competitive world out there now. We can't keep playing the old records. There should be so much future for Motown. It built a forum for Marvin Gaye to be experimental, to let him make a record like 'Sexual Healing'—he can do anything he wants now because he's Marvin Gaye from Motown."

So what does Motown mean to you, Michael?

"Success."

What does it take to be a Commodore?

HOW ARE the old school facing up to this challenge? Pretty well. The three Commodores I met were a lot of fun.

They must know their greatest days are past, and they now have to prove themselves without Lionel Richie, whose ballads are the saintly obverse to James' street sass on the Motown silver dollar. But they are wealthy, energetic men whose ready humour takes so many swipes at the dour business behemoth of

Motown International that it's hard to begrudge them their company pensions.

"That was a totally different time," says William A. King (Wak), of The Commodores' earliest years. "That was the time for the music of young people—when they said, we're gonna take a step."

Is it still as good now?

"It's different now. That was like a time when everybody said—I've got to be heard! Now IBM and Chevron have taken back over. You work nine till five, lunch 12 till one, you go home and drink beer and go to bed."

Perhaps it's time to start protesting against IBM and Chevron... although IBM have actually just made a "motivational" film for their employees on—The Commodores!

It's a classic success story. The Commodores are out of Tuskegee, a small and predominantly black town in Alabama. A little league club band that grew into a money market of its own. Thomas McLary ticks off their ventures—merchandising, transportation and publishing companies, a curriculum at the Tuskegee Institute—matter-of-factly.

"And the one thing kids always ask us is—" Wak pauses for effect. "—how much money do you make? Not how did we do it—HOW MUCH! Kinda discouraging. We all know money's taken over, but you don't like it pushed in your face."

"The downer in the whole thing is that it can kill creativity. We're artists. People talk about how inspiration drops from heaven—"

Thomas: "And the angels sing..."

"—but it can be like that. I'll be walking down the street and an idea'll hit me—I have to run to a telephone, call home, get my wife to put a tape recorder to the phone and I'll hum—and she'll be laughin', and when I play it back I can't hear the idea for her laughin'!"

"But you have to spend so much time with the business junk."

Thomas: "That's how we began cataloguing songs. Putting them down and putting them by until we need them. If we ever need a song for a soundtrack or something, it's there waiting in the library."

Wak: "And these guys write timeless. You can drop the song in any time and it'll sound good. You have to have your finger on the pulse of the world. Like Spielberg! ET! We've had 12 albums and all of them no less than gold. That's no accident. Somehow we've got a feel for it."

When they began at Motown (1972) did they feel a continuation of the Tops/Temptations tradition?

"Well, they were stand-up singers," says Milan Williams. "That's all they could do, sing. We were a band, and that's completely different. We were more like Sly And The Family Stone then."

Wak: "Motown tried to put us in that bag. They wanted us to be like all the others, just go in and sing over ready-made tracks. We said—hold it! We want to play it and sing it and produce it ourselves. They looked at us and said, these Alabama boys, they don't know nothin'..."

"They had some Jackson Five left-overs that they wanted us to do and the keys were so high—we were strainin', man, squeezin' our belts to get up there! They said, maybe it wasn't such a great idea after all!"

I sober up a company by now in hysterics "y" inquiring after reactions to Mr Richie's success.

"Fine!" says Milan. "Because the name of The Commodores will always be linked with him, the more successful he is, it'll come back to us."

They are diplomatically amicable. The Commodores are big enough, after all.

"Many people are saying," says Milan quietly, "what are The Commodores without Richie? But there's no one reason for The Commodores' success. The Commodores is a spirit. The energy source just keeps taking things in. It won't stop."

"We have an ultimate goal," says Wak, "which we don't want to let out of the bag yet. It's just something that makes you want to smile to yourself."

If you're a Commodore, you can smile.

INEVER pierced the heart of Motown, of course (neither Gordy nor Jay Lasker, the Corporation's other bossman, granted audiences). Motown has no heart. No hits machine can afford such a luxury, much less a multi-million dollar business.

Instead, a family illusion has been created that puts on its show for every visitor. Open doors of black creativity cover a skilful masque of business manners where the bands play for the dollars to dance. Motown is actually exclusive to extremes: "Not just anybody signs to Motown," as Monalisa Young told me, and that reputation is jealously protected.

In a business still riddled with prejudice and racism, Motown's lock on its pride and history of success is hard to discredit. Gary Byrd's 'The Crown' is archetypal Motown protest: pop militancy with all specifics pared away, married to a Stevie Wonder hook of canny infectiousness. I exchanged a few pleasantries with Byrd on a line to New York. He's a smart man, and he agrees a certain zip has drifted out of the black mainstream.

Can Motown put it back again? It has so much ground to make up. Those 25 glorious years are as much deadweight as they are heritage: past is past. "We can't keep playing the old records," as Lovesmith says. Motown has almost left it too late. But the lessons of the past can be instructive in another way.

Which is a long way of saying that Motown must return to its greatest strength, the classic black pop single; it must give its young wizards—Nunn, Lovesmith, DeBarge, even Syreeta—a room to breathe. There is no company like it (we don't ask what Columbia means to anybody, for Chrissakes) but it must realise the old ways don't necessarily work any more. It must take the medicine of the hits machine's hardest lesson—you're only as good as your latest record.

People won't buy Lionel Richie records forever. They want young flesh.

What does Motown mean to you? Hard work. Success. Soul. The exception to the rule. Home. Hits. Family. Excitement. A way to make it. Money.

LPs

LONG PLAYERS

A SMOOCH TOO FAR

BOBBY BLAND

Tell Mr. Bland (MCA) WORLD'S PREMIER exponent of the blues ballad, Bobby Bland can tilt and glide like Ted Taylor or Al Green, then erupt into the guttural squawls of Z. Z. Hill or Mighty Sam. After 30 good years, the power of his majestic voice is undiminished.

So what is the point in me—30 good years his junior—telling of Blue Bland to tighten up? Tell him yourself. This easy, breezy mating of Southern libido with cabaret smooch is getting a bit comfy, that's all. Of course, if you don't have any other good blues-soul records to hand, you may as well have 'Tell Mr. Bland'. 'Ain't It A Good Thing' and 'Queen For A Day' (not the Donna Summer song!) are both pretty cool. Horns are draped over the tidiest of beats and distilled through a veil of strings puckered by crisp guitar runs: an age away from Joe Scott and Wayne Bennett but in essentials working the same vein.

You could hear these things and then thumb back through 'His California Album', 'Dreamer', and 'Get On Down With Bobby Bland' and hear how he was doing it eight years ago.

Personally, I'd like to hear the man try his hand at country again. As the version of 'Fever' here attests, no voice could be less fevered or more suited to country (the white man's soul) than Bland's. On the right song—like 'Too Far Gone', or Merle Haggard's 'Today I Started Loving You Again'—he can make country-fried Ray Charles and even Joe Simon seem very light fare.

With that voice, Bland can do no wrong, but he could be doing a lot more right.

Barney Hoskyns



"Hmm, maybe I should change my name from Declan to Mick." Elvis wrestles with the problems of fame. Pic Anton Corbijn.

THE GREAT CONTENDER

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS

Punch The Clock (F-Beat)

ELVIS COSTELLO may have made the perfect pop single with 'Oliver's Army' and the perfect pop LP with 'Imperial Bedroom', but according to the rather ludicrous rules of this particular game, a pop star who isn't really all that popular is no star at all.

This fear permeated last year's NME interview, and there's little doubt that 'Punch The Clock' tries to rectify that situation with a few judicious changes of emphasis. So we get the TKO horns, the Afrodisiac singers, plus a Langer/Winstanley polish production—and, indeed, the result is the brightest, bounciest record Elvis has done since 'Armed Forces'. If 'Punch The Clock' is a step back from the stunning sophistication of 'Imperial Bedroom', perhaps it's also a step toward pop survival. Even the title has a snappy, back-to-work ring to it.

It helps, too, that the LP contains three hit singles. In that NME interview, Elvis admitted that he'd even thought of changing his name if it meant he'd get through to more people. I put that down to paranoia, but it's a curious fact that of the three hits here—'Shipbuilding', 'Pills And Soap', 'Everyday I Write The Book'—only the latter came out under his own name, and that was the least successful of the three.

By another strange twist, 'Everyday' is the simplest, least political of the trio; so the standard critical notion that people shy away from Costello's "seriousness" or "complexity" appears to be a bit leaky.

Nevertheless, Elvis' 'problem' probably does lie in this area. In his own words: "It's very difficult to balance the two things, because on one hand you make serious records, but on the other you've got to be in competition with Haircut 100."

The notion of pop as a vehicle for "serious records" has been unfashionable in recent years (at least, so far as white pop is concerned); and given pop's parameters, the balance Costello talks about must always have been difficult to maintain. It is especially so now. With the real world looking so grim, a music that tries to reflect some aspect of that and also give you a good time is likely to break apart with the strain. It's an ominous and not entirely coincidental sign that the groups who a few years back were successfully holding that balance have recently either split up—Specials, Fun Boy Three, Jam, Beat—or virtually disappeared—UB40. (Is this another unforeseen devastation wreaked by Thatcherism?)

Given then that one of pop's main goals must be popularity, 'Punch The Clock' makes all the right moves. I do miss the spaciousness and relaxed poise

of 'Imperial Bedroom', but there's no denying that 'Punch The Clock' is indeed punchy, and that it inhabits one area—uptempo party pop—which 'Bedroom' did neglect.

It also includes—of course!—Costello's protean qualities: here are 13 tracks brimful of witty wordplay, extended metaphor, and teasing echoes of pop history, from obvious Beatles to obscure Lewis Furey. There's also mystery aplenty—if anyone has a clue as to what 'King Of Thieves' is about, please send me a postcard—and a hatful of insanely catchy tunes which drive you barmy when you're trying to get to sleep.

The LP opens with a bustling horn riff on 'Let Them All Talk' and proceeds in a likewise manner on tracks like 'The Greatest Thing', 'TKO', 'The Invisible Man', 'The World And His Wife'. There's a love of Stax lurking behind these tracks, but no attempt to replicate that prowling horn style: this is a breezy, whiteboy funk; high on zest, low on atmosphere, and given a clean, 'compressed' sound by the producers. I'm not complaining—the brilliant musical drive of tracks like 'TKO' and 'The Invisible Man' is one of the LP's chief strengths. There are pretty diversions too, like the classic '60s harmonies of 'The Element Within Her', but excepting only 'Shipbuilding' and 'Pills And Soap', the sound of 'Punch The Clock' is a bright, attractive,

streamline pop, rendered superbly by The Attractions.

The skull beneath this skin, the other scale in the balance, comes with the lyrics. It's been a long time since Elvis played the pseudo-psycho, knotted up with guilt, about to burst with rage; but his later perspectives are no less bleak. Rather, that he now presents them with calmness and compassion makes them that much more chilling. 'Punch The Clock' comes with a thick coating of black humour, but it's a pretty desperate view of affairs that breaks through in 'Pills And Soap' or in lines like "Never mind there's a good film showing tonight/Where they hang everyone, everybody who can read and write/Oh that could never happen here but then again it might" ('The Invisible Man'). In fact, from the icy contours of 'Charm School' to the savage spoofery of 'The World And His Wife' and beyond, Elvis isn't pulling any punches.

He does try to lighten his acidic side with more personal, more allusive songs, and with that glittering pop production. Maybe he's overdone it; there's a faintly manic air to some of the music, and on one song at least ('The World And His Wife') the jollity of the knees-up horn riff—even though you could argue it's supposed to sound forced—just doesn't ring true. Neither do 'Love Went Mad' or 'Mouth Almighty', each coming with awkwardly disparate verse and chorus.

I wonder if Elvis hasn't sacrificed a degree of emotional resonance in his bid for pop acceptability. A final irony would be that 'Pills And Soap' and 'Shipbuilding', his two recent hits, are the songs here that most patently do not make those kind of compromises. 'Shipbuilding' may be the best thing he's written, and his version—reflective where Robert Wyatt's is plaintive—is the LP's finest moment. A song which does justice to the complexity and tragedy of its subject, it's indebted here to a beautifully terse, mournful trumpet solo by Chet Baker which, at one memorable point, is given just a touch of spine-tingling echo.

What it boils down to is that 'Punch The Clock' is a new direction for Elvis—a necessary change that, by and large, he pulls off with aplomb. He's still the best songwriter in the country, and that's one thing 'Punch The Clock' hasn't changed.

So it's a hit, but not quite a knockout. What I miss about the LP—'Imperial Bedroom's' luxurious sense of space and time—is the price he has to pay for keeping that "difficult balance" between two aspects and aspirations of pop that are currently flying further apart.

These are tough times, but this is one LP which rides the punches and comes back fighting. Three cheers for Elvis Costello, the great contender!

Graham Lock



Bleeding, boring.

RICHARD THOMPSON

Hand Of Kindness (Hannibal)

FROM A maker of acclaimed albums, something that is more of the same, as dependable as any itching in the heart, toothache, telephone bill: it jogs, slows to a crawl, lurches in good-time, stabs at a waltz

HANDFUL OF RUST

and snuffles to itself in a corner. Pretty much what you think—not pretty. I'm bored with it.

Thompson's art has retreated to a point where its supposed recalcitrance—the tension between his grey reluctance to speak at all on this stinking life and the troubadour's addiction to playing—has stiffened and set in a shrewd, appealing play of gestures. 'Hand Of Kindness'—well, you'll know how it moves: it starts like this, slows up like that, cries just then etc etc. If it was something more than the pains of remorse cleverly sweetened by painstaking craft it could have awoken some ghosts, perhaps, instead of stirring the dregs, rooting around in the aftermath of

someone else's passion.

Specifics, really, are what call these tunes, and specifics are something always to invoke suspicion. Every singer must live a life in public but they shouldn't give anything away which has MY LIFE writ so large on it, unless they are already torched to a shadow ('Lady In Satin'). Thompson is like Hammill or Martyn: everybody has to feel his pain. Whether he intends it or not, his broken marriage is daubed all over titles like 'A Poisoned Heart And A Twisted Memory' and 'The Wrong Heartbeat' as if they were divorce papers doubling as open letters.

And it's so blithely agonising, this bleeding heart, so obviously knowing. Costello or, more immediately, John

Hiatt (who sings a bit somewhere here) would explode these stories from the inside and set the viewfinder so askew you could penetrate nothing but the hints and the commas and the sticking pins. Thompson insists on a clear monochrome focus, and he distends it all into a straggle with his folk-blooded instruments. He is a good guitarist, although most of the time he sounds loquacious instead of eloquent.

Tears staining the pages—I daresay they aren't faked, but I'd rather see the act that has the real hurt at a remove from the surface. This is as inevitable as a wolfman on a moonlit night. There—another Richard Thompson record.

Richard Cook

ZULOOSE!

VARIOUS

Zulu Jive (Earthworks cassette)

ROUGH AND tough, the title of this muscular little compilation means exactly what it says; a handful and a half of the tunes that give succour and sustenance to the downpressed but defiant majority of South Africa, the kind of selection a fictional jukebox in the beer hall of a Transvaal migratory workers' hostel might pump out to the inmates after a hard week down t'gold mine (going down down down), digging up the raw material for the Kruggerands.

Nine examples, in fact, of Zulu Jive, which proves to be a sawing, stomping, exuberant affair, full of huffing accordians, tin whistle melodies and whomping lop-sided rhythms. The sound and shuffle are uncannily like the Zydeco music of America's southern swamps, but instead of nasal French blues moans there's the gorgeous full-throated chants of Africa.

If your thirst's been awakened by the fire booty brought home by that great white hunter Malcolm McLaren (whose 'Soweto' was too subversive to bag its deserved chart place), or if you're similarly curious, three quid is unlikely to buy you a better cassette pet for the summer.

Neil Spencer

haircut one hundred

'PRIME TIME'

New Single



7" & 12" in Picture Bags
Ready to Carry Home

PIGBAG

Pigbag (Y)

PROBABLY THE most well behaved album of all time, for all its debilitating discordance and squiggles after Cocteau on the sleeve.

Like The Ramrods and 'Riders In The Sky', 'Papa's Got A Brand New Pigbag' by Pigbag is first a title which intrigues, later a rhythm carried in our hearts, then theme tune of the year, culminating in its national chart entry after exceeding many moons of independent returns fixtures.

And like this is Pigbag's farewell gig and... in common with all farewell gigs best it never happened and better still forgotten.

Assembled from live material recorded variously in England, Germany and Japan, only three tracks in this thin bag are in any way aurally compatible. A casual version of Jah Woosh's 'Smiling Faces' is performed in front of a Berlin crowd to pertinent effect and is the only vocal track on the set which works at all.

The squeak and bubble funk of 'Sunny Day'—barely disguised as 'Papa' part two—is a jolly enough number but separated only by years from some extended Lemonpipers solo, and it is the extension in this live incarnation which finally proves its most enduring annoyance.

The third is 'Papa' itself as recorded at Hammersmith Palais, a stomping roustabout where the saxophones take on greater abrasive edge than the single, while the rhythm is ridden at more hectic pace until sizzling out to pointless conclusion at its end, an altogether messier and noisier backward glance at the group's one inspired moment.

The rest makes for painful listening. 'End Of Udub' is 'Papa' part three, an unkind unlovely 'Papa', the exteropsychic at its most shrill. Hysterical too are the designs for 'Shack Of Scraps' and 'Jump The Line', untidy frameworks for the intonement or perhaps atonement of a doomy ethereal female vocal, and 'Global Terrain' is more of the dismal same.

Third form third ear band.
Penny Reel

THE BOLLOCK BROTHERS

Never Mind The Bollocks 1983 (Charly)

THE RECORD should really have been reviewed in *T-Zers*. Then those of us whose interest in Jock Bollock's tired wheezes and tasteless japes died years before the Fagan as palace prowler cum rock star episode could have dismissed it as another alcohol induced fabrication, Dot style. I mean, would you have believed the following if you'd read it on the inside back cover?

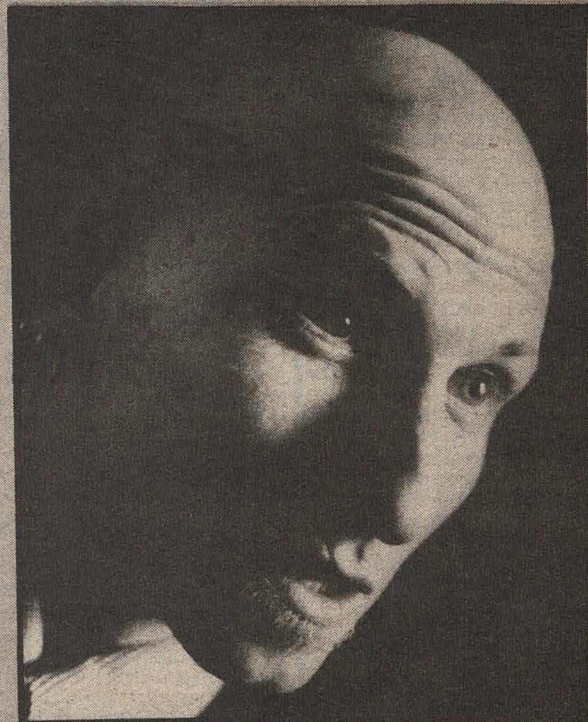
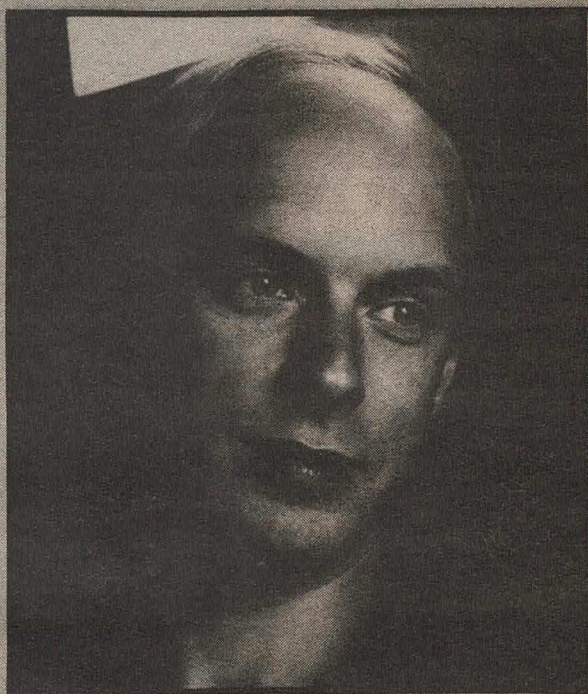
The latest news on the *Dot* hotline is that **Brother McDonald** has finally lost his marbles (again). And in an attempt to get **Richard Branson** to buy him some new ones, the devious testicle has stopped short of nothing, except maybe duplicity and coercion, to acquire the master tape of the debut album by ex-punk rockers, **The Sex Pistols**. Gleelessly feeding the item in question into a Fairlight computer and adding his voice (not to mention a drone-over by **Michael Fagan** on 'God Save The Queen' and 'Pretty Vacant') to complement **Johnny Rotten's** suitably mangled larynx, the wily knacker was last seen kneeling in front of the **Queen Victoria** memorial in Hyde Park waiting for pigeon post confirmation of the read out and the law suits.

Although a sneak preview for a select audience of Dots was rudely terminated because **Sid**, the computer, couldn't decide on cowbells or claptrap for 'Holidays In The Sun', our pillars of the gossip column remained undeterred and managed to squeeze a reaction from a singularly unimpressed Richard Branson: "Bollocks."

See what I mean? If there was ever any doubt about the meaning of the word, it's gone forever now. This album is indeed a load of bollocks.

Amrik Rai

CRAZY DOMEHEADS SPECIAL



Ideal Dome Exhibition. Top to bottom: Devoto, Eno, Zev. Pics Kevin Cummins, Anton Corbijn, Peter Anderson.

THE LINES

Ultramarine (Red)

PLAY DEAD

The First Flower (Jungle)

BRON AREA

The Trees And The Villages (Glass)

GOD THERE are some hippies about... and I don't mean 40-year-old hairies with entourages of naked offspring clogging up the toilet queues at Glastonbury Fayre, though this lot were probably at that crap heap too. No, the neo-hippies are young, bum-fluffed, of indeterminate costume (some are even punks. Ha ha ha ha) and much more stoned...

Take The Lines, they sound like they're both drunk and stoned. Tortuously meaningless and back-dated straight into a bargain bin. You've got everything archaic on their album, including—

backward tapes (which played forwards probably say "We're gonna RISE. The Beatles told us to...").

Then there's Play Dead with ("Nurse!") 'The First Flower'. They sound like punks on hash fudge, flirting around with their Birthday Party and Killing Joke records. One track is called, 'The Tenant', and the whole album could be Roman Polanski on electric guitar with the Manson Family on drums. Sample lyric: "I scream and shout..."

Finally, you've got Bron Area (terrific bargain bin band name). They are so stoned they're practically piped muzak for Harmony health stores, with their paeans to the sun and face-paints... Oh, and one of them does a great scrambled Syd Barratt impersonation.

Maybe I need a trip. They sure don't.

Jane Solanas

THE RISIBLE FALL OF . . .

HOWARD DEVOTO

Jerky Versions Of The Dream (Virgin)

I NEVER cared much for Magazine. They were a group without a style, or at least a group whose style consisted in a profound lack. For me, they had no internal combustion, no musical drama. None of their variously purloined characteristics were satisfactorily woven into a sound. McGeoch was always off on one tangent, Formula on another, and in the middle, smugly winking his insect eyes, sat the goblin Devoto: that voice. Al Stewart careening into Jello Biafra is about the best I can do to describe it.

No, Magazine did not turn me on. There was something fundamentally unconvincing even in 'Light' and 'Shot' and 'Perm'. Floorboards of course was written simply to be a rock classic, no more nor less than that implies. Their only high moments were their honest borrowings — the supercharged Motown of 'Weather'; the clean metal Joy Division of 'Because You're Frightened'; the 'Man Who Sold' Bowie of 'I Wanted Your Heart'; the prettier Television of 'Feed The Enemy'. Bar a few of Paul Morley's "exclusive moments", everything else

seemed to disperse.

I mention all this because I believe the respect accorded this highly insignificant man, and the influence it has indirectly enabled him to exert, have been very unhealthy for pop music. When Howard Devoto pronounces loftily that he "doesn't want to work with epic agony anymore", I nearly double up with disbelief. (I mean, is he saying what I think he's saying or was Epic Agony some Mancunian punk from the class of '77?)

As with all the great postpunk pretenders, 'The Dream' of which these songs are "versions" is a given, a transcendent love taken to be the end of all fear and doubt — but one never opened up or defined. These dreams of a jerk are intended to be as definitive as that first gaze. Don't worry, it's all here: why we live, why you'll never know me, why you simply must "come and be deflected out of tragedy" (oh do, do come!), and why "I get to cower behind the curtains but never unpack" (hang on, didn't he ditch an empty suitcase in 'I Want To Burn Again'? Woah there! Common images! Thematic links!) Remember, this is the guy that could have been Raskolnikov.

"Where lassitude forces the amorous pair to indulge in filial caresses whose apparent juvenility seems something

new", as Devoto's old pash Huysmans put it, . . . well, the result is vague, inept, lazy love poetry. And this time it's printed.

To his credit, Devoto has confessed to being "musically naive", adding that "I envy virtuosity". Fortunately, the redeeming virtuoso elements of Magazine — Formula and Adamson — have been retained for 'Jerky Versions' (though Adamson only for parts). In Magazine, Formula's keyboards — ranging from Residentsy doodling to practical piano topping — were often used to mask Devoto's lyric lacunae. Here, like his arrangements in general, they are succinct and to the point. Also, Devoto has found in Alan St. Clair a simpler and more effectively rhythmic guitarist than McGeoch ever was.

That's the good news. The old news is that 'Jerky' follows the Magazine suit: it burns at both ends and gets bitty and boring in the centre. It's what I call semi-music. The bright opening is the tough but glossily commercial 'Cold Imagination'; the close is the gorgeous 'Seeing Is Believing', with the trio of Devoto, Adamson and Formula spreading late Tom Verlaine over softly strummed guitar and a deliciously sad mist of Dolby/Kraftwerk keyboards. Though one reflexively

splutters at the goblin's gracious admission at the end "I may have been overpowered and undermined", for once I believe him. This song is precious. It should be the next single.

As for the bulk of the record, Devoto already sounds like an elder statesman. His versions of the dream are neither jerky nor very interesting. A drawing-room irony pervades the record. Each song, in its way, says fear not, this isn't real music, for I, Howard Devoto, am a poet, and something of a savant to boot. I may sing and dance like a geek but I do have a prophet's marble dome forehead and feel sure you will take this into account.

Devoto can get away with this because he is a chameleon. He can camp up John Lennon with a bit of Marc Almond for 'Some Will Pay (For What Others Pay To Avoid)'. He can play the Verlaine of 'Prove It' fronting Sparks on 'Waiting For A Train'. Or he can be Al Stewart again in 'Rainy Season'.

"Am I acting badly in some bad dream?", he ventures. Would that be 'The Dream, Howie? Huysmans' Des Esseintes knew better. And what was that line in 'Back To Nature'? "I couldn't act naturally if I wanted to"?

Barney Hoskyns

THE DOMAN EMPIRE

BRIAN ENO, DANIEL LANOIS & ROGER ENO

Apollo Atmospheres & Soundtracks (EG)

Z'EV

Elemental Music (Subterranean — US import)

IF SPACE is the last great adventure, how come 'Apollo' is so completely absent of desire for risk?

As the final achievement of Eno's Ambient and Discreet Musics, 'Apollo' is something of a misnomer; 'Apolaustic' would have been better: the product of a self-indulgent Eno chasing a theory of functional muzak long after he'd thoroughly exhausted it. Anyway, no amount of verbalizing can camouflage the fact that (a) the resultant music is boring and (b) the simple reality is each of us chooses his own background noise. What's more, familiarity can reduce the most aggressive of sounds to an edifying hum.

Nobody needs — and practically nobody wants — a purpose-built piped muzak, least of all a can of the stuff to take home. Had Eno chosen to campaign for silence, he might have been better received. Instead he opted for minimal noise pollution, choosing to fill the air with barely audible whispers, catalysts to (hopefully) subliminally facilitate moods: a discreet music, a music for films, for airports, on land and now in outer space.

It is sadly mere coincidence that this series was launched simultaneously with the release in '75 of 'Another Green World', that excellent manifesto for a simple expressionist electronics. While others, such as Japan, picked up and advanced its initial premises, Eno's subsequent Ambient/Discreet records simply stripped it bare of rhythm and dynamic and bleached it of any colour.

Thanks to the bass playing of Canadian Daniel Lanois and the electric piano of Eno's bro' Roger, 'Apollo' sounds a touch bolder than its predecessors, but the product is still as tame as it is corny. Electronics and spacescapes? Really, it's the sort of thing one might expect from Vangelis or Tomita and certainly no better. Don't believe Eno's horrible humble sleevenote proclamation to the contrary. After dismissing the admittedly trite TV coverage of space missions as "obscuring the strangeness of the event with a patina of down to earth chatter", he proposes film director Al Reinert's editing of six million feet of footage to a package called *Apollo* as the definitive

document. Presumably because Reinert maintains a clinical disinterest and doesn't find weightlessness or whatever funny.

But the only difference between Eno's accompanying soundtrack and a trivial TV commentary is that his sound descriptions are reserved and dry where the other might be over-excited and bubbly. His way is no way smarter or less obvious. Only a pedal steel intruding on 'Weightless' suggests Eno's long dormant playfulness.

Otherwise 'Apollo' is electronics as cheap mystification of the space experience. If in space nobody can hear you scream, in Eno's 'Apollo' nothing is seen to move. Here is a particle of thought locked in a vacuum. Nothing can budge it and, worse, it doesn't seem to mind.

There are long moments of Z'ev's awe-filled and inspired 'Elemental Music' that deceptively sound as still as anything in 'Apollo' — those moments when the demonic Californian percussionist is moving at such a superhuman speed as to appear motionless, caressing metal constantly to prevent sound decay and thereby establishing a continuum undisturbed by beats. Z'ev's stillness is something fought for, the unruffled surfaces he creates barely containing the raging forces pent up below. When these forces spill over, splashing the listener's ears with the bracing noise of singular metallic blows, the extent of their power becomes obvious.

This is truly an elemental music, at once a drumming up of the earth's primal energies and an exorcism of the poisons pumped into it. Z'ev's percussion tools are constructed from junk and debris, some of which are stolen from military complexes while other bits are salvaged from car graveyards. From these base materials Z'ev builds jagged sculptures only to punish them with all the courage and fury of a man prepared to defy notions of human impotence in face of the elements.

Once you note this massive music is a live recording, produced by Z'ev alone with a pile of junk and played in *real* time — no overdubs — you are reminded of all sorts of possibilities that a cosseted civilization would like to deny you.

Z'ev's idea of a time change is continental shelves shifting. He makes Eno's petty "experiment" in functional ambience sound like the silly salon music it is. Only latter day Eno could render space travel so boring. For his part and with the most primitive of technology Z'ev sends the human spirit soaring.

Chris Bohn

BIG CHIEFS AND LITTLE PLUMS

BIG COUNTRY

The Crossing (Mercury)

THERE'S NO mystery as to the prime reason why Big Country have scored a matching pair of hit singles — 'Fields Of Fire' and 'In A Big Country'. Zest, drama but most of all heat-seeking singalong tunes account for their chart-action. And there's no discounting the continued appeal of a charismatic guitar sound; what The Shadows could do 20 years ago on 'Wonderful Land', Big Country can do today even more panoramically.

But what is less obvious is why Big Country have rapidly become one of the UK's hottest rock groups, why this, their debut LR, is almost certain to become a

bestseller. What's so big about Big Country?

For a start, Stuart Adamson. Square-jawed, gruff but tender, he seems to combine the elements of ideal elder brother in roughly the same proportions as did Paul Weller when he was still interested in being Pete Townshend — a *tone* of passionate, moralistic fervour; a *tone* of underlying romanticism, even mysticism; lots of confidence; tough but not dumb, sensitive but not cissy. The Jam's 'Pretty Green' echoes from 'The Crossing's' every groove.

Another blast from the past — Thin Lizzy's '73 single 'Whiskey In The Jar' and '76 album 'Jailbreak'. The lyrical resonance of Celtic mysticism, an uplifting chant from our romantic past (as

distinct from the American folk well-springs central to mainstream rock) reverberated through the clarion-call of electric guitars, the seductive liquor of Lynott's voice.

Combine Adamson's hand-me-down Wellerisms and his band's post-Lizzy Celt-rock and you have Big Country. But just because it's old hat doesn't negate its simple pleasures; far from it. Though 'The Crossing' is far too well-behaved and pretentious to steal my heart, there are sufficient adrenalin surges and inspiring thermals to keep the blood pulsing for most of its duration.

Points against: the lyrics. They're all in a 19th century Romantic, Bible-influenced poetese — maybe a bad habit caught from a fellow ex-Skid

Richard Jobson. Example: "We stand as thick as vines/ Though the fruit is torn away/ There is no beauty here friends/ Just death and rank decay" ('Lost Patrol'). Sometimes I understand the words (eg '1000 Stars': love in the nuclear holocaust); other times they just seem to ring importantly without actually meaning much. Allusions to Scotland the brave (and exploited) proliferate less than you might expect.

Points for: a lot of good tunes, rousingly played, with many delightful details of guitar sound and arrangement. That most of the tunes here sound already somewhat similar augurs badly for Big Country 2, but right now I'll take the high road and ye can do what ye like.

Mat Snow



ROUND-UP OF SUMMER SPECIALS

Reading: final additions

READING FESTIVAL organisers have added another six acts to this year's event (August 26-28), which now completes the line-up of 28 names. Most interesting of the last batch are Ten Years After and Welsh outfit Man, both of whom re-formed earlier this year specially for appearances in London Marquee Club's 25th birthday season, and are now staying together for Reading. Also set are Canadian band Anvil, who recently toured here with Motorhead — plus German group Kowalski, progressive unit Twelfth Night and London newcomers Fortune.

Man and Kowalski are added to the Friday bill, which already includes The Stranglers and Big Country, among others; Anvil and Fortune appear on Saturday with Black Sabbath and Survivor, etc; and Ten Years After and Twelfth Night join Thin Lizzy and Little Steven on Sunday. In addition to the weekend ticket price of £15.95, it's now announced that day tickets will be available at £7 (Friday), £8.50 (Saturday) and £8 (Sunday).

Sussex 20-band junket

VINES CROSS FESTIVAL in East Sussex starts on Friday evening, August 5, and continues into the Sunday (7). It's been organised by the Heathfield Anti-Nuclear Group, with The Enid, Here & Now and Expansis as headliners, plus 17 local bands — and there's also children's entertainments, theatre marquees and crafts. Camping facilities are available until the Monday, and admission is a mere £1.50 for the whole weekend (children free). The site is signposted from Heathfield, which itself is on the A.265.

The future of Futurama

THE "FUTURAMA" FESTIVAL returns to its most popular site, the Queen's Hall in Leeds, for this year's event on September 17 and 18. The bill is in the process of being confirmed, and should be announced within the next two weeks, but a headliner is still needed for one of the days. Promoter John Keenan hopes to make it the best Futurama to date, but — with the 1982 festival losing money — he stresses that this year's event must succeed if it's to continue in future. Enquiries, offers and suggestions should be sent to him at P.O. Box HH9, Leeds 8, LS8 1AN. Ticket prices this year will be £7.50 (one day) or £12 (two days), the first time they have been increased.

● THE ACTUAL FESTIVAL — specialising in various areas of performance related to improvisation — will, for its fourth year, be staged at London's ICA Theatre in The Mall during the period August 23-28. Among artists involved are influential poet Brion Gysin; Fred Frith with his two groups Skeleton Crew and Duck & Cover; Steve Lacy with long-time associates Steve Potts and Mal Waldron; Keith Tippett presenting three contrasting groups, including Ovary Lodge; and Talisker, the Spontaneous Music Ensemble and Dutch performance artist Moniek Toebosch.

● A JAZZ FESTIVAL is being held over seven nights at London's Questors Theatre in Ealing. Several acts are involved in each concert, but the principal names are Ekome and Jazz Afrika (August 2), Georgie Fame & The Blues Flames (3), Morrissey Mullen and Paz (4), Stan Tracey Septet (5), a blues night with Louisiana Red and the Ian Steward Band (6), Gil Evans (7) and Humphrey Lyttelton Band (13).

● MILDENHALL ROCK FESTIVAL in Suffolk, proposed for this Saturday (30), will not now take place. Following last year's event at the speedway stadium, headlined by Saxon, that was the date earmarked for what would have been the fourth festival there. But the organisers say that many of the available acts were either unsuitable or too expensive.

● PETERBOROUGH stages a free festival on Saturday, August 6, from 12.30 to 11.30pm. Roy Harper is topping the bill, and there'll be music from seven local bands.

● THE CURE want to stress that they will not be playing in any Belgian festivals this summer, even though the promoters are continuing to advertise their appearance. They say they never agreed to taking part in the first place.

● HERE & NOW headline a festival at Swindon Groundwell Farm on Tuesday, August 2 (2-10pm). It's a benefit for a women's march from Cardiff to Greenham Common, which is due to arrive at the event at 5.30pm on that day. Among many other acts involved are Solstice, European Theatre Of War, House Of Hearts and Steve Ashley.

Edinburgh fringe events galore, but no rockfest

EDINBURGH will not be having its own rock festival this summer. Regular Music, who have staged the event in recent years to run parallel with the city's annual International Festival, have decided not to go ahead with it in 1983 — although it could return next year. A spokesman explained: "In the past, we've tried to present the best in exciting new talent, but there simply aren't the acts around this year." He added that, as a separate venture, they are trying to organise a n-appearance by Malcolm McLaren.

Jazz and blues fans are better catered for in Edinburgh, though, with a season of 16 late-night shows at the Queen's Hall — including two concerts by Memphis Slim. The headline acts are Martin Taylor Quartet (August 19-20), Digby Fairweather (21), Christy Doran Trio (22-23), Memphis Slim (24-25), George Coleman Quartet (26-27), Macondo (28-29), National Health (30-31), Stefan Grossman & John Renbourn (September 1-2) and Art Farmer (3). George Melly plays Edinburgh Dominion Cinema on August 27 and 28.

A Fringe Festival will be held at Edinburgh's Assembly Rooms for the duration of the international event (August 17-September 10), running non-stop from 10am to

2am daily, and featuring over 60 different shows. Among these are appearances by Tom Robinson & Crew, US cult cabaret star Eric Bogosian, John Dowie, The Flying Pickets, Boys Of The Lough and Chilean group Inti-Illimani — plus Victor Spinetti's new one-man show; The Mersey Poets, Roger McGough, Adrian Henri and Brian Patten appearing together for the first time; and Neil Innes in a one-man show called *A Nest Of Intervals*. For full details, send SAE to The Assembly Rooms, George Street, Edinburgh.

The opening gala of Edinburgh's Film Festival on August 21 is a special screening of the David Bowie movie *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*.



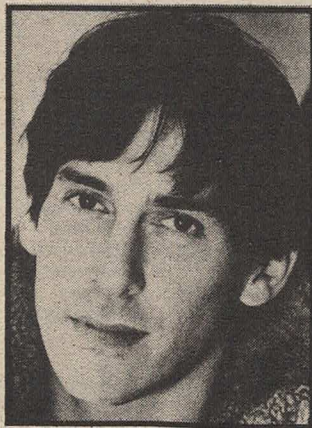
Cornish Meatloaf

MEATLOAF is to headline a major open-air event near St. Ives in Cornwall on Tuesday, August 30 (the day after Bank Holiday) — the biggest ever staged in that county. The organisers have already been granted a licence for the show, billed as 'Penwith 83', and are catering for a crowd up to 30,000 — which they feel sure of getting at the peak holiday time.

Negotiations are in hand for a special guest act which, we understand, could be either Joe Cocker or 10CC. Renaissance have already confirmed, Aswad are virtually certain, and there will also be one other name band and various local groups, plus a laser light show. The acts are deliberately contrasting to cater for the varying tastes of holiday-makers.

The site is 40 acres of farmland, and the main concert area comprises 11 acres (nine front of stage, two backstage), with full facilities guaranteed. The event will run from noon to 10pm, and tickets are available by post at £10 from Artina Records Ltd. (to whom cheques and POs should be made payable), P.O. Box 30, Penzance, Cornwall — enclose SAE, minimum size 8" x 4". Tickets on the day, if available, will cost £15.

RECORD NEWS



● Chaz Jankel has his third solo album released by A&M on August 5, and the only bad thing about it is the excruciating title 'Chazablanca'. It includes his current single 'Without You'.

● The Andrews Sisters, the top vocal team of the wartime era, have a medley of their biggest hits issued this weekend as an MCA single (7" and 12"). It's called 'Boogie With The Andrews Sisters', and the B-side is their version of the classic 'In The Mood'.

● Alan Vega was formerly half of New York duo Suicide, and he's now the leading exponent of "apocalyptic rockabilly". If you're wondering what the hell that's supposed to be, you can check it out from his album 'Saturn Strip', issued by Elektra on August 5.

● Released on August 5 by IRS Records (through A&M) are the second album by The Fleshtones called 'Hexbreaker' and the debut LP from Georgia band R.E.M. titled 'Murmur'.

● Doctor Detroit is the title of an upcoming film starring Dan Aykroyd (of Blues Brothers and Saturday Night Live fame) and soul king James Brown. Both those artists are featured on the soundtrack album, issued this weekend on the Backstreet label (through MCA) — along with Devo, Pattie Brooks, T.K. Carter and Darlene Love. The movie opens here in the autumn.

● The Toy Dolls, who scored an indie chart hit recently with their album 'Dig That Groove Baby', have a new single out next Monday called 'Cheerio & Toodle Pip' on Volume Records (through Pinnacle and The Cartel).

Double-play tapes

WEA RECORDS launch a new series of double-play '2 on 1' cassettes on August 5, featuring a full album on each side, and selling at the price of a single tape. The nine acts featured on the initial supplement are Rod Stewart (Atlantic Crossing/A Night On The Town), Al Jarreau (All Fly Home/This Time), Rickie Lee Jones (Pirates/Rickie Lee Jones), Frank Sinatra (Greatest Hits Vol. 1 & 2), Neil Young (Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere/Neil Young), Bread (Best Of Vol 1 & 2), The Eagles (Hotel California/The Long Run), Joni Mitchell (Court And Spark/For The Roses) and Jackson Browne (Running On Empty/Jackson Browne).

● CSA Records have taken over the pressing of the Natural Ites 12-inch 'Picture On The Wall', originally issued on the band's own Realistic label. A remixed and edited version is now available on the CSA label, in both 7" and 12".

● Michael Allen and Mark Cox, founder members of Rema-Rema and Mass, this week release their first album under the name of The Wolfgang Press — titled 'The Burden Of Mules', it's on 4AD Records and features contributions from Andrew Gray and David Steiner (both from In Camera) and Richard Thomas (from Dif Juz).

● Third Mind Records (through Rough Trade and The Cartel) release the second album by Konstruktivits, titled 'Psycho-Genetika'. The label will shortly be issuing albums by Nurse With Wound and Legendary Pink Dots, as well as a compilation featuring material by those three bands, plus SPK.

● Kent Records release their third album this weekend — titled 'Slow 'n' Moody, Black & Bluesy', it's a compilation of smoochers from the American Kent/Modern catalogue. Among those featured are ZZ Hill, Mary Love, Ike & Tina Turner, Little Richard, B.B. King and Tammi Young.

● Glass Records reissue two items by In Embrace, originally released last year — the seven-inch single 'Sun Brings Smiles' and the 18-minute 12-inch mini-LP 'The Initial Caress', both made when the group comprises Cameron Lindo and Gary Knight. In Embrace now consists solely of Knight, who will have some new product out shortly.

TOUR NEWS

DURAN FOR MAJOR NEW YEAR OUTING

DURAN DURAN are planning a major UK tour in a few months' time. Ever since they were quoted in the *Daily Express* on July 18 as saying they would be doing a full tour "later this year", NME has been inundated with requests for more details — because it had previously been assumed that their two charity concerts last week would be their only British appearances of 1983.

The truth of the matter is that they will be starting a world tour later this year, but it will probably open in the Far East and not arrive in this country until 1984. The band — who've recently become the darlings of the national Press, with their airport reception likened to Beatlemanlia, and even having the word Durandemonium coined in their honour — are expected to tour in the UK fairly early in the New year, and it could be as early as January or February. It's understood that dates are already being pencilled in, but it's unlikely that their schedule will be announced until the autumn.

Nightlife's one-nighters

ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE are playing a series of dates, coinciding with the previously reported release of their new single 'Native Boy' on the Innervision label (through Epic). They visit Manchester Hacienda Club (tonight, Thursday), Glasgow Night Moves (Friday), Arbroath Smokies (Sunday), Rayleigh Crocs (August 4), Birmingham Tin Can Club (5), Colchester Embassy Suite (7) and Bournemouth The Academy (11), with two London dates still being finalised and due to be announced next week. Although they are now down to a seven-piece following the departure of the two girls Chrysta and Leah, the band will be augmented on the road by three other musicians — including Dee from Wham, who also appears on the new single.

TEARS FOR FEARS: FREE GIG

TEARS FOR FEARS are to play a free open-air concert on Saturday, August 6, at Uxbridge Brunel University (doors open 6pm). The reason for this magnanimous gesture is that the show is being filmed for the BBC-2 series *Pop Carnival*, which starts screening in September, and there will also be a support act as yet unconfirmed. The group will be releasing a new single in late September.

THE STRAY CATS are back with their first new material this year, a single on the Arista label titled 'Sexy & Seventeen', coupled with 'Lookin' Better Every Beer'. There's also a 12-inch version featuring two additional tracks, 'Cruisein' and 'Lucky Charm'. Production was by Dave Edmunds.

DAVE STEWART & BARBARA GASKIN, who got together a couple of years ago for the No. 1 hit single 'It's My Party', have now come up with another re-working of an oldie. It's 'Busy Doing Nothing', which originally featured in the 1947 film *A Yankee At King Arthur's Court*. It's issued by Chappel Music, through Polygram.

MICKEY JUPP, Southend's R&B superno, releases his new single on the A&M label this week — 'Stormy Sunday Lunchtime/Reading Glasses'. It's taken from his upcoming album called 'Shampoo, Haircut And Shave', produced by Status Quo's Francis Rossi, and due out on August 19.



CARMEL's new single 'Bad Day', which received Page 3 coverage in an NME feature last week, is now available on the London label — coupled with 'Lament'. The 12-inch format features a live version of the A-side, plus an additional track, a dance mix of 'Rue St. Denis'.

MIKE SCOTT, formerly with Scottish band Another Pretty Face, is the man behind The Waterboys who registered earlier this year with their single 'A Girl Called Johnny'. Now comes the first Waterboys album, with their name as its title, on which Scott is featured on keyboards, guitar and vocals — as well as producing all but one of the tracks. It's on Scott's own Chicken Jazz label, which recently signed a distribution deal with Ensign Records (through Island).

BOHANNON, who now appears to have dropped his Christian name Hamilton, pops up this weekend with the third version of his best-known recording. Not surprisingly, it's called 'Let's Start The Dance III', coupled with an instrumental version, and available also in extended 12-inch format. It's on Compleat Records, through PRT.

STREET SOUNDS Edition 5 bursts on the scene this weekend, featuring 'I.O.U.' by Freeez (megamix), 'Get It Right' by Aretha Franklin, 'You Make It Heaven' by Terri Wells, 'Half The Day's Gone & We Haven't Earned A Penny' by Kenny Lynch (extended remix), 'All Night Long' by La Famille, 'It's Over' by The Funkmasters, 'Get Down Saturday Night' by Oliver Cheatham (extended), 'I'm The One, You're The One', by MCB, 'Walkin' The Line' by Brass Construction (remix) and 'Can't Get Enough Of You' by Wickett. None of the tracks is under five minutes long, and the total duration is 65 minutes.

CLARENCE 'FROGMAN' HENRY, who had smash hits back in 1961 with 'But I Do' and 'You Always Hurt The One You Love', takes another stab at the charts with 'That Old Piano'. It was recorded in the UK, and produced by Chas & Dave. It's out this weekend on the Towerbell label, with 'Keep Your Hands Off Her' as the B-side.

VIRGINIA ASTLEY — the former Ravishing Beauties founder member, who's also worked with the likes of Richard Jobson, Pete Townshend and Troy Tate — releases her first solo album 'From Gardens Where We Feel Secure' this weekend on her own Happy Valley label (through Rough Trade). It's an instrumental set, and other musicians featured include Russell Webb on guitar, and he also co-produced the LP.

THE CHI-LITES have their new single 'Changing For You/Bottoms Up' issued tomorrow (Friday) by R&B Records in both 7inch and 12 inch forms, the A-side being the title track from their upcoming album. Another long-established group, THE 5th DIMENSION, also have a single out the same day coupling 'Surrender' and 'Fantasy'. Both these releases are through PRT.

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL

Klub Foot CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH, BROADWAY W.6

LORDS of the NEW Church

CROWN of THORNS

GESCHLECHTAKT THURSDAY 4th AUGUST at 8.00 — TICKETS £2.50



Six weeks on the road for Level 42

LEVEL 42 are to headline an extensive UK tour, spread over six weeks in late summer and early autumn, and the first half of their schedule has now been confirmed. They play Margate Winter Gardens (August 29), Oxford Apollo (30), Dunstable Civic Hall (31), Crawley Leisure Centre (September 1), Birmingham Odeon (3), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (4), Bournemouth The Academy (5), Guildford Civic Hall (7), Bristol Colston Hall (8), Ipswich Gaumont (9), London Hammersmith Odeon (10 and 11), Nottingham Rock City (14),

Blackburn King George's Hall (15), Manchester Apollo (16) and Liverpool Royal Court (17).

Details of the second leg of the tour will be announced shortly. Meanwhile, for the above dates, tickets are priced £4 and £3.50—except Guildford (£4.25) and London (£4.50 and £4)—and they are on sale now at most venues. The group's new album 'Standing In Light', recorded in Los Angeles and produced by Earth Wind & Fire, will be issued by Polydor on September 19—and their latest single 'The Sun Goes Down (Living It Up)' is already on release.

The Ice-man cometh

EDDY GRANT will be playing a series of selected British concerts in mid-autumn and, because of this, he's postponed the release of his new single 'Till I Can't Take Love No More' until October—as announced last week, it was originally planned for August 5 release on his own Ice Records label. As he will have a new album issued in November, he's decided to delay the single until just before the LP, so that he can promote them jointly when he's over here. Details of his visit, which will also include TV and radio appearances, will be announced shortly.

SPANDAU BALLET's new single 'Gold', issued by Chrysalis on August 1, has an instrumental version on the B-side of the seven-inch. The 12-inch features a remixed, re-recorded and extended version of 'Gold', coupled with a previously unavailable live version of 'Foundation' recorded at the Sadlers Wells Theatre in May. The seven-inch comes in a limited edition colour poster bag, and will later be available as a picture disc.

DEPECHE MODE are releasing a special numbered 12-inch limited edition of their current Mute Records single 'Everything Counts' on August 1. The A-side is the same as the seven-inch, but the coupling features four of their best-known songs, recorded live at Hammersmith Odeon last October—'New Life', 'Boys Say Go', 'Nothing To Fear' and 'The Meaning Of Life'.

THE STRANGLERS, whose previously announced Epic single 'Paradise/Pawher' is issued this weekend, will now also have a 12-inch format available. It contains a bonus track titled 'Permission', recorded in New York earlier this year.

GREG KINN BAND, who recently had a chart-topper in the States with 'Jeopardy', release a new single on August 5, 'Happy Man' coupled with 'Trouble In Paradise'. It's on the Berserker label, through Elektra/Asylum.

WHITESNAKE have a new single issued by EMI this weekend, 'Guilty Of Love/Gambler', with their album 'Slide It In' to follow in October. The single is a prelude to their headlining appearance at Castle Donington on August 20, and TWISTED SISTER—who are also in that show—have the title track of their album 'You Can't Stop Rock 'n' Roll' released as an Atlantic single (7" and 12") on August 12.

BAD BRAINS, the US Rastafarian punk band who recently toured Britain, have their debut album 'Rock For Light' released on August 12 by Abstract Records (distributed by Pinnacle)—it contains 17 tracks, of which 14 are punk and three reggae. They are planning a return visit to the UK in the autumn.



DENNIS BROWN's new album 'The Prophet Rides Again', issued by A&M on August 5, features KC & The Sunshine Band's horn section. A single 'Save A Little Love For Me'/'Country Living' will be released on the same day, with an extra track 'Get High On Your Love' on the 12-inch version.

THE DOOBIE BROTHERS have a live double album issued by Warners on August 5. It's in the nature of a souvenir set, featuring many of their biggest hits, and was recorded on their farewell US tour. Not surprisingly, it's called 'The Doobie Brothers: Live'.

ELVIS COSTELLO's new F-Beat album 'Punch The Clock', which should have been out this week, has been delayed by two weeks owing to manufacturing problems. The revised release date is August 5.

JACKSON BROWNE releases a new album on Asylum on August 5, his first since 'Hold Out' in 1980. The eight-track LP is called 'Lawyers In Love', and the title track has already been issued as a single.

SHRIEKBACK, who last week announced the release of their "dance package" on Y Records (comprising a double A-side seven-inch and a double-A four-track 12-inch), have now returned to the studio to complete work on their second album. It's due out in October, and dates are currently being lined up to coincide.

MORE RECORD NEWS: PAGE 45

London date set

YOUNG IN OCTOBER

PAUL YOUNG is to celebrate his No 1 hit 'Wherever I Lay My Hat' by headlining a British tour in October. Details of his schedule are still being finalised and will be announced shortly, but his London date has already been confirmed—it's at the Lyceum Ballroom in The Strand on October 17, and tickets priced £4.50 go on sale next Monday (1) at the box-office and usual agents.



MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY IN TOWN

THE MIGHTY CLOUDS OF JOY, arguably America's foremost gospel group, fly into London to play a one-off concert at the Dominion Theatre in Tottenham-Court Road on Friday, September 2. It's part of a European tour, but there will be no other UK dates. Promoters are Head Music, and tickets are on sale now priced £5, £4.50 and £4.

The quintet have been at the

top for 23 years, and have recently shared stages with such luminaries as The Rolling Stones and Earth Wind & Fire.

● TAJ MAHAL will be back in London at about the same time—he's headlining a one-off at the Hammersmith Palais on September 6. And there's a show by Manu Dibango at the same venue the previous night (5). Tickets for these two gigs are both £5.



Meteors add gigs and bassist

THE METEORS have found a new bassist to replace Dave 'E. T.' Bass, who recently walked out of the group and hasn't been seen since—he is Rick Ross, whose total previous experience consists of three years' busking in the South of France! He is already playing with the band on their current tour, to which three further dates have been added—Norwich Gala Ballroom (August 5), Birmingham Tin Can Club (13) and Swindon Solitaire (17). This weekend they play Hitchin Regal (Friday) and London Camden Electric Ballroom (Saturday), with The Defects supporting on both dates, plus Under Two Flags at Camden.

Creole's seventh for London

KID CREOLE & The Coconuts have now added yet another London concert to their upcoming "Lifeboat Party" tour. They are already set to play at the Hammersmith Odeon from September 19–24 inclusive but, owing to continuing heavy demand, they've now slotted in a seventh consecutive night at that theatre—on Sunday, September 25, and tickets go on sale today priced £7, £6 and £5. As reported, the group will have a new album released by Island to coincide with the tour's opening on August 24, and it's now learned that the provisional LP title is 'Doppelganger'.

DEVOTO SETS HIS LONDON SHOW

HOWARD DEVOTO has now confirmed a London show as replacement for his cancelled July 23 concert—he was due to appear at the Commonwealth Institute in Kensington on that date, but pulled out when his advisers declared that venue to be unsuitable. He now plays the Lyceum Ballroom in The Strand on Sunday, August 7, supported by The Smiths and SPK. Tickets are on sale now all at the one price of £3.50, and the promoters are Head Music.

CARMEL and her group are playing a couple of dates in support of their new single (see *Record News*)—at Liverpool Gatsby's (August 4) and London Ronnie Scott's Club (7). They then go into the studio to complete their first album (for October release) and a more comprehensive tour will follow in September.

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS, who've been working with Tapper Zukie to provide backing vocals for his next single, have a handful of dates coming up. They are at London Brixton The Fridge (tonight, Thursday), Cardiff Casablanca (Saturday) and London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (August 2), the latter two with Blue Midnight. Two other London dates are at Camden Musicians Collective with Frank Chickens (August 13) and The Drill Hall in Chelms Street, W.C.1 (14).

FAIRPORT CONVENTION are playing three nights at London Putney Half Moon, prior to their annual reunion festival at Cropredy the following weekend. The Half Moon also has gigs by Texas rock'n'roller Buddy Knox (this Saturday), the last-ever UK date by Geno Washington (Sunday) and the near-legendary Dr. John (August 1). Another London date for Dr. John is at Camden Dingwalls this Saturday (30).

AMAZULU will be appearing this Sunday (31) in Ireland's annual Lisdoonvara Festival, which is headlined this year by Van Morrison. Before leaving, they're playing a few warm-up dates—after last night's show at London The Venue, they're at Sheffield Leadmill (tonight, Thursday) and Colwyn Bay C.J.'s (Friday).

JOHN OTWAY has landed a weekly residency at London Fulham King's head throughout next month. He'll be in action there every Friday—August 5, 12, 19 and 26.

THE CHAMELEONS, whose projected gig at London Marquee on July 18 was pulled out at short notice because The Police were planning a secret show there, now play that venue on August 14. Other dates for the band are at Wakefield Hellfire Club (August 3), London Fulham Greyhound (4), Bath Moles (5), Aberdeen Valhalla (10), Fort William Milton Hotel (12), Manchester Jiljies (17), Liverpool The System (19) and London Camden Dingwalls (23).

THE DEATH CULT have now confirmed *NME's* report, two weeks ago, that they'll be playing London Brixton The Ace on Saturday 17 with admission at just £1. Tickets go on sale only at the Ace box-office at noon next Monday (1), and are limited to four per person.

GBH and Peter & The Test Tube Babies top a multi-band bill at London Strand Lyceum on Sunday, August 28. Several other acts have still to be confirmed and, because of the numbers involved, there will be a 5pm start. Tickets are all at the one price of £3.50.

FORREST, whose second British tour was announced last week, has now confirmed the only London date in his schedule. It's at The Fridge in Brixton on Friday, August 19.

THE METEORS
UNDER TWO FLAGS
ELECTRIC BALLROOM
SATURDAY 30th JULY at 8:00pm
184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1 (NEAREST TUBE CAMDEN TOWN)
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) AVAILABLE FROM ROCK ON RECORDS, 184 CAMDEN HIGH ST. (BEHIND ELECTRIC BALLROOM), OR FROM FOLLOWING AGENTS: (BOOKING FEE CHARGED) LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET, KINGS RD.) OR £3.50 AT DOOR ON NIGHT.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
242 SHEPHERDS BUSH RD., W6
KILLING JOKE
THE BOX
SUNDAY 31st JULY at 8:00
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE PALAIS BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 2812, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET, KINGS RD.) OR £3.50 ON NIGHT.

HOWARD DEVOTO LYCEUM strand wc2
SUNDAY 7th AUGUST at 7:30
THE SMITHS
TICKETS £3.50 (INC. VAT) ADVANCE LYCEUM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 836 3715, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 2245, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 836 2184, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 283 9261, STARGREEN, TEL: 437 5282, ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, PRESENTED BY HEAD MUSIC, THE CAGE (GEAR MARKET, KINGS RD.) OR £3.50 ON NIGHT.

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Midsummer Open Air Concert at Loreli, on the Rhine, West Germany **Saturday August 20th.**
DAVE EDMUNDS, U2, STRAY CATS, JOE COCKER, STEVE MILLER
Price of £59 includes all transport, first class hotel, channel ferry and concert ticket. Depart London Midnight 18th August, return morning 21st August. Send £20 deposit per person. Tick Box 1.
Christopher Cross in Paris on 10th September
Price of £60, includes all transport, first class hotel, channel ferry and concert ticket. Depart London midnight 9th Sept return morning 11th Sept. Send £20 deposit per person. Tick Box 2.
YES in Lille, France on 17th September
Price of £40 includes all transport, channel ferry & concert ticket, no overnight accommodation. Depart morning 17 Sept. return morning 18th Sept. Tick Box 3.
YES in Lille, France 17th September.
Price of £57 includes all transport, channel ferry & concert ticket, first class hotel. Depart midnight 16th Sept. return morning 18th Sept. Tick Box 4.
I WISH TO PAY BY ACCESS/VISA. CREDIT CARD NO.:
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Anniversary Appearance of CARAVAN
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Saturday 30th & Sunday 31st July (Adm £2.50)
Welcome Return Of
CHELSEA
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

August 1st August (Adm £2.00)
THE DEFECTS
The Climb & Martin Ball

Tuesday 2nd August (Adm £2.00)
PENDRAGON
Plus support & Jerry Floyd

Wednesday 3rd August (Adm £2.00)
CHEVALIER BROTHERS
Plus guests & Jerry Floyd

Thursday 4th, Friday 5th & Saturday 6th August (Adm £3.50)
ECSTASY & VENETTA SHOWS!
SEX GANG CHILDREN
Plus guest & Jerry Floyd

ADVANCE TICKETS ARE AVAILABLE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS
— TO MEMBERS ONLY

READING ROCK '83

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GYMSLIPS
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Thursday 4th August
THE OPPOSITION
+ GOODNIGHT FOREVER

Licensed Bar & Food—8.30-12Midnight
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THUR. AUG 11th
VIRGIN PRUNES
and
THE SISTERS OF MERCY
8 PM - DOORS 8 PM £3.50

THUR. AUG 18th
CABARET VOLTAIRE
The CABARET VOLTAIRE VIDEO
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Tickets - Post. C.P.D. + S.A.E. 184. CAMDEN HIGH RD NW1
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FAC 51

THE HACIENDA

Thursday 28th July
ANIMAL NIGHTLIFE

Wednesday 3rd August
ROMAN HOLLIDAY

Friday 5th August
LYDIA LUNCH
Only U.K. Appearance
Thursday 11th August

Friday 12th August
SALT'S BIRTHDAY featuring
NEW YORK CITY PEECH BOYS

Saturday afternoons 12-3.00 pm
The Balcony Bar and Restaurant are now open. Admission free to all. The New Membership cards are now ready to collect at The Box Office.

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ACE

Tel 274 4663
100 yds - Brixton Tube (Next to Town Hall)
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Thursday 28th July	TENPOLE TUDOR + King Kurt + Serious Drinking	£2.50
Friday 29th July	EXPLOITED One Way System + Destructors + Broken Bones + Living In Texas	£2.50 Adv £3.00 Door
Sunday 31st July (+ Every Sunday)	SIR COXSONE SOUND SYSTEM + Guest Sound	£2.00
Saturday 6th August	DELROY WILSON + Son Of Man + Family Love + Unity Hi-Fi	£5.00
Saturday 13th August	PAT KELLY + AL CAMPBELL + TAPPER ZUKIE	£4.50 Adv £5.00 Door
Wednesday 17th September	THE DEATH CULT	£1.00

All Gigs Marked ★ ½ Price to Ace Cardholders

Tickets on Sale Now at Red Records + Premier Box Office London Theatre Bookings + Rough Trade + The Cage in the gear Market (Punk Gigs only) — Kings Road

ALL SHOWS DOORS 7.30 pm

plp & outlaw present

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIVEONS

MON. 17th OCTOBER 8pm
HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
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WED. 19th OCTOBER 8pm
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tickets £4.50 for all London shows available from box offices and Hammersmith Odeon tel. 748 4081
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Allow 6 weeks delivery.

CLOCKING IN

THE WAREHOUSE CLUB

19/20 Somers St, Leeds 1. Phone 468287

Thursday 28th July THE NERVE	Thursday 11th August THE SMITHS
Thursday 4th August THE EUROPEANS	Monday 15th August CABARET VOLTAIRE

LATE BAR 9 - 2a.m Sunday Gigs doors open 7.30p.m - 10.30p.m.

BROADWAY

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Thursday 28th July	BARNEY'S 50's DISCO	£1.00
Friday 29th July	FLESH FOR LULU + Stephen Foster	£1.50
Saturday 30th July	SAD AMONG STRANGERS + East To West	£1.50
Sunday 31st July	FREEHAND + Take Us Two	£1.00
Monday 1st August	BABY GO BOOM + Monomix	£1.50
Tuesday 2nd August	IDIOT BALLROOM BEACH PARTY	50p
Wednesday 3rd August	THE LUCY SHOW/ DRUNK ON CAKE	£1.00

Real Ale Served 7.30-11p.m.

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4 FULHAM HIGH ST: 736 1413

Thursday 28th July	THE WEBSTERS	£1.50
Friday 29th July	HERE & NOW	£2.00
Saturday 30th July	RICKY COOL	£2.00
Sunday 31st July	THE WEBSTERS	£1.50
Monday 1st August	BRIAN KNIGHT BAND	£1.00
Tuesday 2nd August	THE CHASERS	£1.00
Wednesday 3rd August	THE ILLUSIONZ	£1.00

Apologies to the bands who were omitted from last weeks advert. We are sorry for any inconvenience caused.

TO ADVERTISE ON THE LIVE PAGE

Ring ALEX on 01-261 6153

THE CASTLE CLUB

452 Finchley Road London NW11 Tel 01-455 3501

Thursday 28th July	CLUB NIGHT with THE GROUP and THE SIXTIES SOUL DISCO	Adm £1.50
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Saturday 30th July	HANK WANGFORD	£2.00
Monday 1st August	JAKATTI	£1.50
Tuesday 2nd August	THE SCREAMING LOBSTERS	£1.50
Wednesday 3rd August	PEACOCK PARADE	£1.50

CAMBRIDGE FOLK FESTIVAL

CHERRY HINTON HALL GROUNDS WEEKEND OF 29-30-31 JULY 1983

PROMOTED BY CAMBRIDGE CITY COUNCIL AMMUTED AND RECREATION COMMITTEE

SPONSORED BY JAMES PAINE BREWERY LTD ROYAL CATERING GUINNESS HP BULMER LTD

THE MARIA MULDAURE BAND	ROARING JELLY
THE STRAWBS	BRIAN PATTEN
STEPHANE GRAPPELLI	ROGER MCGOUGH
JOHN FAHEY	COSMOTHEKA
THE FUREYS AND DAVEY ARTHUR	ERIC ANDERSEN
QUEEN IDA	THE OYSTER BAND
ALEXIS KORNER	CILLA FISHER & ARTIE TREZISE
PETER ROWAN	SHEP WOOLLEY
FLACO JIMENEZ	CARYL P. WEISS
TEX LOGAN	GILLIE McPHERSON
JOHN HAMMOND	DAVE PEABODY
RICHARD DIGNANCE	BOB HALL
ALISTAIR ANDERSON	BOB GREENWOOD
(STEEL SKIES)	KEVIN SEISAY
STEVE YOUNG	RONNIE & JOHNNY
FRED WEDLOCK	

(Subject to contracts and work permits)

TICKETS: Weekend £15: Saturday £8: Sunday £8
Camping 75p per person

Tickets are only available from the Cambridge City Box Office, Lion Yard, Cambridge. For Booking Form telephone Cambridge 358977 ext. 342.

Cheques made payable to Cambridge City Council

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'LOOK—BIRMINGHAM LEADS THE WAY'

GOOD NEWS FOR BLACK ENTERTAINMENT MUSICIANS, PROMOTERS, AGENTS, ARTISTES.

TOP RANK - Dale End, Birmingham re-opens new name first week in August

THE HUMMINGBIRD

Capacity 2,000 with a major new concept in Live Entertainment - 7 days a week! Something for everyone!

MONDAYS Reggae, Soul, Funk, Lovers' Rock, D.J. Competitions, Opportunity Hour for new Talents. 8.00 p.m.-2.00 a.m.

TUESDAYS JAZZ-BIG BAND MUSIC 8.00 p.m.-2.00 a.m.

WEDNESDAYS ROCK, POP, JAZZ FUNK 8.00 p.m.-11.00 p.m.

THURSDAYS Over 25's Rhythm n' Blues, Rock n' Roll 8.00 p.m.-2.00 a.m.

FRIDAYS Like Mondays (Reggae, Soul, Funk, Soca, etc) 8.00 p.m.-2.00 a.m.

SATURDAYS DISCO for over 18's 8.00 p.m.-2.00 a.m.

SUNDAYS Roller Disco 2.30 p.m.-5.30 p.m.
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ALSO: BEAUTY CONTESTS, FASHION SHOWS, HAIRDRESSERS SEMINARS and EXHIBITIONS, BOXING & WRESTLING CONTESTS, CONFERENCES etc. Coach Trips, Promoters, Agents, Artistes, Welcome to talk business.

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Contact: Mr Lloyd G. Blake
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Winsor Green
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B18 4BA
Tel: 021-554 2594 021-551 4015

! FORTHCOMING ATTRACTIONS!

August 5th	Reggae	Winston Reedy	Jazz	Ronnie Scott	Jazz Funk	Brass	Chi-Lites
August 9th	LACKO RANKING	TALISMAN	Humphrey Lyttleton	MORRISSEY MULLEN	Kenny Ball	and many more	Supremes
August 12th	Medium Wave Band	BESHARA	Mad Professor	Ranking Anne	Black Roots	and many more	Edwin Starr
August 15th	Mad Professor	Ranking Anne	Black Roots	Reggae Special			Emerald
August 21st							and many more
August 29th							

BANK HOLIDAY coming soon MARCIA GRIFFITHS.

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★ JOHN HAMMOND ★
+ SUPPORT SAT 30

★ THE COBRAS ★
SUPPORTED BY INTERNATIONAL RESCUE

LIVE MUSIC, BAR, DISCO, RESTAURANT, VIDEO

MON 1 SHOWCASE NIGHT

★ ZERRA ONE 13at MIDNIGHT ★
★ SECOND THOUGHTS ★

TUE 2 FROM U.S.A. ★

★ THE PEECH BOYS ★
SUPPORTED BY THE CORPORATION

WED 3 FROM U.S.A. FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY ★

★ DR. JOHN ★
★ & SUPPORT ★

THUR 4 FORTNIGHTLY RESIDENCY

★ TENPOLE TUDOR ★

FRI 5 FROM U.S.A. ★

★ BUDDY KNOX ★

EAT & DRINK AT DINGWALLS BEFORE 10pm AND SAVE A FORTUNE

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY 28th

Ardaraig Public Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Ayr Darlington Hotel: **Blaze**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Orphan**
Birmingham Duma Express: **The Dark Room/ The Dancing Dids**
Bournemouth The Third Side: **Un Deux Twang**
Bradford Ticks: **Quasar**
Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
Broadstairs Grand Ballroom: **English Rogues**
Burnley Tiffany's: **Smokin' Roadie**
Bury The Derby Hall: **Yes Sir**
Cambridge Cherry Hinton Hall: **Hooked On Classics (Royal Philharmonic Orchestra)**
Cardiff Green Man: **Kinky Boots**
Chesterfield Star Inn: **Our Pete & The Wage Slips/Jeanie & The 4 1/2 Garden Gnomes**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Poor Boys**
Deal Swan Hotel: **The Record Players**
Edinburgh Calton Studios: **The Green Telescope/The Prescription**
Exeter Crocks: **The Playn Jayn**
Folkestone Peter Piper: **Emotional Play**
Glasgow Nightmoves: **One The Juggler**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Scarabus**
Hartlepool The Nursery: **The Showers**
Henley-on-Thames Five Horseshoes Hotel: **Warm Snorkel**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Low Profile**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Martial Law**
Hull Spring Street Theatre: **Killing Joke**
Leeds Warehouse: **Snake Davis & His Alligator Shoes**
Liverpool The Mayflower: **The Rivals**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Bobby Wellins**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Duffo**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Little Sister**
London Brixton The Ace: **Tenpole Tudor/King Kurt**
London Brixton The Fridge: **The Impossible Dreamers / Shade The Maestro**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Flaco Jimenez/ Peter Rowan / Tex Logan**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Zodiacs**
London Camden Musicians Collective: **Eddie Provost Supersession**
London Catford Black Horse: **The Wild Eagles**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Two Heroes**
London Covent Garden Seven Dials: **Alan Skidmore Trio**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Dave Bitelli Sextet**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Heartbeats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Outboys / Foreign Flags**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Websters**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Boobies / Key West**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Black Shades / The Body Electric**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Oyster Band / Cosmotheke**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Neopolitans**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kensington Sunset Club: **The Gymslips/Peacock Parade**
London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Neville Dickie & Guests (until Saturday)**
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: **Blue Moon Boys**
London Marquee Club: **Caravan**
London N.7 The Favourite: **Jan Ponsford Quintet with Jim Dvorak**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Feelers**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **The London Cowboys/Dog's D'Amour**
London Putney Half Moon: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Ronnie Scott's Club: **Maria Muldaur (until Saturday)**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Sims Dixie Kings**
London Shepherd's Bush The Bush Hotel: **East To West**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Digby Fairweather House Band**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30pm): **The Potpotters**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Total Strangers**
London Stockwell The Plough: **The London Apaches**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Zaine Griff / The Hollywood Killers**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Tunnel Vision / Innamanna**
London W.1 (Charlotte St) Sol y Sombra: **The Chevalier Brothers**
London W.1 (Gt. Portland St) The Albany: **Room 13**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Will Gaines**
Manchester Hacienda Club: **Animal Nightlife**
Manchester The Garage Club: **Le Lu-Lu's**
Milborne Port Tapps Nightclub: **Chapter 29/ India**
Milton Keynes Peartree Centre: **Meatpie**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Colin Staples Breadline / Ray Gunn & The Lasers**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Samurai**
Penzance Regent Hotel: **The Recessions**
Perth Plough Inn: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Pontardawe Dynevor Arms: **Force Nine**
Rayleigh Crocs: **Serious Drinking**
Reading Target Club: **John Otway**
Redruth Parc Veau Hotel: **New Jubilee Band**
Sheffield Limit Club: **Mechanical Wombats / March The Third / New Passing Strangers**
Sheffield The Hanover: **Vincent Tate & The Innocents / The Fighting Tikkas**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Amazulu**
St. Helens Sherdley Park (noon-10pm, also Friday): **Free Rock Festival with Soma Coma / Cyoka/Rize / Blue Moon / Ulterior Motive / The Floating Adults and many more**

Stockport Smugglers: **The All Time Classics**
Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre: **Brian Thacker Trio**
Sunderland Heros: **Sanderson's Sixth Of A Gill**
Watford Verulam Arms: **Black Tiger**
Whitley Bay Royal Banqueting Hall: **Club 75**
Wokingham Angie's: **Tony McPhee Band**
Wolverhampton The Woodhays: **Sub Zero**

FRIDAY 29th

Aberdeen The Venue: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Ayr Darlington Hotel: **One The Juggler**
Beverley Hills Club: **Moscow**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Cry Of The Innocent**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Proper Little Madams**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **Bone Orchard**
Bristol Domino Club: **Force Nine**
Cambridge Folk Festival at Cherry Hinton Park: **Maria Muldaur Band / The Strawbs / Queen Ida / Alexis Korner / Richard Digance / Roger McGough / The Fureys & Davy Arthur / Stephane Grappelli / Roaring Jelly / Fred Wedlock and many more (until Sunday).**
Cambridge Guildhall: **Stephane Grappelli**
Cardiff Green Man: **Kinky Boots**
Colwyn Bay C.J.'s: **Amazulu**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Freehand**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **K.2**
Dunstable Civic Hall: **Killing Joke**
Feltham Football Club: **The Subhumans**
Folkestone White Lion Hotel: **Fretwork**
Frome (Beckington) The Woolpack: **Static Activity / Scarlet Downs**
Glasgow Night Moves: **Animal Nightlife/ Corporate I.D.**
Glasgow The Venue: **Blaze**
Gloucester Bristol Hotel: **Life Studies Organization**
Gravesend Red Lion: **Seducer**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **I.Q.**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Dream Cycle 7**
Hastings Rumours Club: **The Sinatras**
Hitchin The Regal: **The Meteors**
Leeds Brannigans: **Omega Tribe / The Varukers / Ginger John**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **The Fall / Shake Appeal**
London Barnes Bulls Head: **Big Chief**
London Battersea Arts Centre: **Ekome**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Ruthless Blues Band**
London Brixton The Ace: **The Exploited/One Way System**
London Camden Dingwalls: **John Hammond**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ricky Cool**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **Kathy Stobart Quintet**
London Farringdon Metropolitan: **Arda Berkshire/Drunk On Cake**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Opposition**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Inmates/The Shakers**
London Fulham King's Head: **Here & Now**
London Hackney Chats Palace: **Sweet Distortion/3-D Mania / Andy Cunningham**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Flesh For Lulu / Stephen Foster**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Kenny Fender Band**
London Highgate The Gate House: **Roy Harper**
London Kennington The Cricketers: **Gaspar Lewal Band**
London Kentish Town The Falcon: **Dix-Six Band**
London Marquee Club: **Caravan**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **The Creamies**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
London Peckham Newlands Tavern: **Tokyo**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Original East Side Stompers**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Joan Cunningham Quartet**
London Soho Poly Theatre: **Living Space (7.30pm)/The London Combo (10pm)**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30pm): **The Jumping Belafontes**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban & Al MacLain**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Chevalier Brothers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Heatwave**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Sexagisma / The Playn Jayn**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Dogs D'Amour / Marionette**
London W.10 Acklam Hall: **Gaz's Rebel Blues Rockers/The Notting Hillbillies**
London W.C.1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dave Kelly Band**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **M.C. International**
Manchester (Collyhurst) Osborne House: **Street Gipsy Blues Band**
Manchester Millstone Hotel: **Blood Beast / Horror**
Nether Compton Village Hall: **The Outer Limits**
Northampton John Clare Music School: **Hamlet Aside**
Norwich Gala Ballroom: **UK Subs / Panorama In Black / Reality**
Nottingham The Asylum: **Splat!**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Tranzam**
Penzance Winston's Wine Bar: **Kris Gayle & Trio**
Southampton Anglesea Tavern: **The Press**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Me And My Ferret**
St. Germans (Cornwall) Elephant Fayre: **Clint Eastwood & General Saint/Benjamin Zephaniah/Black Roots**
Stirling Mayfield Centre: **Wild Indians / Boogie Disease / Screaming Nobodies / 4 Walls Shakin**
Stockport Quaffer's: **Forrest**
Tobermory (Mull) Aros Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Geddes Axe**
West Drayton Anglers Retreat: **Jeep**

Wokingham Angie's: **Yes Sir**
York I.N.L. Club: **Bunny Lust/Sins Of The Mission / Stagnant Hero**

SATURDAY 30th

Ashford The Ben Truman: **Sky High**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Killing Joke**
Birmingham Salfrey Festival at Adderley Park: **And Also The Trees / Xpertz / Atheist Age / Amiak / Prediction etc.**
Birmingham Tin Can Club: **Sade**
Birmingham The Vine: **Great Outdoors**
Boston Leverton Leisure Centre: **King Kurt**
Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre: **Miller & Fowler**
Bradford University: **The Word**
Braithwaite Essex Barn: **Heatwave**
Brighton Lewes Road Inn: **Freddie 'Fingers' Lee**
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: **The Ghost Shirts / Smash The Dive / Bone Orchard**
Bristol Granary: **Larry Miller**
Burton-in-Kendal Clawthorpe Hall: **The Nashville Teens**
Cardiff Casablanca Club: **The Impossible Dreamers / Blue Midnight**
Carshalton Cottage of Content: **Deliverance**
Carterton The Osprey: **Jiff Boy Jive**
Chesterfield Top Rank: **Bingo Reg & The Screaming Jeannies / Stuttering Jack & The Heart Attacks**
Colne Francis: **March Violets**
Corydon The Cartoon: **The Harlequins**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Sammy Mitchell Band**
Gateshead Musicians Collective: **State Of Emergency**
Gt. Yarmouth Big Apple: **Tango Grill**
Hanley The Place: **The Nerve**
Harrow The Roxborough: **Takeway**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Wrathchild / Jelous**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **The Troggs**
Inverness Eden Court Theatre: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
Kimberley Abbots Hall: **Chasar**
Leeds Florde Green Hotel: **Nine Play Hendrix**
Liverpool Holly's Bar: **Kinky Boots**
Liverpool The Playhouse: **Ekome Dance Company**
London Archway Whittington Park (1 pm): **This Is**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Champion Doug Veitch**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cobras / International Rescue**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Camden Electric Ballroom: **The Meteors / Under Two Flags / The Defects / The Stingrays**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Gist**
London Covent Garden The Canteen: **John Tank Quartet**
London Finchley Rd. The Castle: **Hank Wangford Band**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Chevalier Brothers / B. Boat**
London Fulham King's Head: **Ricky Cool**
London Greenwich The Mitre: **Dave Kelly Band / Barflies**
London Hammersmith Bishops Park Theatre: **New Vaudeville Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Sad Among Strangers / It's A Tightrope**
London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Theatre: **Skinners Rats**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Tammy Cline**
London Islington Blue Coat Boy: **Chaos / Skeptics / The Skrews**
London Kensington The Cricketers: **Juice On The Loose**
London Leicester-Square The Jive Dive (at The Subway): **The Rhythm Men**
London Marquee Club: **Chelsea**
London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Cayenne**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra**
London Putney Half Moon: **Buddy Knox**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Malc Murphy Band**
London Shepherd's Bush Northcroft School (2pm): **Andy Mason/Instant Title Group**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Mike Garrick Quartet / Pete Shade**
London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30pm): **One Million Fuzz-Tone Guitars**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Talkover**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Spirit Level**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Tottenham-Court Road Dominion Theatre: **Lonnie Liston Smith**
London Tottenham-Court Road Empire Rooms: **Highlife Show with Sweet Talks / members of Osibisa**
London Wembley Conference Centre: **Steel Band Festival**
London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **Impalas**
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **The Impossible Dreamers / Taming The Outback**
London W.1 (Bond St) Embassy Club: **Compulsion**
Louth Town Centre (Open-air): **Still Life**
Malvern Nag's Head: **Dealer**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Rhythm Method**
Manchester Morrisseys: **UK Subs / The Toy Dolls / Uproar**
Newcastle Humberstone Theatre: **Moscow**
Norwich Whites Club: **I.Q.**
Oban Corran Hall: **Boys Of The Lough**
Oxford Pennyfarthing: **Wild Willy Barrett**
Peterborough Stilton Hall: **Mithrandir / Butterlye Stew**
Port Talbot Taibah Rugby Club: **Force Nine**
Reading Target Club: **Toucan Trolls**
Retford Porterhouse: **One The Juggler**
Rotherham Clifton Hall: **Flying Saucers / Bel-Airs / Wild Cat**
Salisbury Coach & Horses: **The Press**
Sheffield The Hanover: **A Bohemian Situation**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **Tom Robinson Band**
St. Albans City Hall: **Gothique**
St. Germans (Cornwall) Elephant Fayre: **The Cure / Laughing Academy / SPK**
Stockport Cobden's Place: **Yes Sir**
Stockport Quaffer's: **Forrest**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **Cyrka**
Wingham Well Eight Bells: **Isengard**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**
Wishaw Hethery Rock Machine: **Blaze**
Wokingham Angie's: **John Spencer Band**

CONTINUES OVER

Steppin' out with The Cure



TWO major open-air events are taking place this weekend, and we first turn our attention to the Elephant Fayre at St. Germans (Port Eliot) in Cornwall. The main concert on Saturday is headlined by THE CURE in their only UK appearance this summer, and introducing their new-look line-up – they're supported by LAUGHING ACADEMY and SPK. Friday night's reggae show features CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT and BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH, among others – and the Sunday bill includes RIP RIG & PANIC, WILKO JOHNSON & LEW LEWIS and ROY HARPER. But these concerts are not the only aspect of the Fayre – there's also daytime on-site entertainment, theatre, dance, alternative cabaret, poetry, videos, disco, and much more besides. Seems like a good weekend, though it's a bit far to travel, unless you happen to live in the West Country or are there on holiday.

It's probably true to say that, in any summer, there are more folk festivals than any other outdoor events – and the high point of the calendar comes this Friday with the opening of the three-day Cambridge Folk Festival at its usual site in Cherry Hinton Hall Grounds. Over 30 acts will be appearing and, although we can't list them all (you can check them in the live adverts), the principal names include MARIA MULDAUR, the specially re-formed STRAWBS, QUEEN IDA of zydeco fame, ALEXIS KORNER and RICHARD DIGANCE. It's always a well-organised event – and there are various other shows taking place coincidentally in the city, including one on Sunday by TOM ROBINSON.

By the way, there are a number of smaller festivals being held over the next few days, and the fact that they don't necessarily have the big-name acts shouldn't deter you from attending – what they lack in stature, they invariably make up for in enthusiasm and bonhomie. You might care to make special note of rock festivals at ST. HELENS (Thursday and Friday) and SALTLEY in Birmingham (Saturday), both of which are free.

Two summer tours get under way this week. The first sees the return of FORREST, following his chart successes with 'Rock The Boat' and 'Feel The Need', and the first gigs on his date sheet take him to Stockport (Friday and Saturday), Huddersfield (Sunday) and Birmingham (Tuesday and Wednesday). And with people in Scotland frequently complaining that tour schedules often tend to ignore them, there's the novelty of a tour devoted exclusively to Scotland by JACK BRUCE and Friends (all of them very well-known session musicians), which hits the high road in Perth on Thursday.

In London, the Marquee Club's 25th birthday season continues apace, with two special CARAVAN reunion gigs (Thursday and Friday), as well as a brace by the recently re-formed CHELSEA (Saturday and Sunday). And KILLING JOKE reach the climax of their tour at the Hammersmith Palais on Sunday.

Below: CLINT EASTWOOD & GENERAL SAINT



SUNDAY

31st

Arbroath Smokies: **Animal Nightlife**
 Ascot Horse & Groom: **Jeep**
 Ashford Bybrook Tavern: **Pete Turner Band**
 Bathgate Kaim Park Hotel: **Blaze**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Sub Zero**
 Bradford Manhattan Club: **Xero**
 Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
 Cambridge Arts Theatre: **Tom Robinson Band**
 Cardiff Bogey's: **Force Nine**
 Cheriton White Lion: **Maroon Dogs**
 Colne Franks: **Vengeance**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **The London Apaches** (lunchtime)/**Little Sister** (evening)
 Folkestone Valiant Sailor: **Dokey Hill**
 Glasgow Mayfair Ballroom: **The Dolphins**
 High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Alligators**
 Huddersfield Town Hall: **Forrest**
 Ipswich Dukes Club: **I.Q.**
 Kettering Kings Arms (lunchtime): **Dave Johnson Jazz Band & Guests**
 London Barnes Bulls Head: **Georgie Fame/Pete King Group**
 London Battersea Nag's Head: **Jugular Vein**
 London Brentford Red Lion: **Fast Buck** (lunchtime)/**Rodeo** (evening)
 London Brixton The Ace: **Sammy Dread/The Lone Ranger**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **Ian Hunt & Jay Stapley's Living Daylites**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Carol Grimes Band**
 London Friern Barnet Orange Tree (lunchtime): **Young Jazz**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Dave Kelly Band**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Playn Jayn/Any Anxious Colour**
 London Greenwich Theatre Bar: **John Stevens' Away**
 London Hackney Chats Palace (lunchtime): **Roland Perrin Quartet**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Freehand/Take Us Two**
 London Hammersmith Palais: **Killing Joke/Play Dead**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Buddy Knox**
 London Islington King's Head Theatre Club: **Roberto Campoverde**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Gonzalez**
 London Marquee Club: **Chelsea**
 London N.W.2 Hogs Grunt: **Pete Neighbour Band** (lunchtime)/**Joe Concorde Band** (evening)
 London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Geno Washington & The Soul Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Ken Hyett's Good Vibes** (lunchtime)/**Rio Grande Hot Tango Orchestra** (evening)
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Paul Sealey Duo**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Brendon Hoban's South London Jam**
 London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **The Republic**



MARIA MULDAUR
at the Cambridge Folk Festival

London Walthamstow The Chestnut Tree: **Steve Turner**
 London Westminster-Bridge Rd. The Towers: **The Mixtures**
 London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Chris Hodgkins Quintet**
 Margate First & Last: **Dave Corsby Band**
 Morpeth George & Dragon: **Meatpie**
 Newbridge Memorial Hall: **Tobruk**
 Newcastle The Playhouse (lunchtime): **East Side Torpedoes**
 Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
 Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Dawn Trader**
 Peterborough Key Theatre (lunchtime): **Lloyd Watson Band**
 Pitlochry Festival Theatre: **Boy Of The Lough**
 Poynton Folk Centre: **Enzo Puzovio/The Sad Pig Band**
 Saltburn Cleveland Musicians Collective: **State Of Emergency**
 St. Germans (Cornwall) Elephant Fayre: **Rip Rig & Panic/Roy Harper/Wilko Johnson & Lew Lewis/Robin Williamson/Ivor Cutler**
 Sutton Secombe Centre: **Between The Sheets**
 Warnham (near Horsham) Cricket Field: **Here & Now/House Of Hearts/Moonshine/The Promise etc.**
 Warrington Riverside: **Fair Warning**
 Wokingham Angie's: **Juissance**

MONDAY

1st

Cardiff St. David's Hall: **David Essex**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Eavesdropper**
 Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Zebra One/Thirteen**
 At Midnight/Second Thoughts
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Pokadots**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Flaco Jimenez/**

The Armadillos
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Pamplona Reunion Night**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Scene/The Impact**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Brian Knight**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **Baseball Boys/The First Third**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **Ipsos Facto/Monomix**
 London Knightsbridge Pizza On The Park: **Steve Ross (until August 20)**
 London Manor Park Ruskin Arms: **Seducer**
 London N.W.2 The Castle: **Wes McGhee & Friends**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Doctor John**
 London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30pm): **The Joeys**
 London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **The Republic**
 London W.1 (Greek St.) Le Boat Route: **Peech Boys/Trevor Harron**
 London W.1 (Maddox St.) Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars**
 Newcastle-under-Lyme Tiffany's: **Smokin' Roadie**
 Stormoway Cabareidh: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
 Sunderland Barbary Coast: **The Nerve**
 Swinton Bee Hive Hotel: **Rockin Horse**
 Watford Bailey's: **Heatwave** (until Saturday)

TUESDAY

2nd

Barnsley Rebecca's: **The Nerve**
 Birmingham Night Out: **Forrest**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Ex Rental**
 Derby Smithy's Wine Bar: **Head For Texas**
 Leeds Parkers Wine Bar: **Xero**

Liverpool Pyramid Club: **The Brazier Brothers**
 London Brixton The Fridge: **Big Self**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Peech Boys/The Corporation**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Bonanza Bros.**
 London Canning Town The Balmoral: **The Wreckangles**
 London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Ekome Dance Company/Julian Bahula's Jazz Afrika**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **Time Haines Heartwave**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Empire/This Is**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Chasers**
 London Greenwich The Mitre: **B. Vox**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel (Idiot Ballroom): **The Impossible Dreamers/Blue Midnight/Twelve Inch**
 London Hammersmith Ravenscourt Park Theatre: **Dead Sea Surfers**
 London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **Rockets**
 London Marquee Club: **Pendragon**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Flaco Jimenez/Peter Rowan**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband**
 London Southbank National Theatre Terrace (6.30pm): **The Bouncing Czechs**
 London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **The Europeans**
 London W.1 (Jermyn St.) Maunkberrys: **Richard Green & The Next Step**
 Newcastle Corner House Hotel: **Willie Payne-Sid Warren Quintet**
 Nottingham Lyrics Wine Bar: **The Untouchables**
 Poole Arts Centre: **David Essex**
 Richmond (Yorks) Terrace House Hotel: **Zenith**
 Sheffield Limit Club: **Dynamic/Lotus Cruise/Baroque**

Sheffield The Hanover: **Bob Gilpin's Inheritance**
 Stirling Cowane Centre: **Mississippi Groovers/22 Beaches/James Brian Nelson**
 St. Margaret's (Dover) Red Lion: **Johnny Shoeshine**
 Swindon Groundwell Farm (2-10pm): **Here & Now/Solstice/ European Theatre Of War etc.**

WEDNESDAY

3rd

Aberdeen Valhalla: **The Wake**
 Birmingham Night Out: **Forrest**
 Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Born Loser**
 Blairgowrie The Gig: **Jack Bruce & Friends**
 Bradford Tipples (1 in 12 Club): **Stallion/Ichor**
 Derby The Birdhouse: **The Innocent**
 Burnley Town Mouse: **The Nerve**
 Dunstable Wheatsheaf: **Rendezvous**
 Leeds Brannigans: **The Defects/Emergency**
 Leeds Pack Horse Hotel: **Xero**
 London Battersea Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers/Hep Cats Go Ape**
 London Battersea Incognito's: **Loi Coxhill/Dave Green**
 London Brixton Frontline Theatre: **Cafe Cabaret**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Doctor John**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Electric Bluebirds**
 London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles**
 London Ealing Questors Theatre: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames/Don Weller-Bryan Spring Quartet**
 London Fulham Golden Lion: **The Hollywood Killers**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Trilogy/Scorched Earth**
 London Fulham King's Head: **Basils Ballsup Band**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Hotel: **The Lucy Show/Drunk On Cake**
 London Highgate Lazars: **The Europeans**
 London Kennington The Cricketers: **The Continuing Story**
 London King's Cross Pindar of Wakefield: **Domino featuring Noel McCalla**
 London Knightsbridge The Grove: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
 London N.1 Radnor Arms: **Marcus Hadley**
 London N.15 The Fox: **Innamanna**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Flaco Jimenez/Peter Rowan**
 London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny Parker Trio**
 London Southgate The Cherry Tree: **Big Chief**
 London W.1 (Bond St.) Embassy Club: **Ghost Manchester Hacienda Club: Roman Holiday**
 New Romney The Seahorse: **Beatles For Sale**
 Poole Arts Centre: **David Essex**
 Sidmouth Folk Festival: **Roaring Jelly etc.**
 South Woodford Railway Bell: **Original East Side Stompers**
 Stirling Avant Garde: **The Hollow Men**
 Wakefield Hellfire Club: **The Chameleons**
 Wingham Well Eight Bells: **English Rogues**

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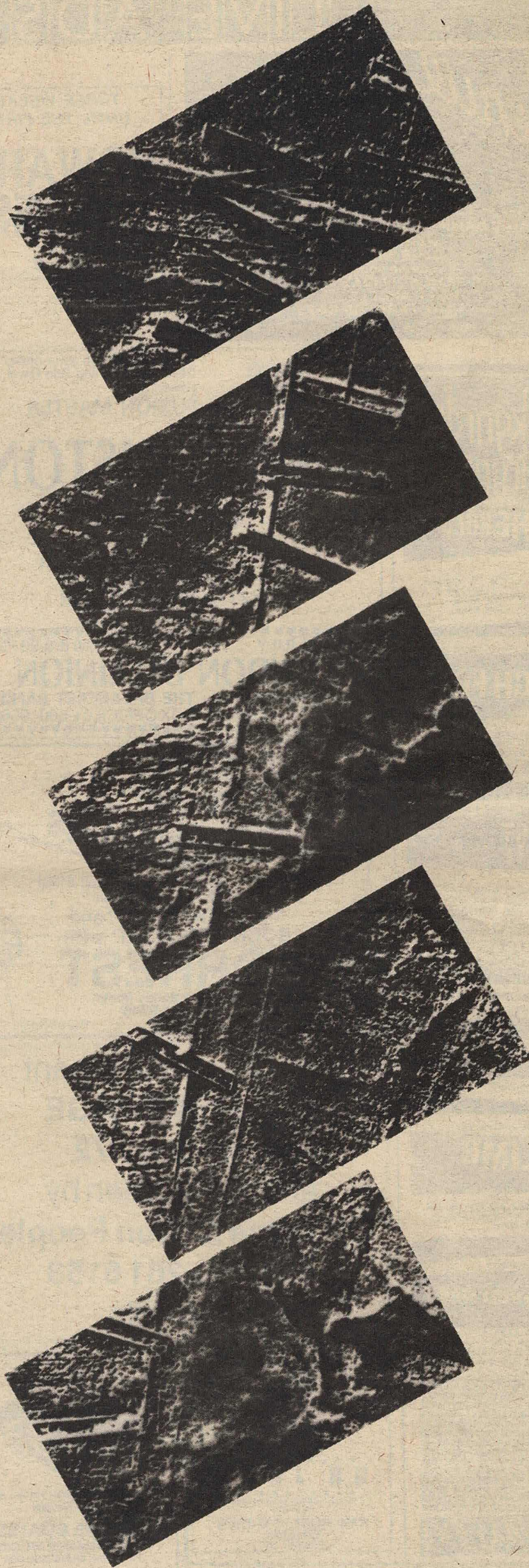
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LIVE

SASSY SOX!

ALTERED IMAGES ROMAN HOLLIDAY BAUHAUS

Hammersmith Palais

ROMAN HOLLIDAY do not wear socks. I don't suppose Bauhaus do either. That both these groups hand themselves over to you with determined socklessness is, as far as it goes, and then over the top, important. Whether your design is gay (Holliday) or decay (Bauhaus) bare, free ankles are the proof of your sincerity, if not your sanity. Indeed, when Gary Kemp is going out of his way, and then round the corner, to certify his *erect soulfulness*, there's no way a sock will hug his golden heel. 'The sock' enters our teasing, rolling pop language.

Funnily enough — ha ha — the difference between Roman Holliday and Bauhaus, indifferently speaking, is no difference at all. They both *deal with nothing*: they are both a jot of saliva and a faint little squiggle connected to nothing. R.H. bounce into each other, a saucy parody of 'thinking', pointing out that it's the *easiest* thing in heaven and on earth to deal with nothing. Bauhaus smash into each other, baffled by their shadows, warning that it's the *hardest* thing on earth and in hell to deal with nothing. Spot the difference, competition fans. R.H. heartily confess through their sub-songs the three experiences that have happened to them in their sort of lives: Bauhaus ruthlessly conceal in their dead songs the three experiences that might have happened to them in their, loosely speaking, lives. So, you see, R.H. in their sockless stupidity can keep nothing to themselves, Bauhaus in their sockless stupidity can worry a secret into a plastic coffin, but really these are just two ways to hide the fact that without pop as a cover these groups are nothing. Nothing feeds on nothing until it all goes softly 'pop'.

Bauhaus didn't palais the Play, to tell the truth: they might have been the first group on, who certainly weren't The Smiths, but this anonymous first group did seem slightly sockist. I got to thinking about Bauhaus during the R.H. oily farce because I've always thought that if Bauhaus learnt to read they'd be almost as good as Stockholm Monsters. Whilst R.H. if they learnt to read would be almost as good as The Rubettes were. Both groups with anti-sockist excitement — I'm talking about Bauhaus and R.H. which means this 'excitement' is the packaged stuff — turn Mud into nothing. Ah well, as Gilbert O'Sullivan once noted, nothing rhymed. Then again, nothing is more real than nothing.

Talking of nothing, Altered Images. Nothing? Not quite! Proudly socked since day one and Futurama 2 the big change here has been that their lead singer has started wearing tights. The little changes have been to do with the way the boy's socks have moved in colour from grey to pink and blue to the current smart maroon and quiet yellow. Yes, once a stale cube of hovis, the group now wobble and shine like strawberry jelly. It's a turmoil of disorientation! No wonder the twits in London who write about pop have collapsed in a tizzy, stumped by radiant Clare's secure career determination. The fuss about Altered Images this year, anyone would think Henry Kissinger had got involved. The fact is, they're one of those groups who exist, or do not exist: at the moment they exist . . . and up to a point, and then over to you, it's a pleasure.

The point being, and it takes a smart person to notice this, Bauhaus or Roman Holliday or Tears For Fears are nothing, but Altered Images



SOX APPEAL

CLARE PICS BY BLEDDYN BUTCHER

are not quite nothing. The difference is more than a matter of goodness.

Apparently The Palais was some sort of test for this Altered Images, as if 'Bite' was not the work of the group and when it came to their live interpretation they would appear broken and cautious. That kind of test, they passed. As entertainers, enliveners rather than enlighteners, Altered Images have hope on their side, and that really is *something*. Clare, eyes shining as the boys wobbled behind her, took hold of her audience with desirable confidence. But to be sensible for a moment: theirs is the pop that confuses nothing, treats nothing with contempt, and decides, seductively, simplistically, that life is nothing but rearrangement. Nothing could be simpler. According to The Palais, they'll last at least another six months.

Of course, me finding pleasure in Images may have something to do with being terribly in love with Clare. This admission may cause you to doubt the value of this review. Don't doubt! I would gladly eat my socks for Clare. But I will not let any bias contaminate my ludicrously professional critical consideration that this year's bland, definite Altered Images are *very good* readers. I wouldn't waste my time confusing you — *nothing* could be more frivolous. And remember, Altered Images are not quite nothing.

Paul Morley



MORE SONGS ABOUT CHOCOLATES AND SLEDGEHAMMERS

TEST DEPARTMENT

London ICA

IN THIS upside-down world, Test Department provide what should logically be escapist entertainment. In the era of Chaplin's *Modern Times* 50 years ago, TD would have been classified as bleakly satirical; nowadays the concentrated course of SHEER HARD WORK they present on a hot Sunday in a self-conscious London *kulturpalast* strikes me as not so much anachronistic but *kitsch*.

Like their predecessors and peers, Throbbing Gristle and 23 Skidoo, Test Dept throw their onstage physical exertions into relief against a montage of slides and film. Visions of Soviet Stakhanovites and grim statues of Socialist Realism reflect the sweaty metal-bashing enacted live by our four doughy automata.

They link the dawn of time to the industrial age. Though bones, skins and shells play no part in their set, steel coils, oil drums,

corrugated sheets, a conventional drumkit and various other junkyard paraphernalia substitute very nicely.

The Test in question in endurance. To lay down a shifting polyrhythmic mantra of such volcanic intensity for a barely-interrupted half-hour must try the physique and stamina to breaking point. Translating the sweat which glistened and dripped from face and torso, a synth oozed a wash of muscle-straining, metal-fatigued groaning, and Angus (TG-style cap and pigtail) occasionally shrieked primal protest.

By way of variation, TD play a droning approximation to a ballad, and show home-movies which eerily recall *Eraserhead* and *Chelsea Girls*. A curiously dislocating turn of the screw, a new kind of pressure.

After 30 minutes I'd been Tested to destruction. Any longer and I'd have been driven to distraction.

Mat Snow

TANIA MARIA

London Dominion

FOR A frozen moment, it might almost be *Jerry Lee Lewis*.

Tania Maria sits at the piano, face glistening with sweat. Her head is thrown back, her eyes closed, her hands racing over the keyboard in a flashing jazz version of the samba. Suddenly she breaks into a flying, freeform vocal — whooping, clicking and whirring her tongue, pouring forth a dazzling torrent of scat syllables that has the audience *roaring* their delight. I sit transfixed. Her records are good, but not this *vibrant*, not this *hard*. Live, Tania Maria is a REVELATION!

So who *is* Tania Maria? Brazilian-born, she began by learning classical piano, but quickly switched — to her mother's horror! — to jazz and the sambas and mambos of her native land. By the time she was 13, she was playing in nightclubs with her own band. Then, when Brazil's machismo culture became too much for her, she moved first to Paris and then, a few years back, to New York, where she now lives "in exile".

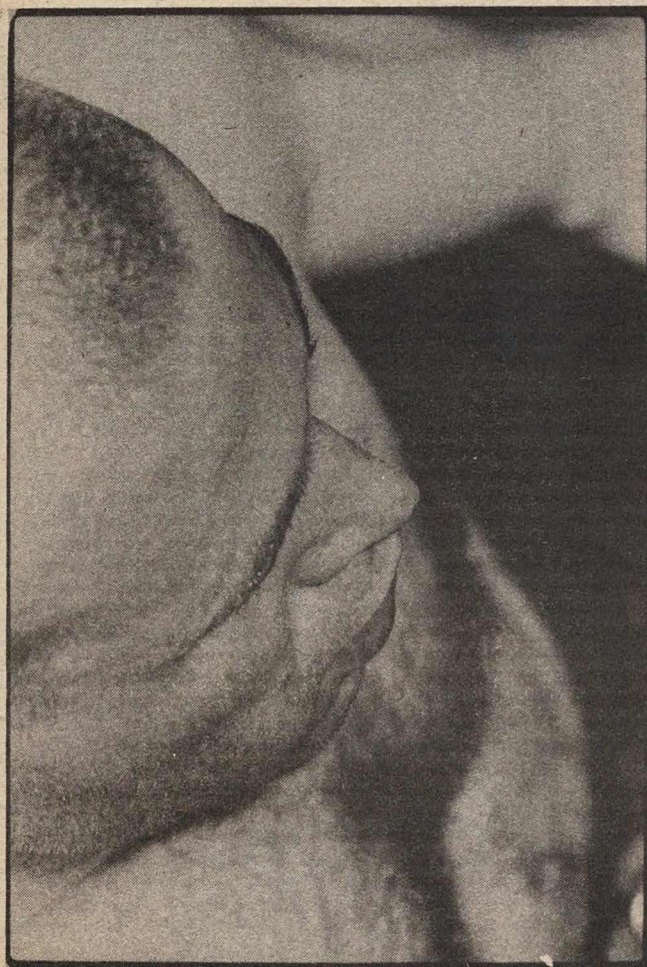
Her records are only available here on import (through IMS), but she's already a star in jazz-funk circles, and her fame is spreading fast. Last year in London she played in the basement of the YMCA; this year she moved a few yards down the road, filled the Dominion, and left a delirious audience dancing in the aisles. I don't blame them — this was scintillating stuff.

Tania Maria's music mixes vivacious jazz, torrid Latin rhythms and a hard, funky beat. Tonight, she's backed by a super-tight trio (bass, drums and percussion) whose popping polyrhythms are the perfect foil to her swooping scat and rapid-fire piano. The four of them keep up a blistering pace. They toss in brief, dextrous solos or ebullient duets, like the hilarious interplay between Maria's scat and a fast-squeaking drum, but the accent stays firmly on the *upbeat*.

The set draws largely on her latest LP, songs like 'Sementes, Graines And Seeds', 'Lost In Amazonia' and the title-track 'Come With Me', a lazy sensual swing which would be a surefire summer hit if someone put it out on 12-inches.

A tumultuous encore ends with Tania Maria dancing offstage to a standing ovation, and I'm left amazed by her boundless energy and relentless invention. *Goodness gracious, a great ball of fire!*

Graham Lock



Stakhanovite bonehead

Pic: Andrew Catlin

LIVE

OLD CATS, NEW TRICKS...

COOL BRILLIANCE

HERBIE HANCOCK'S V.S.O.P. II

London Royal Festival Hall

WYNTON MARSALIS finds himself in a similar situation to one Bruce Springsteen was railroaded into but a few summers back. In a blaze of hysterical drum-beating that would have forever destroyed a less level-headed lad, Springsteen had to contend with such absurdity as being heralded as the *saviour* of Rock And Roll!

Trumpet player Wynton Marsalis, many of those very same D.C. comic-obsessed copywriters would have you believe, has just singlehandedly *saved* Jazz! Phew!

Saved it from what and for whom has never been clarified. Most certainly not for the elitist Old Boy brotherhood for whom modern jazz ended with the abolition of the 78 and the introduction of stereo: a blackhearted, reactionary cartel who favour institutionalism and erroneously hold someone like Marsalis to be taking a positive stand against progress. The decaying stench that clings to that utterly detestable crowd was thankfully absent from the exhilarating air of youthful freshness that pervaded the South Bank this summer's night.

Marsalis may well acknowledge mid-60s stylistic markers, but in no way is he a throwback. His vision is clear, his direction being ever onward and upwards. The muscular Hard Bop favoured by V.S.O.P. remains both the most internationally popular of modern jazz modes and also the most demanding on the performer. It's still the one area where fakers are instantly flushed out, tarred and feathered.

Whatever the tempo or mood dictates, Wynton Marsalis is nothing less than dazzling. As with his most illustrious colleagues, his phenomenal technical expertise is used not to blind, but to reveal. Though we may never again realise a situation whereby in the '40s jazz and popular music were almost one and the same (though I'm sure some will argue that jazz-funk has achieved just that), Wynton Marsalis stands as a beacon at a time when genuine interest in jazz has never been more intense in over two decades. Truly a charismatic figure, Marsalis' performance encompassed all the necessary elements of both craftsmanship and entertainment that can make jazz so appealing.

The outcome of V.S.O.P.'s two one-hour spots affirmed that, like Weather Report before them, when the spotlight falls upon Wynton Marsalis, he proves to be easy access for new conscripts. Foremost, in cahoots with the quintet's multi-faceted leader Herbie Hancock and demon drummer Tony Williams (themselves once feted as jazz *enfant terribles*), the rich-toned and quick-witted Marsalis conducts himself with untarnished confidence and natural dignity.

Be they bandleaders in their own right or members of V.S.O.P., the brothers Marsalis, Hancock, Williams and bassist Ron Carter exhibit one very rare virtue in that they avoid ego clashes in their efforts to attain collective perfection.

It's this, more than any individual offering, that places V.S.O.P. II shoulder-to-shoulder with George Clinton, King Sunny Ade, Michael Jackson, Quincy Jones and Bob Marley's legacy as representing the apogee of Contemporary Black Music.

Roy Carr

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

London Royal Albert Hall

THE ALBERT Hall's ornate dome swells majestically to enclose a vast bubble of overhead space. What setting could be more appropriate for Echo And The Bunnymen, purveyors of the world's most vaulting, stratospheric rock sound? But rather than aim for the heights, which they reached in any case, Flopsy, Mopsy, Cottontail and Echo unleashed the most urgent, frontal *punk* assault I've ever seen them deliver. And I'm still reeling.

In harmony with the uplifting aspect of this opulent, Victorian cathedral of Culture, our expectant chatter hushed to the strains of Gregorian chant and stained-glass windows projected onto the back-drop. Thoughts of choirboys, altars, the sacred and profane sprung to mind. But rather than surrender to flights of religious fancy induced by the basilica-like setting, the fab four — like Dylan, the Stones, The Who, Chuck Berry and Mott The Hoople famously before them — played it as merely a gigantic rock'n'roll cellar-club.

Strung in a line along the stage's lip like a firing-squad and shrouded in *Apocalypse Now* dry-ice, they lashed into 'Going Up' from the first album, which segued after a chorus or two into 'With A Hip' from their second. Apart from socking it to us

from the whistle, this one-two knockout exemplified how very *similar* one rabbit punch is to the next — and yet they *both* lay you flat. Echo And The Bunnymen can reproduce their style in seemingly endless permutations, yet the elements of their method are unchanging — Les Pattinson's dark, probing bass, Peter De Freitas' tautly controlled drum frenzy, Will Sergeant's orchestra of searing guitar sounds, and Ian McCulloch's rhythmic urgency on guitar and vocal grand opera Hamlet.

Barney Hoskyns criticised their third LP on the grounds that only a very few songs possessed the helium of inspiration to lift them above the ruck of formulaised repetition. The Bunnymen appear to agree; only four 'Porcupine' numbers were played tonight — 'The Cutter' and 'Back Of Love' obviously, 'Porcupine' itself (lit red and green, with back-projected oil-wheels straight out of the Avalon Ballroom or the UFO in '67), and an explosive 'Heads Will Roll'.

A third guitarist was added for this epic performance. Rarely before have I felt such an exhilarating combination of *rush* and *space* when this madly brilliant sound rocketed up to the inverted acoustic mushrooms (appropriately enough) which dangled from the ceiling.

During this number Mac entered one of his frequent jukebox trances, free-associating from a repertoire of

pop-classics during lulls in his own versifying. So we had snatches of Devo's 'Whip It' and Doris Day's 'Whipcrack Away', and violence tanged in the air.

Early in the set the stage had been rushed and so the music halted until the fans returned to their seats. The break in the flow seemed to antagonise our lovable mop-top, whose performance thereafter became ever more manic to recapture the impetus. Woe betide anyone who got in his way, as did a video-cameraman who rapidly felt the business end of an unlucky rabbit's paw.

The middle of the set featured three new songs titled, I'd guess, 'Silver' (like 'Never Stop' it was accompanied by violin and cello), 'Killing Moon' and the instantly catchy 'Seven Seas'. On this evidence, announcements of the Bunnymen's creative demise are well premature.

No 'All I Want' or 'A Promise', but climactic versions of 'Over The Wall' and 'Do It Clean', with Mac, unimpeded by his guitar, shamanistically haranguing us with his carillon of ringing phrases and excerpts from The Beatles' 'All You Need Is Love', The Doors' 'Light My Fire', James Brown's 'Sex Machine', Wilson Pickett's 'Land Of A 1000 Dances', Little Richard's 'Slippin' And Slidin' — the hits kept on coming... Echo And The Bunnymen know their Rock, and right now they are the Rock against which all others must be measured.

Mat Snow

SONGS OF PRAISE AND... TALK ABOUT GOD!

BUNNIES PLAY THE ALBERT HALL



Never mind Lacoste, feel the quality — shiny-shirted casual Mark Smith.

Pic: Bleddyn Butcher

THE FALL THE BOX

Brixton The Ace

IT'S SO hot in here, what are they trying to hatch?

At the end of a day of sweating hearts and lugging a reluctant body through a steamy haze, you couldn't just feel the heat here, you could *breathe* it, a thick cloying presence at the back of the throat, and *see* it in the gathering vapour above the crowd.

In this fug human intimacy was the last thing we needed, but in the pack standing panting for The Fall damp embraces were unavoidable. Frayed nerves? 'Fraid so. Something had to happen in the heat of tonight, as the temperature pushed past the point of passive compliance and seared into the danger zone, it could have been violent irritation and futile flares, or burning creativity. I passed a hand across a clammy forehead (its owner didn't seem to object), breathed deep and damp, watched and waited.

Unfortunately the first display was no inspirational relief from the perspiration. Tonight The Box were in terrible trouble, their front man was drowning, a bald head gleaming in the middle of a flail of limbs. The Box expend but don't inspire energy, their attack is initially impressive but eventually it's blatantly, blindingly clear that this is just a gnawing niggling, not a power capable of transporting us forward. Take the money and run!

THE FALL ARE BACK, SIZZLING AND HOW

DON WATSON GETS SWEATY UNDERPANTS

THINKING ABOUT THE IMPLICATIONS

The Fall, on the other hand, had their hands deep in the heat of the moment and were squeezing it to stopping point. The importance of The Fall is precisely how impossible it is to pin them down, but if they can be hooked to something as unidimensional as a single moment, that time is NOW! Now is the time when their alternativism loses any preciousness it might have had in the day of chart mauling, and emerges as simply essential.

Far from dull but worthy, The Fall have never been so exciting. Not since the paradoxical peaks of The Birthday Party has a live performance caused such an increase in a collective heart rate, or a music blended so brilliantly the maverick dynamics of jazz and the cut-gut thrill of rock.

Smith forms a nucleus of charisma around which the holocaust of rhythm revolves, but tonight there's none of the prole rant flamboyance. Spindly is the theme, with the sound pared to the bone, every visible tendon stretching, every muscle taut, straining towards the merciful relief and the thunderous release, which eventually breaks in the crazy elation of a second encore.

Outside in Brixton though, the heat still suffocated. After The Fall, can we rise again?

Don Watson



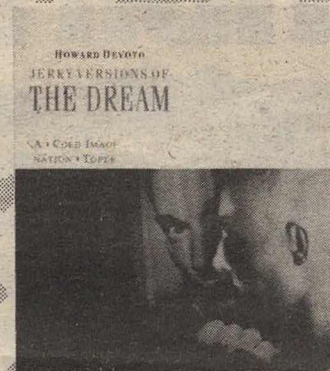
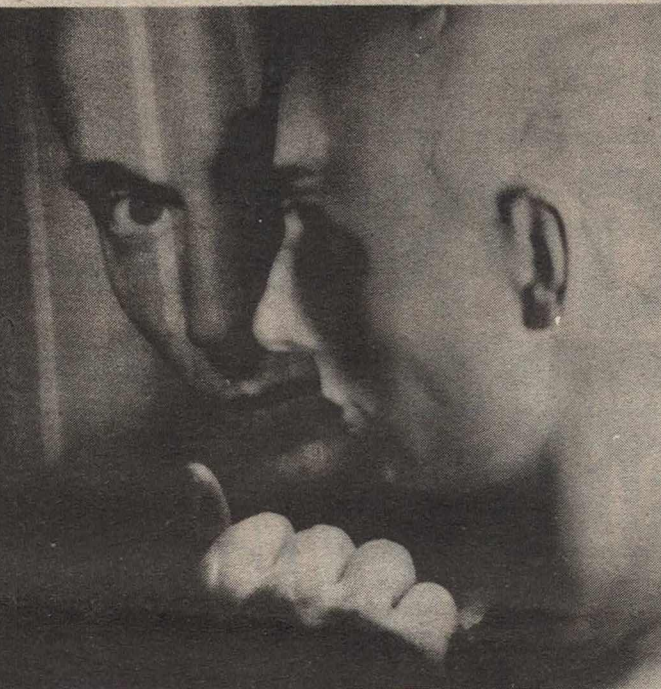
Bunnies play a layby on the M6.

Pic: Kevin Cummins

Howard Devoto.

HOWARD DEVOTO
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LIVE

NO BARS CAN HOLD US BACK AZANIA NOW!

AFRICAN SOUNDS '83

ON A hot summer Sunday of celebration, 3000 people were raving for 12 hours; Nelson Mandela was 65 years old.

Instead of reaching retirement, the (should be) leader of his people is still in jail, fascist South Africans believing that the last 21 years of keeping him there are not enough! They have even seen fit to worsen his conditions. After all, he did tell the truth, fight for freedom and love his people. No matter how many doors they shut Mandela behind he's not forgotten, but remembered even more. Those racists just cannot win (let them cringe!), their time is running out.

With a wry smile Kwabena Oduro-Kwarteng moved **Highlife International** into highly danceable but cool numbers, appropriate to the early hour they played. Unfortunately the bands suffered from an unsuitable venue. The Alexandra Palace Pavilion is a terrible place for a music event; the huge plastic 'tent' is acoustically useless and, on this hot day, was a giant sweat trap.

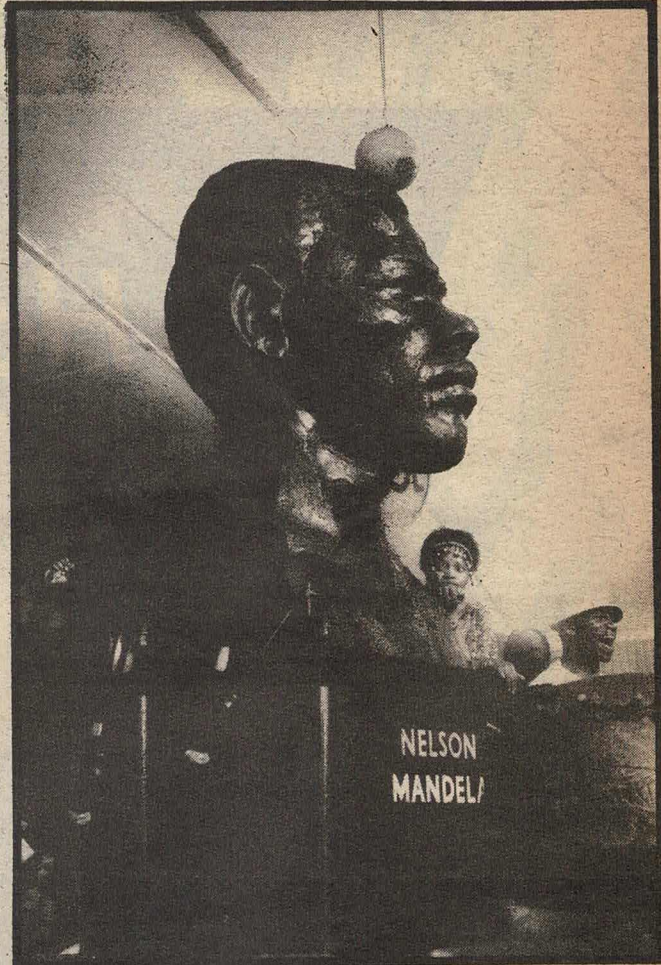
Zila initiated the Azanian musical flavour of the day with Dudu Pukwana's unmistakable townships jazz-jive saxophone sound reigning supreme. Pinise Saul's energy vocals had whistles and shouts jumping in and out but was Churchill Jolobe's self-destruct drum kit a performance art project?

Orchestre Jazira opened traditionally — percussion and vocals, with



Dudu Pukwana and Pinise Saul

Pic: Jak Kilby



Nelson Mandela

Pic: Jak Kilby

dancers more village (Dalston!) than sophistication (a pleasant change). The regular group bubbled their highlife/rock style, getting movers dancing, and Issac Tagoe's plea for an end to apartheid brought a roar of approval from the audience.

Julian Bahula's group **Jazz Afrika** was coupled with Othingo dancers and singers whose Zulu head dresses, shields, spears and impassioned (sometimes astonishing) dances showcased the spectacular while Jazz Afrika's music reached almost sacred proportions. Bahula seemed at times overawed by the sound of his own band, singers chanting, Malombo drums heartbeating, augmented horns wailing and underrated Lucky Ranku's guitar grooving.

The **Highlife Stars** were a welcome substitute for Osibisa. A profitable amalgamation of the long successful ex-Noble Kings/Sweet Talks bands from Ghana, guitar masters Aggemang and Crensil with old spars Tommy King (trumpet) and Thomas Frimpong (percussion/vocals) joining Osibisa stalwarts Mac and Frank Tontoh and Teddy Osei. Raimi Ola from Nigeria put highlife trombone on the map while the trumpets of King and Mac Tontoh blasted those joyful rifts heavy.

Hugh Masekela made his British debut with a flurry of circular brass licks that proved his lip and crystal flugel-horn sound. Propelled by Ernest Motile's bass and embellished by the Ranku guitar, Masekela moved masterfully, at ease with horn, cabassa, and vocals. Othingo singers backed soulfully while Lord Eric's dondo talking-drum sent messages of Soweto, and 'Free Mandela, Free Mandela' echoing out to haunt those racists. Free Mandela, he's not forgotten.

Jak Kilby

SON OF PLINKY SYNTH

STOCKHOLM MONSTERS

Covent Garden Rock Garden

I TOOK just one look and thought: I can't face this.

It's not obvious or easily explainable, but every detail of the whole situation was just that touch out of place, enough to shatter any rational contemplation. Fighting against an astonishingly deserted Rock Garden's apathy, the Monsters became over-bearing, over-played, fumbling for an identity. Even the pleading violence and striking vulnerability of their tortured young singer, Tony Francis, became inevitable and less than intimidating. He barely touched me, despite fixing the screaming desperation of his sad dark eyes on my own empty gaze as I hid at the back of the room.

The surreal vision of two shy, young schoolgirls gossiping and giggling behind Francis' frenzy, pausing only to add a plinky synth or weak horn blast to the already thin guitars and bare drum rolls, was enough to throw me further still.

Although they've stepped away from any of New Order's sweeping glamour, and are now scratchy, simplistic, touching on the spectacular only once with 'Love Is A Dose', they're clearly falling away.

Strangely, there was to be another show at midnight. But for all these reasons, vague and distant though they are, I really couldn't face it.

Jim Shelley

BUICK KBT

Melbourne Le Tote

BUICK KBT — a whirlwind of culture, exposé of the flatulent, critics of even their own listless moments — are coming clean and pure, leading a new vanguard of Southern City Soul.

There are sure blasts of confidence, up and involved in the spartan execution of these spartan songs. Naive, bold and fibrous, Buick KBT are about equal parts promise and delivery, with an indiscriminate dash of fatuousness. They emblazon the air, lighten our load and give us room to breathe, a darling humility.

Here at last is a group worth watching, a talent worth following, a vision worth nothing. More than any Australian group around them, they are aware of the culture which gave birth to them and the culture which, since The Moonlight Club and The Electric Ballroom, has shaped their progress. Another point in their favour: the now notorious Blind-Hip thang of putting C&W into your chords is but a negligible part of the Buick twang. A meek maudlin gesture of tin guitars and cheap-nasal vocals does not the real thing make.

On their own, in their hearts... and now in our hands... Buick KBT: the real thing. It sure has been a while.

Craig N. Pearce



READING ROCK

At the
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Arena
Richfield Ave.

FRIDAY 26th AUGUST

the
stranglers

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PULSE

From Finland

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ROCKS

PALLAS

KOWALSKI

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COUNTRY

SATURDAY 27th AUGUST

BLACK
SABBATH

MARILLION

SUZI QUATRO

MAGNUM

From Ireland

MAMA'S BOYS

HEAVY PETTIN'

WENDY
& THE ROCKETTS

FORTUNE
CRAZYANGEL

SPECIAL GUESTS from USA

SURVIVOR

SPECIAL GUESTS ANVIL from Canada

SUNDAY 28th AUGUST

THE
LIZZY

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TEN YEARS
AFTER

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BAND

THE ENID
SAD CAFÉ

ONE THE
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THIRD WORLD POETS

VIV FONGENIE
listens to an LP of
dread and dignity

AN EVENING OF INTERNATIONAL POETRY

by Various Artists (Alliance
Records, £6.99)

A DOUBLE album which presents the work of no less than 19 Third World poets, 'An Evening Of International Poetry' provides a chance to hear some of the lesser known voices of racial grievance.

The overall impact of the two records is pretty devastating. The language used and the passion with which it is delivered suggest a consciousness far closer to the reality of its plight than that of some of its more successful musical counterparts. The voices cut and jar, shed tears of desperation and laugh out loud at parodies of themselves. But the laughs are never just for fun — through the humour the disillusionment always shines through.

The album has been thoughtfully put together, the longer, weightier readings intelligently interspersed with shorter, lighter pieces. The poems do not only concern issues of the moment — riots in Brixton, police harassment — but feelings that have been nurtured through generations, centuries even, of degradation and wholesale exploitation.

Two Jamaicans, James Berry and Michael Smith, offer some of the record's strongest material, Berry describing what it's like to be black and on trial in a predominantly white courtroom, Smith forcing biblical quotations — "The meek shall inherit the Earth and the fullness thereof" — against the stark reality of urban decay.

Without dignity human relations are at best worthless, more likely non-existent. If there is a desire that runs through the whole of this record it is the desire for dignity. You don't have to go to the *Brandt Report* to discover that the bald-faced colonialism of old, which dealt total cultural annihilation to the Third World, is still being practised today through the more insidious methods of economic exploitation and blackmail.

It's difficult to dabble in politics without food in your belly and clothes on your back. With the exception of Britain's Accabre Huntley, every poet on the album hails from a Third World country. Their foremost plea is for economic, rather than political, freedom. Political repression is an evil, yet one which usually assumes in the victim a certain status. That status is never achieved by the victim of economic repression who may die of malnutrition or malaria before he is old enough to say "politics", never mind think about it.

Well aware of this, the poets here beg most loudly to be freed from the denigration of poverty and underdevelopment, to live not like animals but men who, as James Berry says, must "eat and wear and drink and dance".

"There cannot be any peace until there is equal rights and justice," deadpans Jamaican born Oku Onuora in 'Reflections In Red'. My fear is that not enough people will hear this record — and fewer still will listen and remember.



Frank — no chicken.

"THE DEFINITIVE book on The Man", gurgles the blurb on the yawningly titled Ol' Blue Eyes (Omnibus, £5.95), the giveaway line being "compiled from Associated Press files", which means that author Norm Goldstein has probably never got nearer to Sinatra than the sleeve to 'Songs For Swinging Lovers'. Not naff by near 'nuff.

The pseudonymous Guy Yarwood, the author of Sinatra — In His Own Words (Omnibus, £3.50), does know his Sinatra. In fact he's interviewed Nelson Riddle, Billy May, Jo Stafford and just about everyone who's worked with Hoboken's finest. The only problem is that he's not been afforded the opportunity to fashion the sort of book that he's capable of writing. Instead, to stay ahead of his bank manager, he's merely filled in time producing another addition to Omnibus' surprisingly successful yet decidedly light-weight series, while the drafts of his more worthy tome continue to garner reject slips from publishers who should know better. Enough to make you put a bar in the back of your car and drive yourself to drink, as Sinatra himself once adjudged.

FRED DELLAR

SMALL PRINT

REGGAE WORLD LPs

PENNY REEL leafs
through the latest
reggae guide

REGGAE DISCOGRAPHY

by Herman Moter (Minotaurus
Projekt, £4.95)

A BOLD and generally exhaustive attempt to list every reggae album ever released with some 3000 entries ranging from Abyssinians' 'Arise' to Zion Steppers' 'Dread Inom Stockholm' (rightful final entry Zuke, Tappa curiously placed under "T"), plus an index of titles, record labels and a glossary of terms. The latter including its definition of "Reggae" as: "If you do not know already, what Reggae is all about, you bought the wrong book".

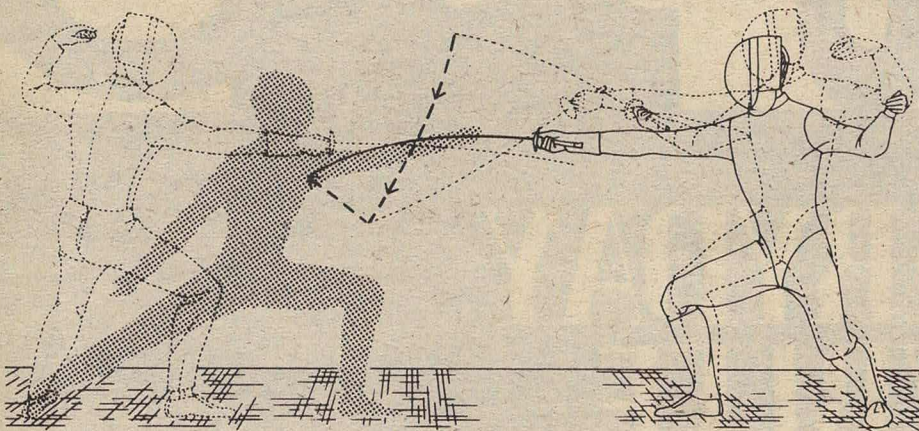
Errors persist, of course. Herr Moter refers to Jah Lion as a pseudonym of Lee Perry when it is in fact the toaster Jah Lloyd (Pat Francis), nor seems he to realise that Ras Allah and Prince Allah are one and the same man. But such are minor points.

More serious are omissions like Jackie Opel's fine two LPs for Studio One, Errol Dunkley's first LP subsequent to his residency in England 'Sit & Cry Over You', Third World vocalist Bunny Scott's solo Klik set 'To Love Somebody', early Trojan LPs by Kingstonsians, Inspirations, Gene Rondo, Jo Jo Bennett...

He knows of Charles Hyatt's 'Kiss Me Neck' on Island but not its successor 'Kiss Me Neck Again' for Concrete Jungle. Other lack of research is in the UK Lovers Rock scene: Ginger Williams' 'Tenderness', the works of Danny Ray, Christine White, Silver...I could continue in a similar vein.

Nevertheless, a worthy complement to R Dalke's excellent singles listings on Studio 1, Island ska, Blue Beat etc, though of little literary consequence at all.

G R E G
L A K E



M A N O E U V R E S

new
album
and
cassette



Chrysalis

ROCK WORLD PIX!

Japan! Siouxsie! Stones! Who! Albums!
DON WATSON rounds up the new rock books

AH, DEAR old David Sylvian, the frail, clean photographer's dream! The star that boys will take their girlfriends to see, secure in the knowledge that he's more of an aesthetic chill than a sexual thrill. And anyway, he's kinda pretty really...

If variations on a showroom Bowie are your thing then *Sons Of Pioneers* (Silverheath Trading) is pretty damn essential reading, or rather viewing, since the great advantage of this book of photographs by Fin Costello is that it is uninterrupted by the sort of obsequious crap that usually comes between the pictures in such works (Lester Bangs excepted, of course). Personally I can't look at the admirably sylph-like Sylv without remembering that he's second on my list (after Carmel) of people who have murdered Smokey Robinson songs.

Japan being a pretty tortured bunch, there's not a lot of *laffs* in *Sons Of Pioneers*, something immediately compensated for by *The Rolling Stones: The Last Tour* (Sidgwick & Jackson £5.95) which is quite a hoot. It's also interesting for posing the question 'What exactly did Jagger have stuffed down those ridiculous Rod Steward type kegs? A change of socks or a mini blood change kit? Answers on the back of a Y-Front shaped postcard.

Seriously (or almost) the best thing about this book by photographer Philip Kamin and

writer James Karnbach is the opening sentence "It must be my imagination running away with me. I can't believe The Rolling Stones are coming back." Which rather reminds me of a scene from some wonderfully trashy zombie movie when the undead thing keeps slithering on, despite the attention of the hero's axe. But perhaps that's just me.



More of the same thing is *The Who: The Farewell Tour* (Sidgwick & Jackson, £6.50) in which Kamin teams up with another writer, Peter Goddard, and the pics feature less hoses and more noses.

Ray Stevenson's *Siouxsie And The Banshees Photo Book* (Symbiosis, £3.00) comes into the

inevitable good-as-far-as-it-goes category, with an excellent selection of pictures and clippings (Severin as a fashion spread in *The Sun*) and an informative commentary by Banshees manager Nils Stevenson. It's not that you can quibble with what's included — the Vivien Goldman interview from '77 is particularly essential reading — but why nothing by Suck, Morely or Hoskyns?

Perhaps it's just something in the air up here, but the majority of we humble scribblers require a full week in the Carnaby Street recuperation clinic after a mere *Singles* column. So what did Maxim Jakubowski feel like after reviewing every album release of the year for *The Rock Album Volume One*? (Frederick Muller Ltd, £5.95)? Pretty rough I suspect, considering ill effects he's suffering by page 51, where he calls A Flock Of Seagulls "one of the better examples of British electro pop".

Rather a futile exercise in masochism if you ask me.

Even more futile, almost to the point of art, is *The Rock Lists Album* (Plexus, £4.95) by John Tobler and Alan Jones, which gives you, amongst other things, lists of Groups Who Are Known Equally For Their Initials, Twenty Best Solos by James Burton (in no particular order), Varieties of Silly Psychedelic Song and even Non-Essential British Punk Albums. Fascinating stuff.

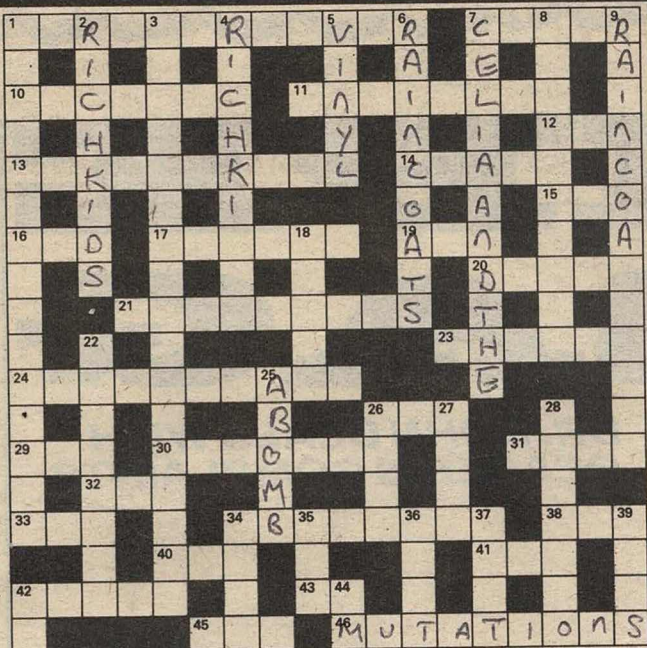
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NME PRESSWORD

CLUESDOWN

1. "My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip, my toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels to be wandering" 1964 (2,10,3)
2. After their only LP in 1977 'Ghosts Of Princes In Towers', the group's members moved on to the Pistols, Visage (4,4)
3. Stevie Wonder's fourth UK hit, and his first to reach the top ten (1,3,4,2,4,3)
4. 1979 Wings single 'Tonight' (9)
5. Resin or plastic as used for recording (5)
6. All-women group on Rough Trade; line up included Palmolive of The Slits up to the end of 1979 (9)
7. + 48A. The Stranglers had occasionally played as a backing band to a certain female singer under this name (5,3,3,9)
8. Get Carol ready into a band (3,7)
9. Some, er... hot turd could be mixed up and made into a Fixx album (9,4)
- 18 + 28D. She was just a schoolgirl with a voice like a gravel gargler when she went to number one in 1961 (5,7)
22. See 17A
25. Besides the Marquee, something else explosive in Wardour Street (1,4)
26. Strip zone in Egypt where they even remove their eyes? (4)
27. —Numbers, as The Who were known in their early years (4)
28. See 18D
34. —Race, Birmingham based '60s band which featured Jeff Lynne on vocals (4)
35. Duran Duran song inside a curious cover (3)
36. See 23A
37. —River 1978 single by the Brecker Brothers (4)
39. See 24A
42. Song taken from *Rock Follies* TV series, a hit for Julie Covington, Rula Lenska, etc (2)
44. Initials of keyboard player with Faces, also played piano on LP in 2 down clue (1,1)



compiled by Trevor Hungerford

CLUES ACROSS

1. Revolting arm, or Youth as we know and love him (6,6)
7. ... and the Foreman of Madness as his friends know him (5)
10. Top 10 instrumental hit from Sky in 1980 (7)
11. 1982 Marc And The Mambas album with no name (8)
12. "Animal" whose first single in 1966 was perversely 'I Love My Dog' (3)
13. Men lick me, especially one with a Simple Mind (4,6)
14. "Nothing means more to me than hearing you say, I'm going to marry you, will you marry me Uncle Ray" 1972 (5)
15. Forename of Mr. Frehley, guitarist with Kiss (3)
16. Shep, Smokey or Siam Sit? (3)
- 17 + 22D. Jam shovel the fresh produce onto their album (3,3,3,5)
19. Toyah Wilcox's middle name (3)
20. M. J. —, vocalist with now defunct Virgin label band bearing his name in plural (5)
21. Lene Lovich album on which she's quite unable to say anything? (9)
- 23 + 34A. Her teeth bit at a

hair, so hungry was she for an oldie from 1974 (3,3,4,1,7)

- 24 + 39D. Ed penniless and broke, so he can't get that oldie from 1964 (7,3,4)
26. Do they commit real serious injury to people — especially ear drums? (1,1,1)
29. Riotous crowd who reckon we should 'let the tribe increase' (3)
30. I do avva poor anagram for a hit of Italian origin by Drupi (4,3)
31. Two lads whose sound has struck a forceful blow in the past year (4)
32. Old Tommy fish-eggs (3)
33. You've got 40 pence worth of this under (or perhaps up) your nose at this moment (1,1,1)
34. See 23A
38. Dad's music? (3)
40. Released a single 'Burning Bridges' on Small Wonder label (3)
41. Forename of Mr. McMordie, bass with SLF (3)
42. See 45A
43. Skinhead music's got a name for itself (2)
- 45 + 42A. They're hiding within a one word error (3,5)
46. See 7D

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. + 7D. Hunters And Collectors, 5. Chic, 9. Aztec, 10. Peter, Paul, 11. The Specialists, 13. El, 14. NYC, 15. Each, 17. OS (Oscar), 19. Sting, 21. Twist, 22. Alligator, 24. Chas And Dave, 27. Among, 28. Nosferatu, 29. Hungry, 30. Play, 31. BEF

(British Electric Foundation). DOWN: 1. Heartbeat, 2. Notre, 3. Escape, 4. Alexis, 6. Healing, 7. See 1A, 8. Crashing, 12. ELO, 16. China Town, 18. Standing, 19. Sultans, 20. Stranger, 23. The Lamb, 24. Clash, 25. Every, 26. Tuff.

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RECORD NEWS EXTRA

- Leading American hard rockers **Manowar** have signed an exclusive UK deal with London indie label Music For Nations, who rush release their album 'Into Glory Rides' this weekend, coupled with a nationwide promotional campaign. At the same time, the label issues the debut album from North of England band **Battleaxe**, titled 'Burn This Town' — and a 12-inch single by **Tank** called 'Echoes Of A Distant Battle', taken from their recent album 'This Means War', follows on August 5.
- Progressive band **Solstice** have signed with new independent label Roke Records and release their single 'New Life'/'Peace For The New Age' next month. While distribution is being finalised, it's available in cassette form at £1.25 (including p&p) from Roke Records, 37 Stratford Road, Wolverton, Milton Keynes — or £1 at Solstice gigs.
- **Holy Toy**, whose debut UK single was issued in the spring, have their modern punk album 'Warszawa' released this week by Uniton Records (through Pinnacle) — all tracks were written by lead singer and bassist Andrei Nebb, a Polish political refugee now living in Oslo. From the same label comes 'In Another Country', an album of pastoral piano and synth music by **Tim Story** — and the 12-inch single 'The Treasure' by **Fra Lippo Lippi**.
- **Grace Kennedy** has her first single released for over two years — titled 'All I Want Is You', it's on the Red Bus label. It features backing vocals from Imagination lead singer Lee John, who also co-wrote the track. Production was by Tony Swain and Steve Jolley, noted for their work with Imagination, Spandau Ballet and Bananarama.
- Magnet Records have picked up one of the hottest disco tracks of the moment, 'Turn The Music On' by **Orlando Johnson & Trance**, and have rushed it out in both 7" and 12" formats. And on the newly formed Midas label (through Magnet), there's a new single from **The Biz**, who recently had a disco hit with 'Falling' — this new one is called 'We're Gonna Groove Tonight'.
- Three-piece group **Affairs Of The Heart** offer an unusual re-working of the kinks classic 'Waterloo Sunset', while the B-side is an instrumental "scrub mix" of the same title — this is a method which combines both scratch and dub techniques. It's on the new Heartbeat Records label, distributed through The Cartel.
- **Kashif** — the highly successful producer and composer who's worked with the likes of Melba Moore, Evelyn King and George Benson — has his own single 'Stone Love' out on Arista this week, taken from his self-named first album. There's an instrumental version on the B-side, with an extra track called 'The Moon' on the 12-inch format.

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HYSTERIE!

Let's face it, modern music has passed on to the great chart in the sky. The Imposter which remains is nursery rhyme slime, tuck shop tripe, pop corn—irrelevant and redundant.

Once the post-punk embers and members had finally burnt out and the mods had taken Brighton Revisited and their Quadrophonic dreams to their conclusion, we found ourselves in the '80s. Here the fun and frolics really began as certain individuals attempted to revive the slaughtered dragon.

Firstly there was that brave new punk hope, that swashbuckling, dashing cavalier Mr Ant. Here was a pirate who was going to plunder from the rich executives and give to the poor consumer, and maybe lead us to Treasure Island. But he turned out to be a real robbing hood, and all he gave us was earache. Punk was depicted in the media as an impetuous, spit-firing serpent inspired possibly by Hitler, Stalin and the Devil. This modern 'horror' story, which had started as an Anti-Establishment, Anti-Monarchist howitzer was blown to pieces when this young warrior went looking for ingots, shaking hands with royalty and Mammon.

Things could only get worse, and they did shortly afterwards with the Human League, who we really didn't want, baby. This was really inhuman, metallic, automatic monotonous drivel, fourth (no joy) division stuff. The Police were another brand/band for the label of Supergroup, but the ingredients were basically the same, the main one being a total lack of intelligence. These boys certainly weren't the Thought Police—Sting at one point taught himself to read, but the results really were invisible, son.

There was also the Brat who indicated it was all a racket and courted cash courteously, blatantly and unpunkily. Various other gimmicks, such as rainbow clothes and computerised, mythical sci-fi crap have also come, seen, unconquered and gone.

We took solace with our sole aces TRB—who did at least try—and Paul Weller during those turbulent 'Ghost Town' times, as they at least offered something credible. But it had to end. Paul rocked the Carnaby Street Jam industry with a split. This was the day the new wave died.

What about today's vintage stuff? Today we have U2, Echo And The Bunnymen, The Cure, The Fall, Crass and various other action men. What a threat these combined hot air forces pose! The Establishment must be shaking in its shoes at the activities of these "subversives".

Old Rod's back at number one, and a lot of letters hit NME congratulating, defending and actually quoting the now articulate working class "hero". Ah well, it was fun while it lasted. Maybe we took it a bit too seriously. "Bliss was it in that dawn..." etc. But will we ever turn to the turntable with such fervour again? Howard Pollock, London Grouser's rule number one: Pop's never what it was while you are living through it. Stop looking back and look to your left, right or under a rock! If you still can't find anything go to a movie. Pop's not that important. It's always been a matter of how you use it. That you consider pop so lousy ought to serve as an immense release. All that extra time on your hands! I envy you!—CB.

SOBRIETY!

Pity Paul Morley didn't turn on his hearing aid at Milton Keynes. Did PM just want an excuse to exercise his big words, clichés and trite expressions in this pathetic effort at journalism? People want to hear about the concert, not about PM's clothes, discomfort and squishy cartoons of wine!

We can all appreciate objective journalism, but his article was just a squishy carton of wine!!! Annemarie O'Brien, Dublin.

GRIPPE BAG

DR. BOHN DEALS WITH READER'S COMPLAINTS



Illustration by: Chris Long

NOSTALGIA!

Since Morley could only describe his reaction to Milton Keynes I'll do the same:

I had suddenly been made to feel very old. Questions such as what was wrong with superstardom arose. I enjoyed Bowie's slick professional performance, particularly of the old songs. This began to worry me as for some years I'd spent hard-earned cash on punk records and watching no-hopers in grotty pubs and clubs, at a time when it was fashionable to be unfashionable and disorder was the order of the day.

Clinging to the memory of The Damned, Clash etc and sadly witnessing the likes of Siouxsie, Stranglers, U2 joining the ranks of the chart-toppers, it was with some disenchantment that I went to see Bowie play the last date of his tour. Had I grown out of the urge to follow fads and fashions, or, as I prefer to think, is it that today's bands are mindless, inconsequential and untalented? Are the juvenile record buyers exploited or is the rock music business at the mercy of schoolkids' whims, who alone can guarantee a top ten place for Culture Club's next single?

The difference between Bowie and today's drossy individuals is that the image Bowie created for himself served to bring to our attention a more important aspect of his personality—his music, songs and complex concepts (conceptual complexes surely?—CB). In today's pop, though, the

image is considered more important than the music.

I don't feel prematurely aged, but have come to realise the influential people in the rock industry are not prepared to take the risk of taking up new ideas. This being so, then none of us can complain about David Bowie's domination, whether it is exploitative or not, and who can blame him for capitalising on it during this sterile and uninventive time?

Alison Judd, Milton Keynes.

Paul Morley writes: "... We could smear our nostalgic thoughts like jam over the bright imagination—the main thing is PROGRESSION. Never believe in a heroic past and the apparent fullness of its flavour, in case you miss the future..." There is much cultural pleasure to be gleaned from subjects and objects that have no aesthetic shape: to do this we must celebrate the intelligence of the senses, deplore predictable patterns, stimulate the immobile... indeed establish a framework of post meaning, where we cease to be chained to the cause and direct our attention to the effects..." (From *Touch Meridians 2* tapezine: Morley's 3 Imaginary Interviews).

PRECIOUS!

Bowie has undoubtedly been the biggest boost to the music business ever! You will know how his career has spanned a decade and a series of amazing characters. Nobody else would create something as great as Ziggy Stardust and then kill him off, but Bowie pulled it off and pulled through, increasing my admiration for the man enormously.

So you can imagine how I was looking forward to his new record. What disappointment! When I first heard 'Let's Dance' I fell into acute depression, which deepened each time I heard it. How come he needed Chic's help? What's more, I hated hearing his name on everyone's tongue. His new image has put my profound admiration for him into doubt. But I still had to buy the 'Let's Dance' LP, if only to keep up the collection. Selfish, Beckenham. The music industry thanks you for your interest, sucker!—CB.

SOLILOQUY!

I'd add my voice to the Milton Keynes dissenters, but I'm still waiting to get out of the car park. Iggle Diggie, Sheffield.

HAPPY!

Just when all seemed lost and rank commercialism in pop had totally obliterated my hope of anything worthwhile, challenging, non-image orientated of different coming out this year, along came Echo! Their vibrance, power, concision conveyed a spirit of determined optimism. A way forward perhaps?

I left the Locarno entranced and uplifted, but Echo was nothing compared to Howard Devoto a few days later. His group's performance in a packed Night Moves was the most enjoyable, happy and intense I'd ever witnessed. Sheer professionalism, constantly interchanging emotions and real lyrical feeling... They left me in a state of oblivion, and Howard himself was so grateful to this unashamedly ecstatic audience he even smiled. I've been enraptured all weekend. Willy Wonka, Sausage Factory, Glasgow.

Are you having us on?—CB.

HIPPY!

Having read the excellent piece on the Bunnymen's northern tour, me fails to understand why can't have more witty and imaginative work like this instead of the usual boring drivel, which only makes sense if you speak fluent Hindu?

Maybe you think you have to mix in the shit to make sure we appreciate the better bits hen they come along. Guff, Dunfermline.

Actually we've always laboured under the delusion that NME readers hated to be patronised with the simple idiotspeak other magazines use. Sorry you prove us wrong, Guff.—CB.

HUFFY!

Andy Gill's cynical, ignorant and sensationalist views on video nasties are unhappily no more than what we have come to expect from the type of hack at present "writing" for the NME. Joolz, Bradford. Wait, there's more.—CB.

HORROR SHOW

Dashing in on roller skates Mini skirt frill and leg warmers Eleven years old, can't read a book "Our Dads just got us a video With films an' everything, great!" Flings onto the sofa skates spinning Fiddling with her hair Can't wait for the night She doesn't know what picture Their Dad got from the shop But she promises to tell me all about it.

Next day, louder than ever She crashes in screaming with laughter Her little girl's face white Freckles stand out like spattered paint She can't stop a second Hysteria stretches soft hands to claws I ask her, "Was it Star Wars? He never got an illegal E.T.? What did you see, love, what was it?" "Oh, it were a real laugh, it were this film called *Cannibal Apocalypse*, All of us watched it, This woman got hung up By meathooks through her titties An they cut this fellas thingy off An ate it! Me Dad says its all real, too, Not ketchup, said out little un were soft for crying There were blood an this other fella Got his eyes pulled out, I saw it all through I did, Dad made us, said it were nowt It were nowt, I don't care, It don't bother me, it don't..."

I listen to her laughter, sharp with terror I tell her it was all just special effects We have some tea and Christmas cake Talk about her latest outfit She tells me all her mates have seen films like that "And Dad says tomorrow, we'll 'ave *Driller Killer* An one about a pro who gets cut up by a gang of blacks His mate at work says its really strong He reckons we'll see em and and..." And after a while, she turns to me, Twisting the hem of her skirt around, and says "Don't tell anyone, they'll think I'm daft, But after that film, I've nightmares..." And I look at the horror in her round child's eyes And I think, little darling, so do I. Joolz 1983 c

TEASE!

Boy George had a good reason for being in Hyde Park the other night. What's your sturdy NME backroom boy's excuse then? Jackie Laing, Blackpool. Walking the dog.—CB.

TIGHT!

Would you like me to comment on Mr. Hoskyns' attempt to review singles? I'd just like to say that anyone who refers to the amazing Amazulu as "dread Belle Stars" is either a wallie or constipated. Natty, London W2. I'd say he was just being kind.—CB.

FOUL!

What happened in 1980? The slide began and continues with one exception: The Fall. The least pretentious group of all time are still going forward—even after six

WRITE TO: NME 5-7 CARNABY ST. LONDON W1V 1PG

years of sustained brilliance and being almost totally ignored. Why is this? Because The Fall have never fallen prey to any trend. Trends die, like punk did in '78, and trends bring back the hippies. Just look at the LP charts now. Wham!, Police, Bowie, Rod Stewart, Mike Oldfield, Heaven 17, Michael Jackson, George Benson, ELO, Elton John!

To top it all, The Police and Bowie get rave reviews in *NME* and The Fall's new single is pathetically attacked by Chris Bohn, who casually crawls to shit like Marc And The Mambas in the same column. We will Fall out with you if not rave reviews in the future.

Will Rise, The North.
The end of effect of The Fall singlemindedly ploughing the same furrow for five years excites about as much as Rod Stewart ploughing his for ten. —CB.

F---! 1

How's this for a review of Marc Almond's interview on David Jensen's programme Tuesday? When asked about why he said fuck on records he responded: "well, it was... er... um... like... you know, really, well, it was sort of er... um... Guffaw Guffaw... like, er... um, (giggle) and er, "B-b-b-Bloody crap! Was he pissed or was he pissed?"

Dildo The Dog, Aylesbury.
The answer Marc was looking for reads: "Why the fuck not?" but his sense of propriety kept him from using expletives over the air. —CB.

F---! 2

Does Fred Fact know what the hell he is going on about? 10" albums have been around in Jamaica for years, the most notable of these is Yellowman's 'Operation Eradication'. All Fred had to do was totter down to his nearest major record store where he would see for himself that in reggae at least 10" albums have always been alive and kicking. **Shaun McKenzie, Burscough, Lancs.**

STOMPED!

Following your recent success with the 'Stomping At The Savoy' cassette and virginity, may I now suggest a country music compilation to help with my drink problems?

Jim Fisk, Stockton, Cleveland.

BATTY!

What is the bloody point of getting Comrade "actually I haven't read any Karl Marx" Burchill to review the new Bauhaus LP? I can't believe that many people outside the obviously immense Burchill fanclub don't realise that she won't be all that enamoured with the narcissistic Northampton lads.

It seems the favourite game played in the *NME* canteen in sorting out whose turn it is to slag Bauhaus off.

I suppose it was only a matter of time before she strayed into her other pet hate of New Order. But in all seriousness the lines suggesting band leaders of the new neurotics should follow Ian Curtis was just bad journalism.

Neurosis is not glamorous and it is definitely not funny either, Julie.

Ian Hampton, Orpington, Kent.
Don't tell Woody Allen, you'll put him out of a job. —CB.

SOB!

Thank you Undertones for five ace years of records and gigs and here's wishing you every success in your respective new ventures. **Rockin' Humdingers, Nottingham.**

We do have a *personal* column for this sort of message. It's all very well you printing letters like this, but then you bloody well go on to complain week in and week out about the puny size of the classifieds. How on Earth do you expect it to expand when you give the readers the same service free in your *Gasbag*. I mean, really... (cont. internal memo from Ad dept to Editorial).

T-ZERS

WITH THE SUN still high in the sky, the magic mercury again nudging 90, the *T-Zers* desk sweatier than an elephant's armpit and three weeks still to go to the start of the soccer season, a young *Dots* thoughts turn to one thing — **Spear Of Destiny** and their quest for fire, their pursuit of 'the sack' and their voyage towards the big split.

Early rumours of a parting in the **Brandon** kamp were so persistent that *T-Zers* employed a freelance team of crack Private *Dots* to track down The Truth — not that bunch of dodgy pub-rags, the truth, the whole truth and nothin' but it! What follows is a story of unlimited peril, untold danger and a package tour from Gatwick to Portugal's 'home of the sun', the Algarve.

It was here that our intrepid team, after weeks of sun, sea, sex, sun oil and searching, found that veritable recluse **Chris Bell**, fabled drummer for the *Spear*, living the life of a hermit in a bid to escape the glare of publicity following the split.

And after all that twaddle... the story. The band's saxman **Lascelle** and our man **Bell** were asked to leave the band by manager **Terry Razor** and **Kirkenburger** hi'self. What's more, they were then offered the princely sum of £250 each for their share of the band's Burning Rome limited company. Naturally, they refused and are currently filing lawsuits to claim what they believe is their due.

Back in London, meanwhile, the *Destiny* that remain are asking for drummers. They first asked their old *Theatre Of Hate* cohort **Luke Rendall**, who turned them down, but seem to have finally found themselves a new sticksman in the recently departed **Gang Banger Hugo Burnham**. Rumour has it that they are now working again with ex-*Theatre* saxophonist **John Boy** too! Elsewhere in the firm, they've also lost merchandiser **Ian** and press girl **Taryn**. Are the ships finally leaving the drowning rats? Where will it end? Who can tell? Only **Kirk** knows...

Following a report by *Bun* detective **John 'Sexton' Blake** on **Kim Wilde**'s bid to become an honest woman by pledging her troth to super, sax-y, soaraway **Gary 'Salty Dog' Barnacle**, **The Love Blonde** herself has informed us here at *T-Zers* Central that the rumours are, in fact, "Absolute rubbish and completely untrue". The young



Clarence Burke shakes an invisible marimba as the leader of New York's mysterious but soulful invisible Man Band awaits his cue. Phew, we thought it was the return of Nash The Slash for a moment. Pic: Joe Stevens

singer (singlet?) giggled thus: "Being a journalist, I thought you would know better than to believe everything that you read in the press!"

International jet-setter and sophisticated man of distinction **John Lydon** is now back 'home' in New York following his visit to the land of the rising sun, soaring yen and sneak air attack. The *Rotten One* appeared well knackered after a string of shows with his latest crew of *Pil* clones, but allowed these precious pearls of wisdom to slip from his lips before disappearing into a cloud of six-packs and soap operas: "The fuckin' sushi (raw fish) wasn't nearly as fresh as what they do in New York. And they all walk about in their bloody **Calvin Klein**'s and bleedin' awful **Vidal Sassoon**'s buying anything American they can lay their little hands on. They even think that techno-taco load of fat hippies **ZZ Top** and **Johnny Cougar** are the cats now!" So much for sunny Japan...

AND SO to **Diana Ross** and her thrill-a-minute, action-packed never-a-dull-mo bash in New York's Central Park last week. Planned as a free open-air concert in front of one million people with live radio and cable links, the 'fest' was a washout. The very threat of rain kept the attendance down to 400,000 and when the heavens finally did open — about 15 minutes into the live set — panic reigned and in the ensuing confusion one hundred people were injured, five people were stabbed and two women went into labour.

The following night, organisers tried again. The rain held off this time, but not before a full-scale

riot had caused even more confusion and panic than the storm the night before. Gangs of youths attacked and mugged members of the audience, injuring 80, before precipitating a mass invasion of the plush, trendy, upper-class Central Park restaurant, the *Tavern On The Green*, where they overturned tables and attacked shocked diners. Some gig, Di...

Strong rumours have it that **The Voice That Left Vince** is all set to clinch herself a solo deal with CBS Records worth around £2.3 million pounds. After two years in the independent territory of Mute, is **Alf** now no more than another nought in a chequebook?...

Not content with praising **Roddy Frame** to high heaven in interviews and plugging his guest spot on **Gary Crowley's Magic Box** last weekend, **Elvis Costello** has now roped **Aztec Camera** in as support band on his forthcoming dates...

If **Matt Johnson's** vocals sound strained on his forthcoming long-player, it could be because he recorded the magnum opus under great duress. Within a few days of finishing the masterwork, the lad actually had a pair of troublesome tonsils extracted from the nether regions of his windpipe. That's his excuse, anyway. Guest musicians on the man's landmark in recording history include **Orange Juicer Zeke** and **Central Line's Camelle**...

In order to capture a genuine human heart on their forthcoming 'Strategies Against Architecture' LP, **Berliners Einstürzende Neubauten** combed the medical shops of Cavendish Street for a stethoscope with a sensitive pick-up. They were last seen leaving

one of the stores with a foetal beat detector on loan...

Still in Berlin, during **Malaria's** summer break, **Susanne**, the one whose lips were heavily featured in *NME* 18 months ago, is recording a 12" single with Factory's New York signing **Ike Yard**...

Benefits — the fund raising, not the welfare kind — are booming. **Cook Da Books** play one this weekend for jailed scousers **Dennis Kelly**, while **Richard Strange**, **Klaxon Five** and **Dave Rappaport** head a gig in aid of North London's threatened **Diorama Arts Centre**...

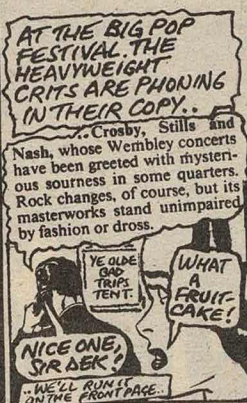
AT **Duran Duran's** Villa Park charity bash on Saturday, the more astute members of the audience were heard shouting two words over and over again in order to secure an unimpeded view of the band. The two words? **Len Fairclough!** The result? The freedom of Villa Park as teenies scattered in all directions. Several people voicing these words in unison could have the whole *Street* to themselves...

John 'Jellybean' Benitez is set to re-mix the next **Talking Heads** single. So anxious was **David Byrne** to get confirmation of the deal that he sent a messenger to the New Music Seminar and paid the \$90 entrance fee for the messenger to get in and find the 'Bean himself'...

Hail the return of the 'Wild Man Of Rock Photography'! **Hail, Peter Anderson**, who, on his annual sojourn to the coastal towns of Portugal caused eruptions, ruptures and mayhem. After pouring a bottle of bourbon into his ear during an hour delay at Gatwick (and only just escaping a reprimand from his Respond paymaster **Paul Weller** who was passing through on his way to Italy), the frenzied Scot set about wrecking mopeds, assaulting bouncers, driving across railway lines in front of oncoming trains, looking at girls and greeting local coppers with the lines "Who ye screwin, Jimmy?". He was last seen fleeing, naked, through the Mediterranean undergrowth, hotly pursued by a scantily clad woman, a dog and a man with a shotgun. **Benny Hill** is reportedly interested in buying the film and TV rights...

Lastly, back in the embroiled arcana of Carnaby Street, *NME* switchboard supremo **Kate** verbars **Bartlett** finally renounced her spinster tag by wedding dashing **Richard Wills** at the bar of her Bermondsey local. Meanwhile, down at the typesetters in Clerkenwell it appears the left hand is in ignorance of what the right is doing when the credit **Penny Reel** is left off last week's **Sunny Ade** feature by resident proofreader the author himself...

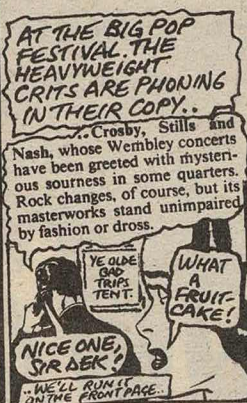
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